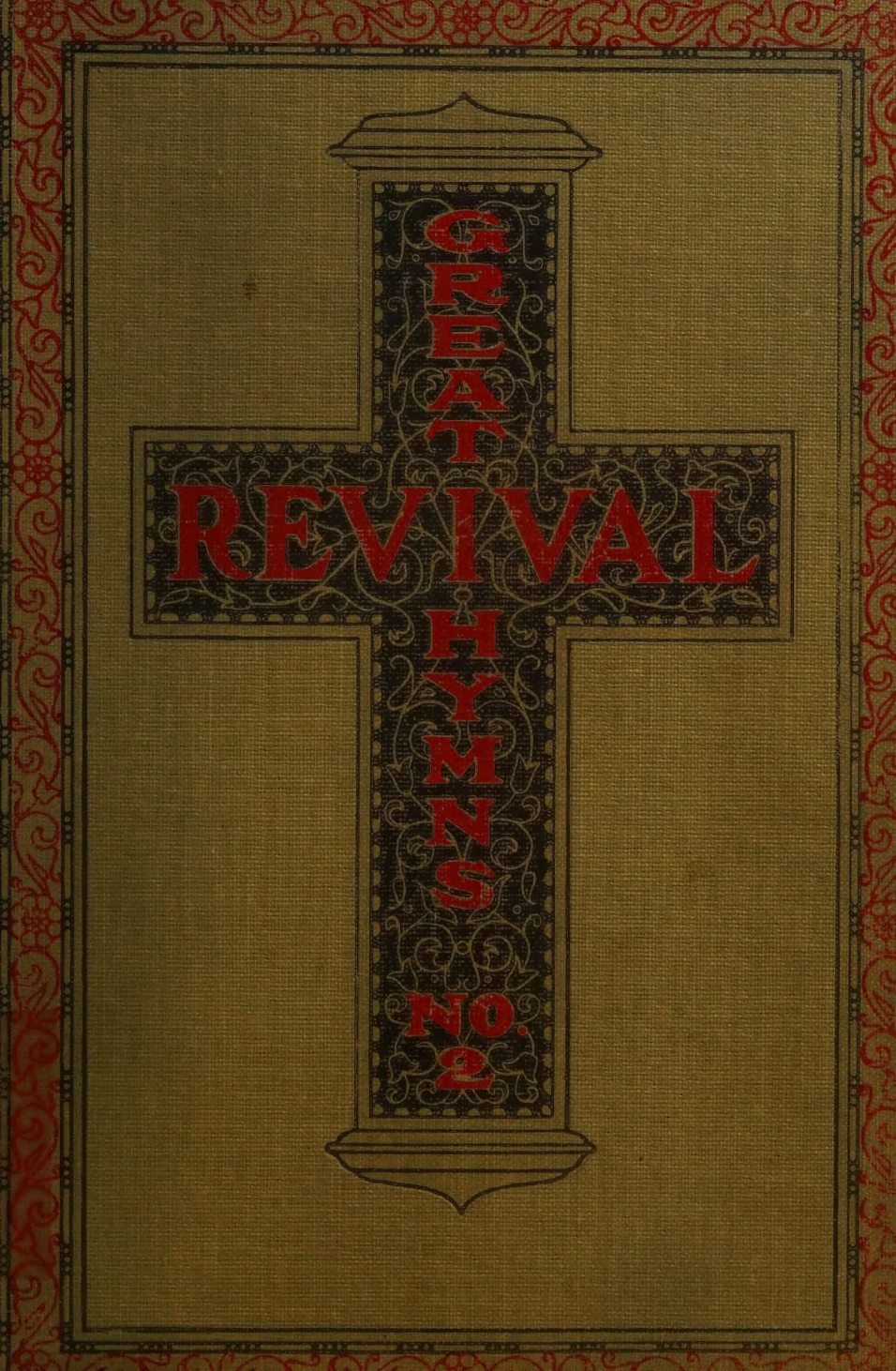
GREAT
REVIVAL
HYMNS
NO. 2

AG 2 3 0

D. P. Emrick

Germantown

Phila

416

Great Revival Hymns No. 2.

For the Church, Sunday School and Evangelistic Services

Edited and Compiled by

HOMER A. RODEHEAVER

And

B. D. ACKLEY

CHAS. H. GABRIEL, Musical Editor

Church Hymns, Revival Songs
Sunday School Songs
Children Songs
Songs for Male Voices
Solos and Choruses
Responsive Readings

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For years we selected and tested songs before we published "GREAT REVIVAL HYMNS." We have been gratified by the universal approval of those who have used it.

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Yours Sincerely

Homer Rodeheaver

P. P. Bliss

Chas. H. Gabriel

Great Revival Hymns
Number Two

No. 1. He Will Not Let Me Fall.

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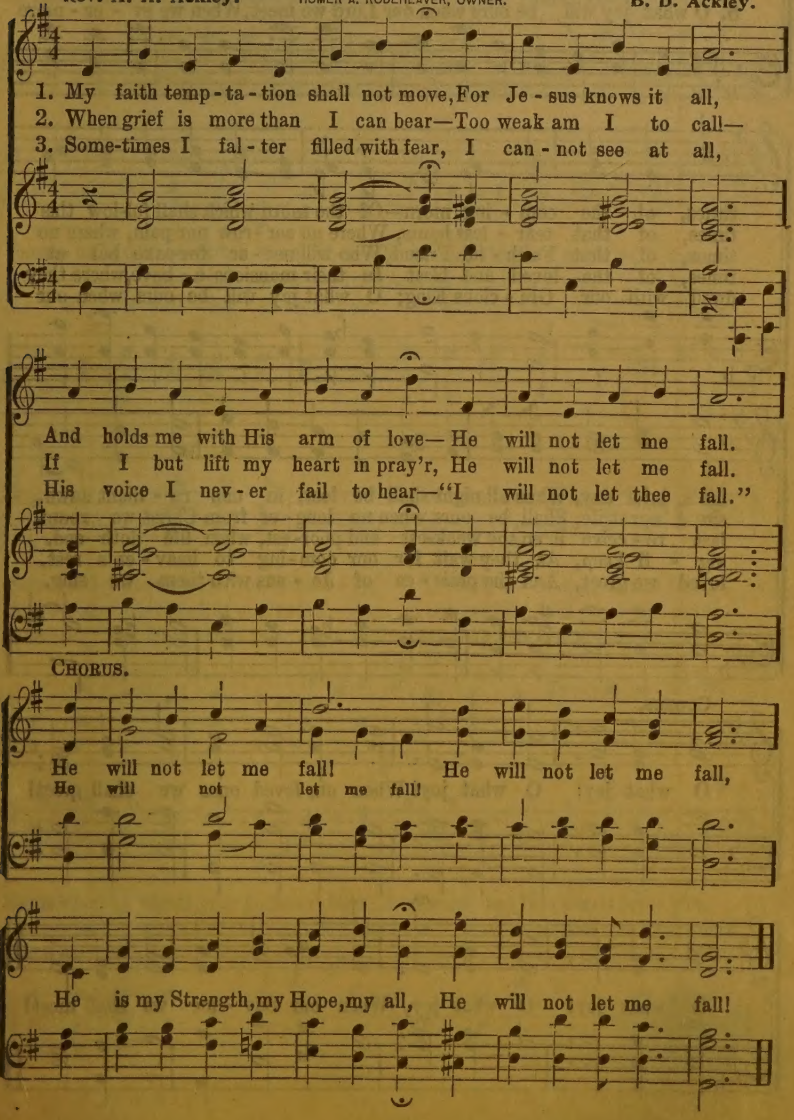
Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.


1. My faith temp-ta-tion shall not move, For Je-sus knows it all,
2. When grief is more than I can bear—Too weak am I to call—
3. Some-times I fal-ter filled with fear, I can-not see at all,
And holds me with His arm of love—He will not let me fall.
If I but lift my heart in pray'r, He will not let me fall.
His voice I nev-er fail to hear—"I will not let thee fall."
CHORUS.
He will not let me fall! He will not let me fall,
He will not let me fall!
He is my Strength, my Hope, my all, He will not let me fall!

SEMINARY LIBRARY

No. 2. O What Joy Will be Ours.

E. G. W. Wesley.

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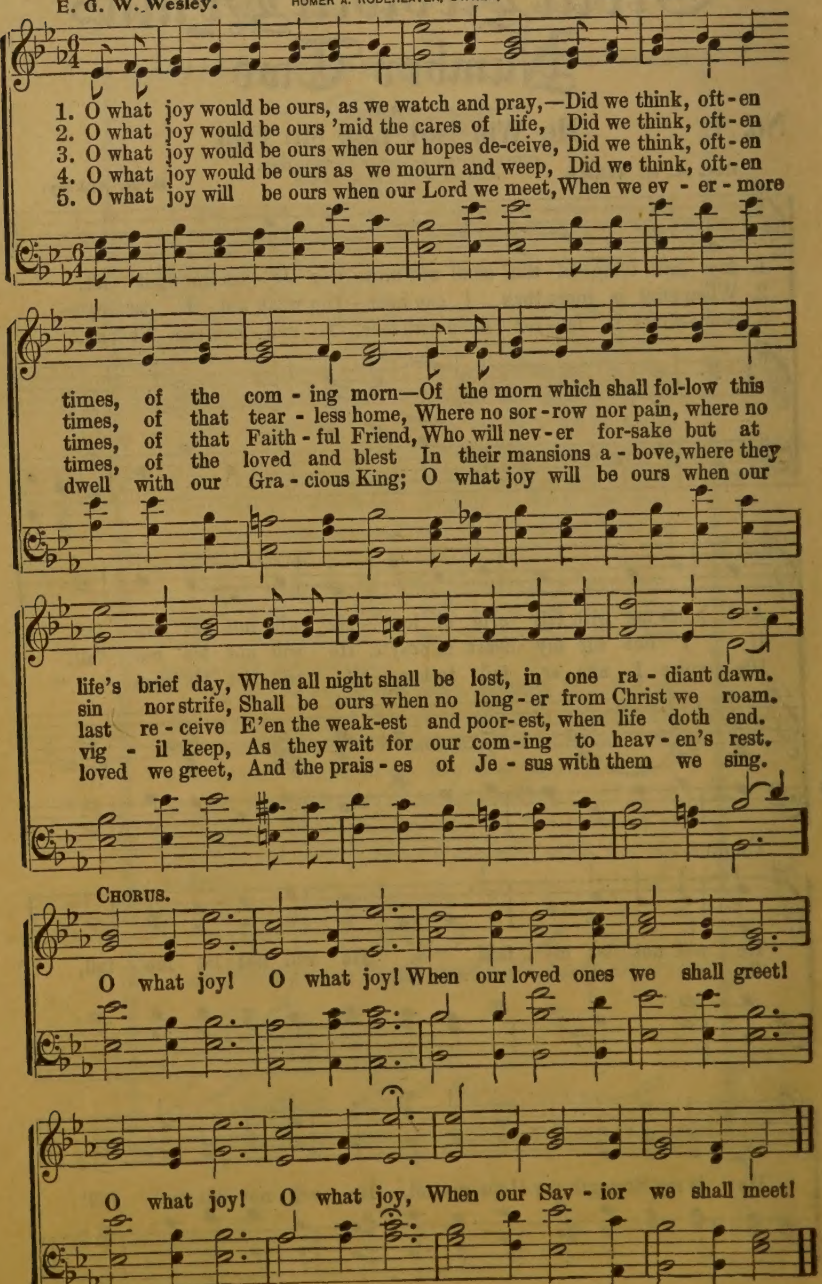
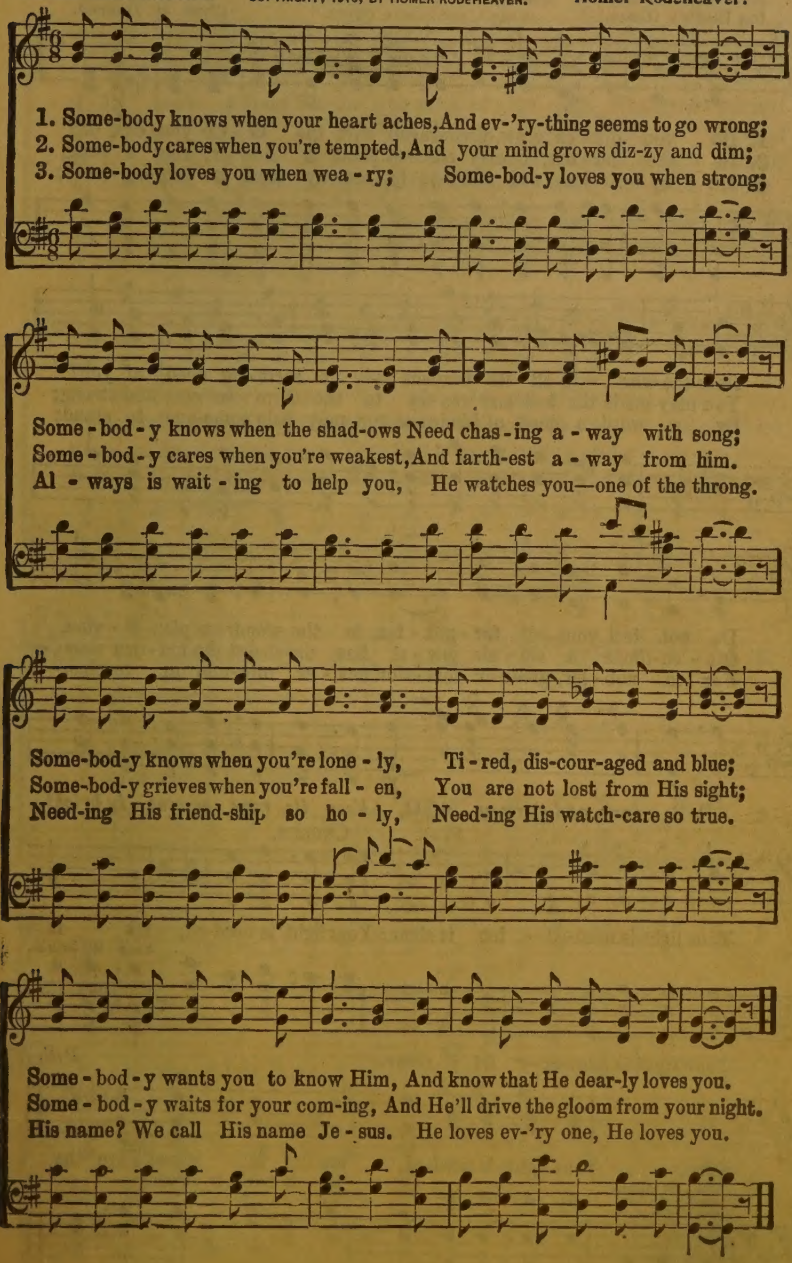
Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. O what joy would be ours, as we watch and pray,—Did we think, oft-en
2. O what joy would be ours 'mid the cares of life, Did we think, oft-en
3. O what joy would be ours when our hopes de-ceive, Did we think, oft-en
4. O what joy would be ours as we mourn and weep, Did we think, oft-en
5. O what joy will be ours when our Lord we meet, When we ev - er - more
times, of the com - ing morn—Of the morn which shall fol-low this
times, of that tear - less home, Where no sor - row nor pain, where no
times, of that Faith - ful Friend, Who will nev-er for-sake but at
times, of the loved and blest In their mansions a - bove, where they
dwell with our Gra - cious King; O what joy will be ours when our
life's brief day, When all night shall be lost, in one ra - diant dawn.
sin nor strife, Shall be ours when no long - er from Christ we roam.
last re - ceive E'en the weak-est and poor-est, when life doth end.
vig - il keep, As they wait for our com-ing to heav - en's rest.
loved we greet, And the prais - es of Je - sus with them we sing.
CHORUS.
O what joy! O what joy! When our loved ones we shall greet!
O what joy! O what joy, When our Sav - ior we shall meet!

No. 3.

Somebody Cares.

Fannie Edna Stafford. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY HOMER RODEHEAVER. Homer Rodeheaver.


1. Some-body knows when your heart aches, And ev-'ry-thing seems to go wrong;
2. Some-body cares when you're tempted, And your mind grows diz-zy and dim;
3. Some-body loves you when wea - ry; Some-bod-y loves you when strong;
Some - bod - y knows when the shad-ows Need chas - ing a - way with song;
Some - bod - y cares when you're weakest, And farth-est a - way from him.
Al - ways is wait - ing to help you, He watches you—one of the throng.
Some-bod-y knows when you're lone - ly, Ti - red, dis-cour-aged and blue;
Some-bod-y grieves when you're fall - en, You are not lost from His sight;
Need-ing His friend-ship so ho - ly, Need-ing His watch-care so true.
Some - bod - y wants you to know Him, And know that He dear-ly loves you.
Some - bod - y waits for your com-ing, And He'll drive the gloom from your night.
His name? We call His name Je - sus. He loves ev-'ry one, He loves you.

No. 4. Your Light is Needed.

Ina Dudley Ogden.

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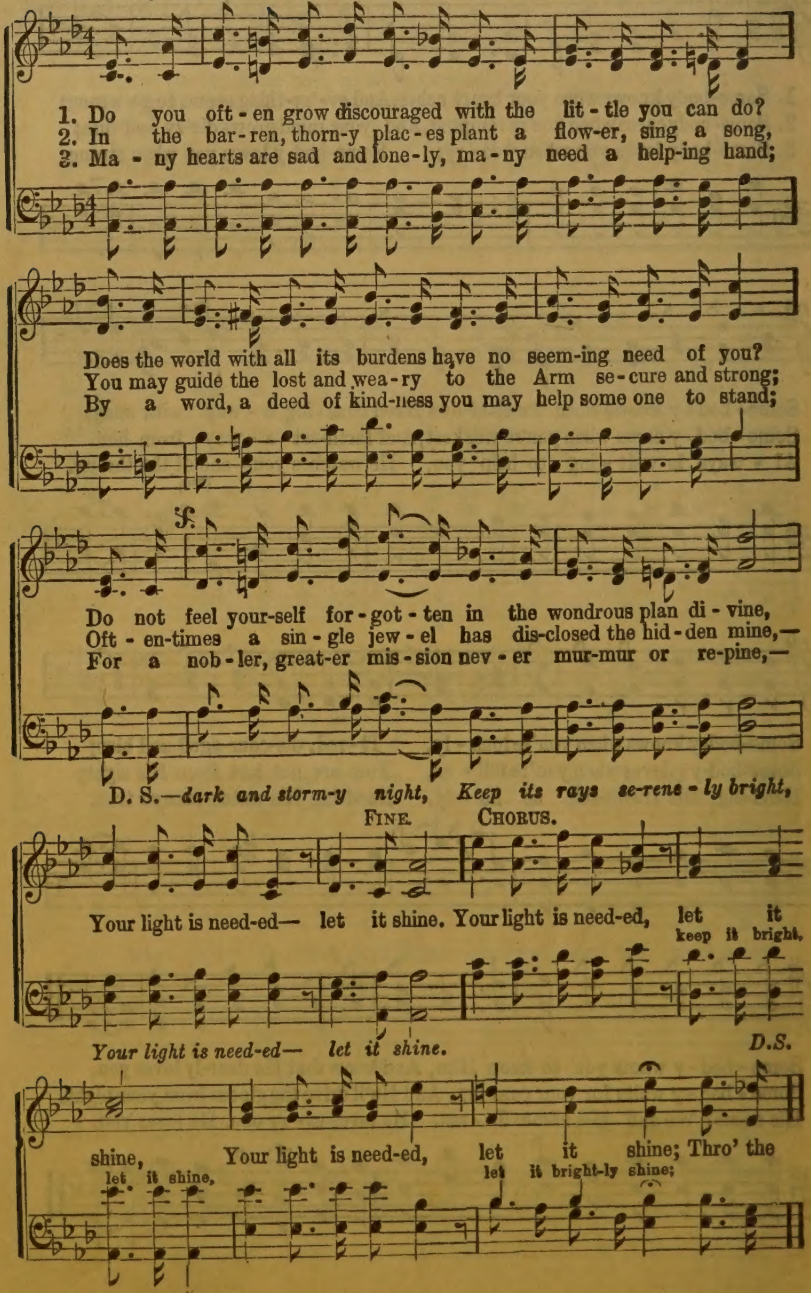
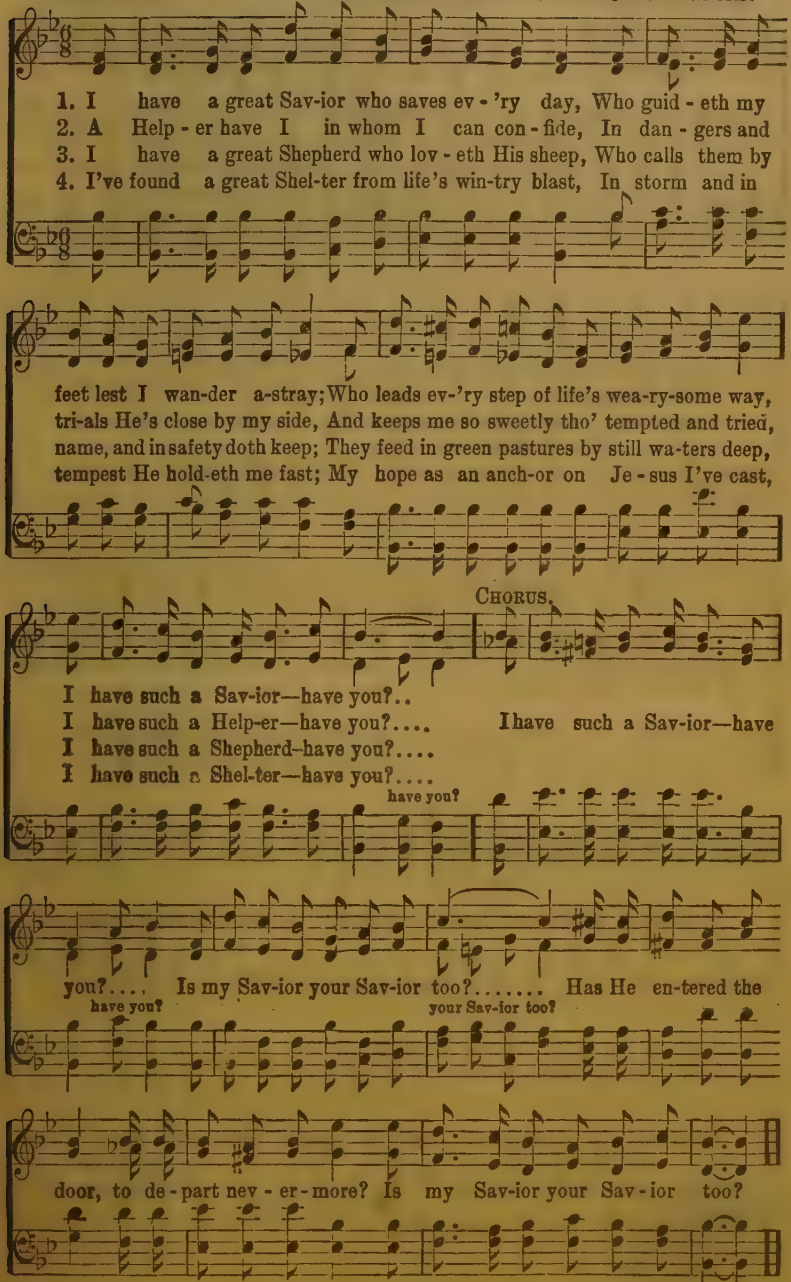

1. Do you oft-en grow discouraged with the lit-tle you can do?
2. In the bar-ren, thorn-y plac-es plant a flow-er, sing a song,
3. Ma-ny hearts are sad and lone-ly, ma-ny need a help-ing hand;
Does the world with all its burdens have no seem-ing need of you?
You may guide the lost and wea-ry to the Arm se-cure and strong;
By a word, a deed of kind-ness you may help some one to stand;
Do not feel your-self for-got-ten in the wondrous plan di-vine,
Oft-en-times a sin-gle jew-el has dis-closed the hid-den mine,—
For a nob-ler, great-er mis-sion nev-er mur-mur or re-pine,—
D. S.—dark and storm-y night, Keep its rays se-rene-ly bright,
FINE.
CHORUS.
Your light is need-ed— let it shine. Your light is need-ed, let it
keep it bright.
Your light is need-ed— let it shine.
D.S.
shine, Your light is need-ed, let it shine; Thro' the
let it shine.
let it bright-ly shine;

No. 5. Have You?

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. I have a great Sav-ior who saves ev - 'ry day, Who guid - eth my
2. A Help - er have I in whom I can con - fide, In dan - gers and
3. I have a great Shepherd who lov - eth His sheep, Who calls them by
4. I've found a great Shel-ter from life's win-try blast, In storm and in
feet lest I wan-der a-stray; Who leads ev-'ry step of life's wea-ry-some way,
tri-als He's close by my side, And keeps me so sweetly tho' tempted and tried,
name, and in safety doth keep; They feed in green pastures by still wa-ters deep,
tempest He hold-eth me fast; My hope as an anch-or on Je - sus I've cast,
CHORUS.
I have such a Sav-ior—have you?..
I have such a Help-er—have you?....
I have such a Shepherd—have you?....
I have such a Shel-ter—have you?....
I have such a Sav-ior—have
have you?
you?.... Is my Sav-ior your Sav-ior too?..... Has He en-tered the
have you?
your Sav-ior too?
door, to de - part nev - er - more? Is my Sav-ior your Sav - ior too?

No. 6. I Shall Dwell Forever There.

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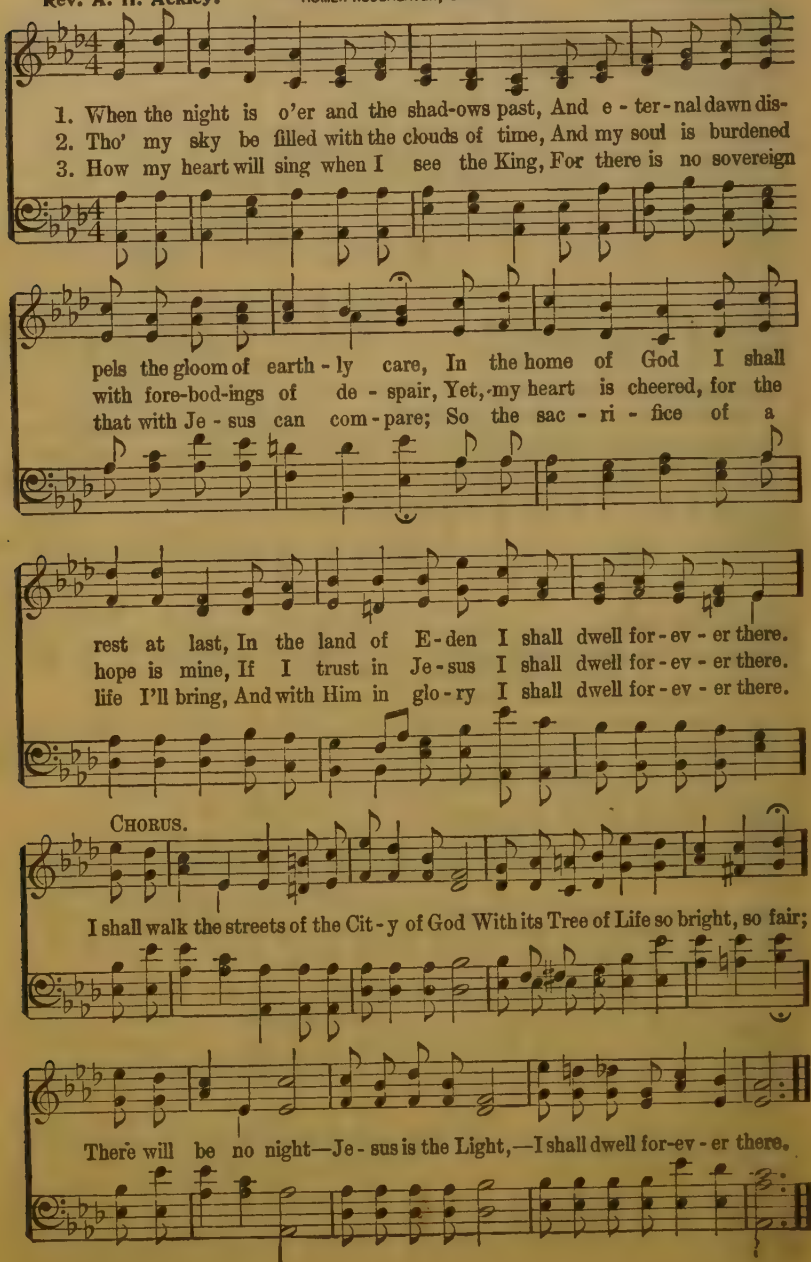
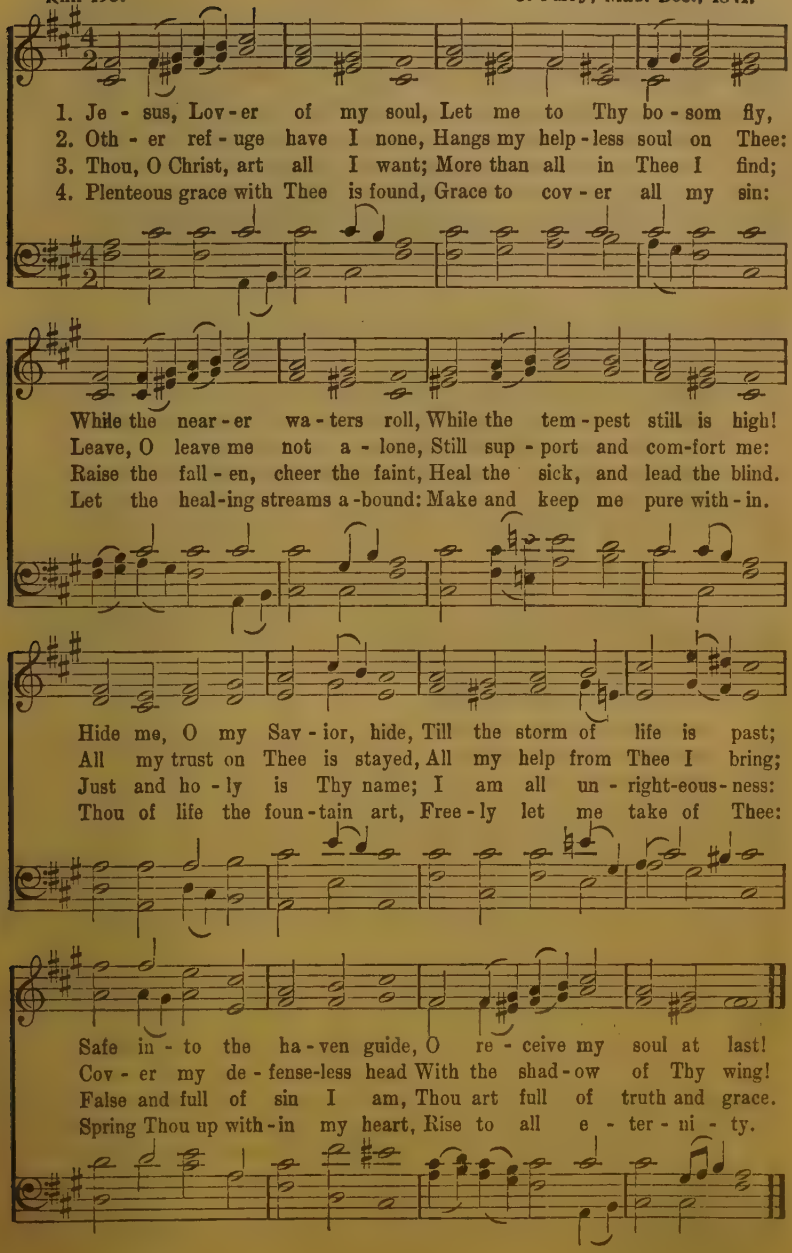

1. When the night is o'er and the shad-ows past, And e - ter - nal dawn dis-
pels the gloom of earth - ly care, In the home of God I shall
rest at last, In the land of E-den I shall dwell for - ev - er there.
2. Tho' my sky be filled with the clouds of time, And my soul is burdened
with fore-bod-ings of de - spair, Yet, my heart is cheered, for the
hope is mine, If I trust in Je - sus I shall dwell for - ev - er there.
3. How my heart will sing when I see the King, For there is no sovereign
that with Je - sus can com - pare; So the sac - ri - fice of a
life I'll bring, And with Him in glo - ry I shall dwell for - ev - er there.
CHORUS.
I shall walk the streets of the Cit - y of God With its Tree of Life so bright, so fair;
There will be no night—Je - sus is the Light,—I shall dwell for-ev - er there.

No. 7. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

(ABERYSTWYTH.)

Rhif 193. J. Parry, Mus. Doc., 1841.


1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on Thee:
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin:
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!
Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com-fort me:
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Let the heal-ing streams a - bound: Make and keep me pure with - in.
Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy name; I am all un - right-eous - ness:
Thou of life the foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee:
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
Cov - er my de - fense-less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing!
False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 8. He Promised to Keep Me.

Rev. W. C. Poole.

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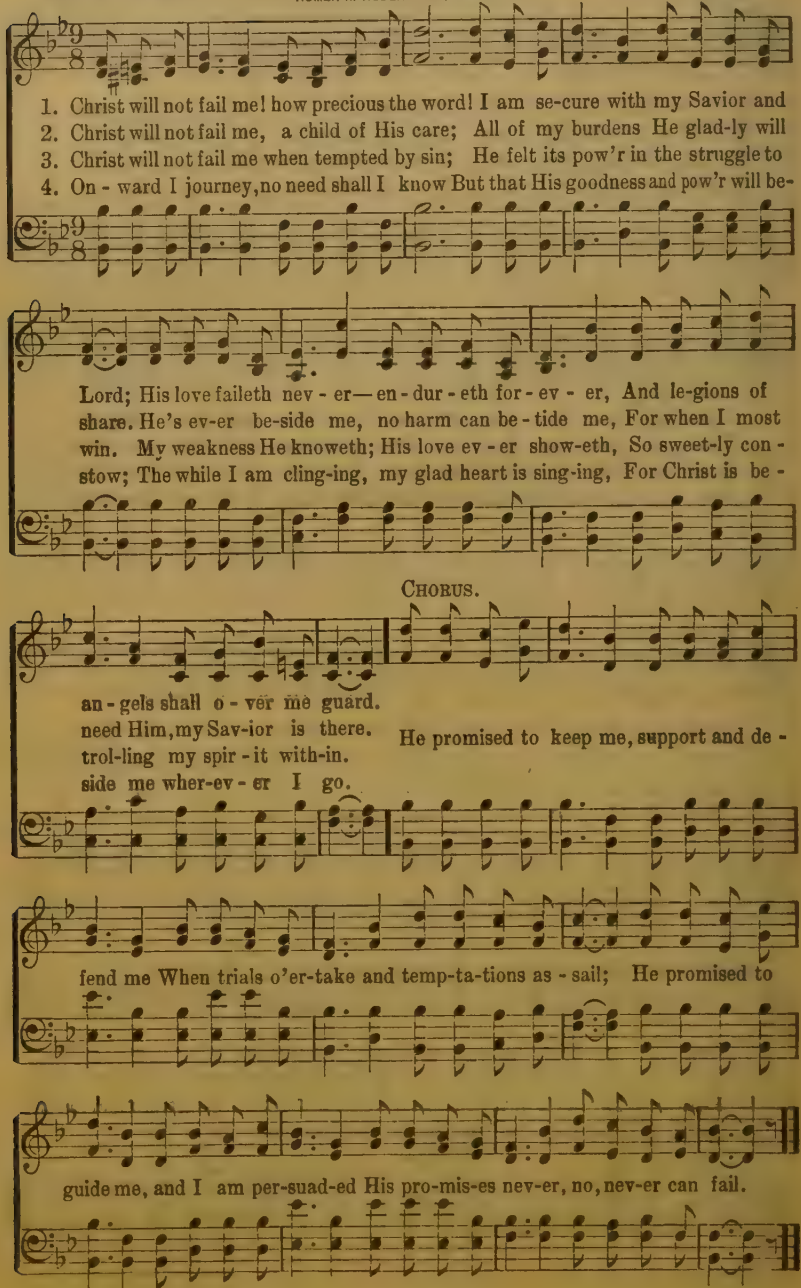
Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Christ will not fail me! how precious the word! I am se-cure with my Savior and
2. Christ will not fail me, a child of His care; All of my burdens He glad-ly will
3. Christ will not fail me when tempted by sin; He felt its pow'r in the struggle to
4. On - ward I journey, no need shall I know But that His goodness and pow'r will be-
Lord; His love faileth nev - er — en - dur - eth for - ev - er, And le-gions of
share. He's ev-er be-side me, no harm can be - tide me, For when I most
win. My weakness He knoweth; His love ev - er show-eth, So sweet-ly con -
stow; The while I am cling-ing, my glad heart is sing-ing, For Christ is be -
CHORUS.
an - gels shall o - ver me guard.
need Him, my Sav-ior is there.
trol-ling my spir - it with-in.
side me wher-ev - er I go.
He promised to keep me, support and de -
fend me When trials o'er-take and temp-ta-tions as - sail; He promised to
guide me, and I am per-suad-ed His pro-mis-es nev-er, no, nev-er can fail.

No. 9. A Nail in His Hand.

E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY B. D. ACKLEY. B. D. Ackley.

1. The spear and the thorn by the Sav-iour were borne, That we might wear
2. The taunt and the blow, with Geth-sem-a - ne's woe, Were suf-fered by
3. O, let us be - lieve, life e - ter - nal re - ceive, And serve Him with
crowns of de - light; His gar-ments were red, with the blood that He
Him for our sake; For grace so su-preme, guilt-y souls to re-
joy in His name; O - bey - ing His call, let us yield Him our
Chorus.
shed, That ours might be spotless and white.
deem, What of-f'ring of love shall we make? He bore a nail in His
all, His Gos-pel to oth - ers pro - claim.
hand for you, A nail in His hand for me; O, won-der-ful love, that
came from a - bove, To seek and to save you and me!.....
you and me!

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No. 10. What a Wonderful Saviour!

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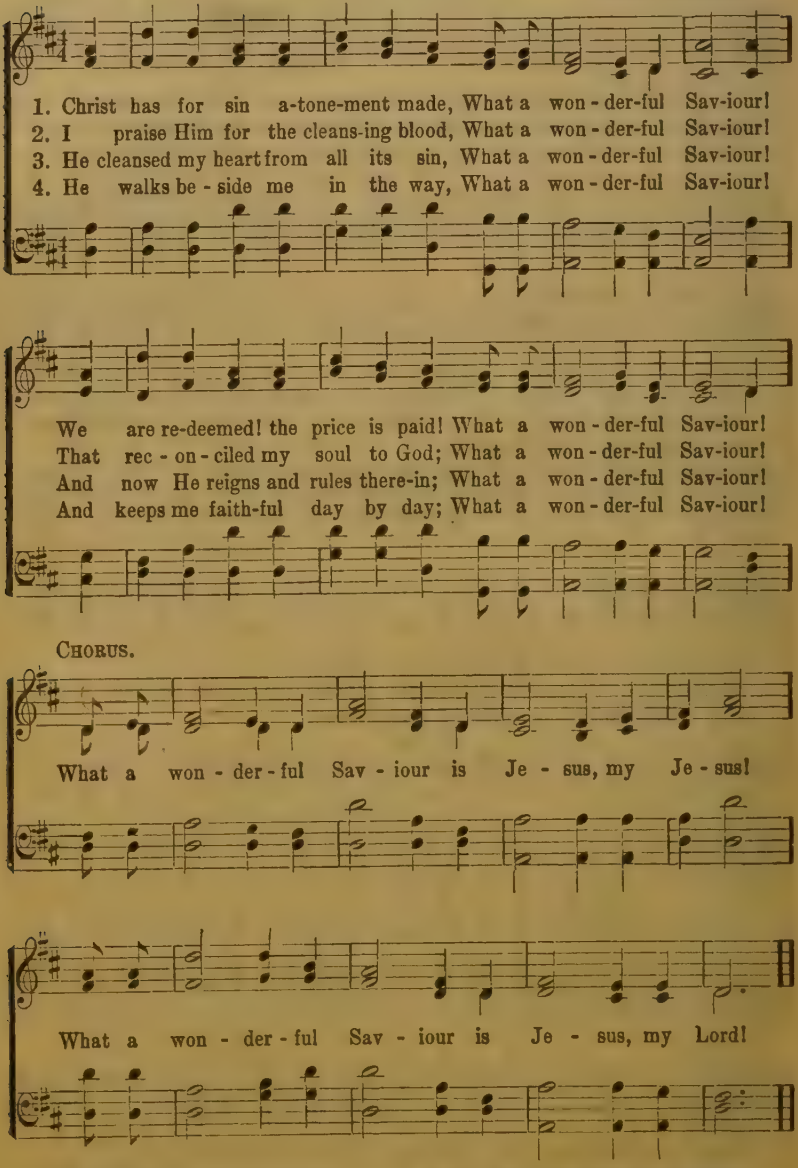
1. Christ has for sin a-tone-ment made, What a won - der-ful Sav-iour!
2. I praise Him for the cleans-ing blood, What a won - der-ful Sav-iour!
3. He cleansed my heart from all its sin, What a won - der-ful Sav-iour!
4. He walks be - side me in the way, What a won - der-ful Sav-iour!
We are re-deemed! the price is paid! What a won - der-ful Sav-iour!
That rec - on - ciled my soul to God; What a won - der-ful Sav-iour!
And now He reigns and rules there-in; What a won - der-ful Sav-iour!
And keeps me faith-ful day by day; What a won - der-ful Sav-iour!
CHORUS.
What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus, my Je - sus!
What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus, my Lord!

5 He gives me overcoming power,
What a wonderful Saviour!
And triumph in each trying hour;
What a wonderful Saviour!

6 To Him I've given all my heart,
What a wonderful Saviour!
The world shall never share a part;
What a wonderful Saviour!

No. 11. Broken for You.

Mrs. C. H. M. SOLO. *Slowly, with tenderness.*

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Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. One day, years a-go, 'neath a fair east-ern sky, A Man strange and
2. The woes of a lost world up - on Him were laid, In tears and in
3. "De - spised and re - ject-ed" the Sav - ior has been, "Was tempted in
4. The sun veiled His face from the ter - ri - ble scene, The earth shook and
5. And still men de - ny Him and mock-ing, pass by, And still with the

king-ly was led forth to die; 'Midst mocking and scourging and fierce rabble cry
groans He our ransom price paid; "E - ven like a lamb to the slaughter was led,"
all points and yet without sin; "His vis-age so marred more than the sons of men,"
trembled, and rocks rent in twain, He cried "it is finished", ex-pir-ing in pain,
rab-ble "Away with Him" cry; Reject the salvation which caused Him to die,

REFRAIN.

For me,..... for you..... Bro - ken for

Bro-ken for me.

me,..... Bro - ken for you,..... His bod-y was

bro - ken for me, Bro-ken for you, bro-ken for you;

pp rit.

brok-en for me, for you, And His great heart was broken too.....

bro - ken too.

No. 12. God Will Take Care of You.

Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.

C. D. Martin.

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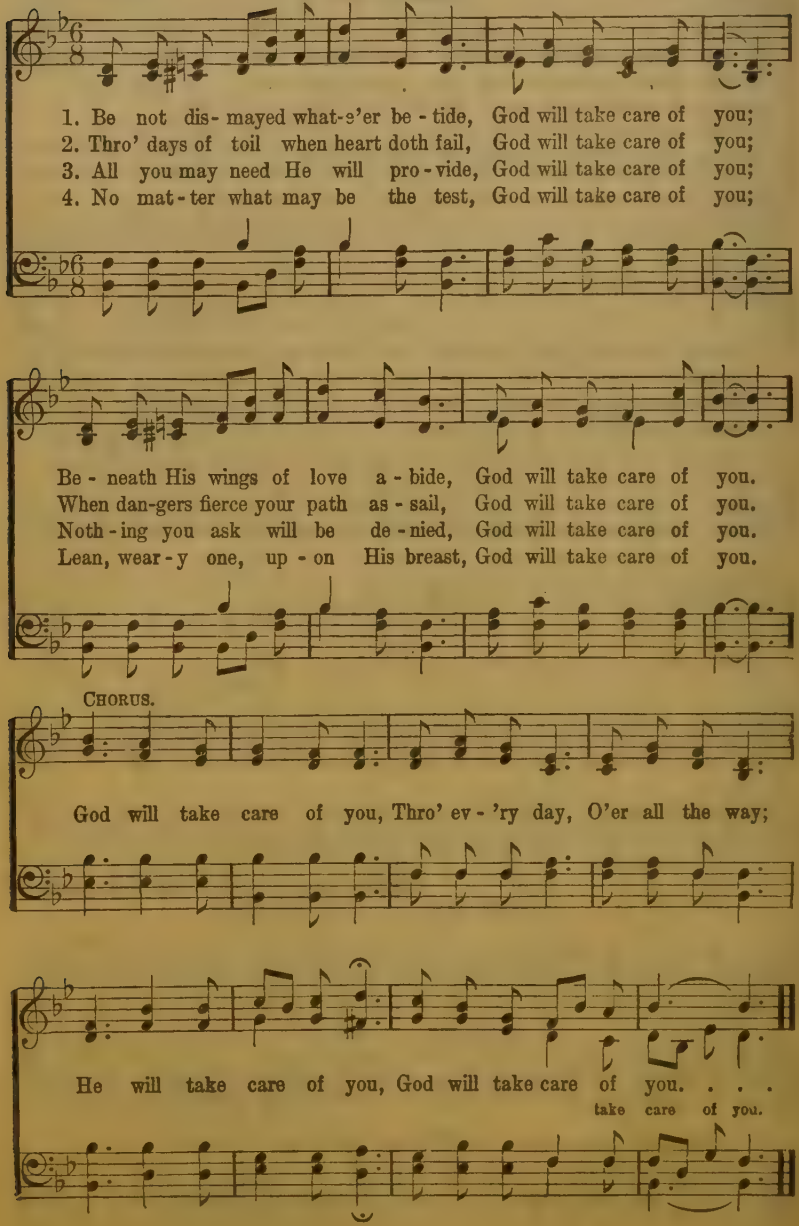
W. S. Martin.


1. Be not dis- mayed what-e'er be - tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro - vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat - ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;
Be - neath His wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you.
When dan-gers fierce your path as - sail, God will take care of you.
Noth - ing you ask will be de - nied, God will take care of you.
Lean, wear - y one, up - on His breast, God will take care of you.
CHORUS.
God will take care of you, Thro' ev - 'ry day, O'er all the way;
He will take care of you, God will take care of you. . . .
take care of you.

No. 13. Help Somebody To-day.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

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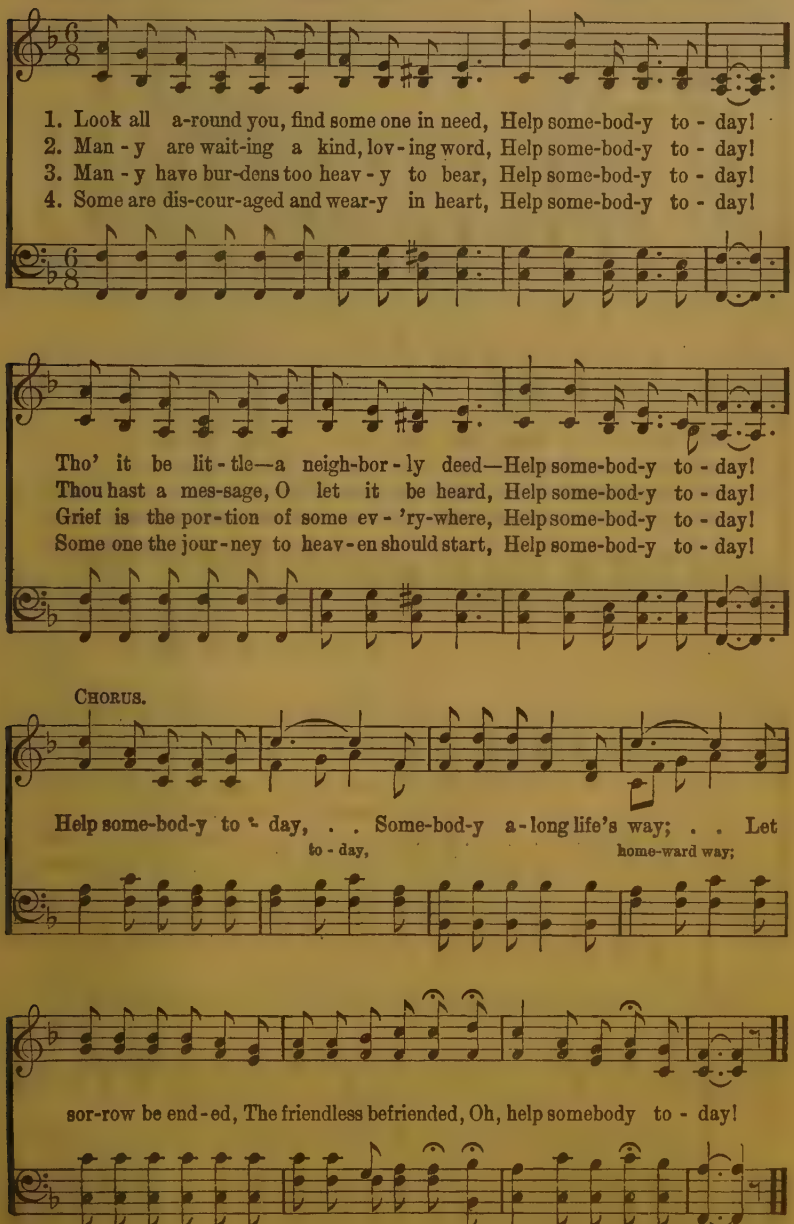
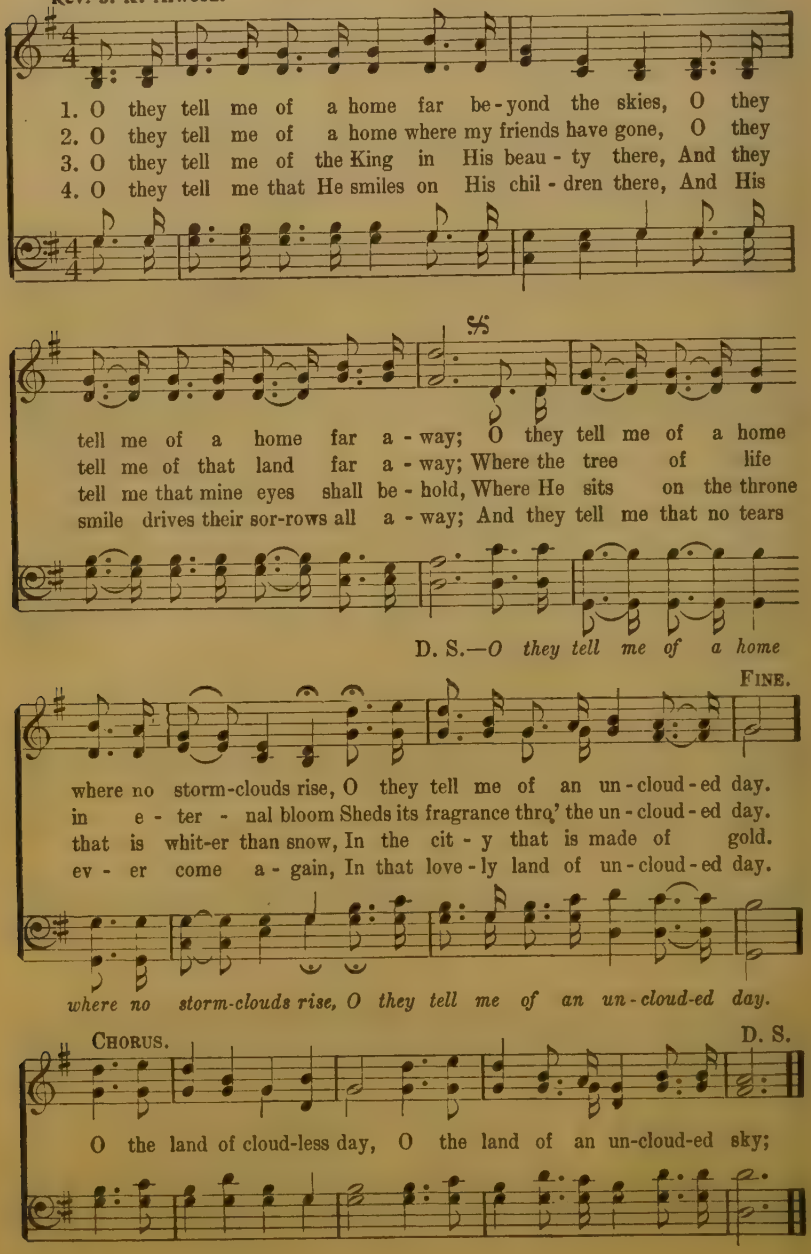
Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Look all a-round you, find some one in need, Help some-bod-y to - day!
2. Man - y are wait-ing a kind, lov - ing word, Help some-bod-y to - day!
3. Man - y have bur-dens too heav - y to bear, Help some-bod-y to - day!
4. Some are dis-cour-aged and wear-y in heart, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Tho' it be lit - tle—a neigh-bor - ly deed—Help some-bod-y to - day!
Thou hast a mes-sage, O let it be heard, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Grief is the por-tion of some ev - 'ry-where, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Some one the jour-ney to heav-en should start, Help some-bod-y to - day!
CHORUS.
Help some-bod-y to - day, . . Some-bod-y a - long life's way; . . Let
to - day, home-ward way;
sor-row be end - ed, The friendless befriended, Oh, help somebody to - day!

No. 14. The Unclouded Day.

Words and Melody by Rev. J. K. Alwood.

Arr. by E. O. E.


1. O they tell me of a home far be-yond the skies, O they
2. O they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, O they
3. O they tell me of the King in His beau-ty there, And they
4. O they tell me that He smiles on His chil-dren there, And His
tell me of a home far a-way; O they tell me of a home
tell me of that land far a-way; Where the tree of life
tell me that mine eyes shall be-hold, Where He sits on the throne
smile drives their sor-rows all a-way; And they tell me that no tears
D. S.—O they tell me of a home
FINE.
where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un-cloud-ed day.
in e-ter-nal bloom Sheds its fragrance thro' the un-cloud-ed day.
that is whit-er than snow, In the cit-y that is made of gold.
ev-er come a-gain, In that love-ly land of un-cloud-ed day.
where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un-cloud-ed day.
CHORUS.
D. S.
O the land of cloud-less day, O the land of an un-cloud-ed sky;

No. 15. Sail On!

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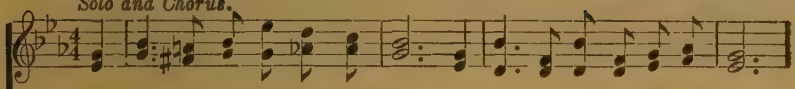
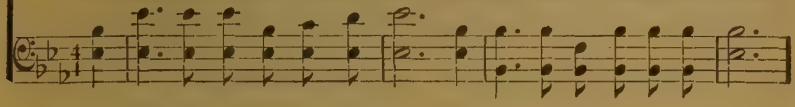
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNERS.

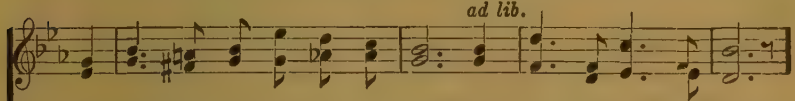
C. H. G. *Solo and Chorus.* Chas. H. Gabriel.



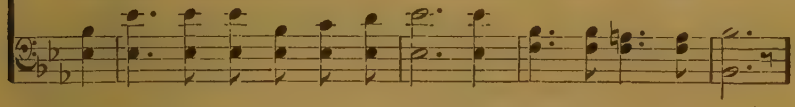
1. Up - on a wide and storm-y sea, Thou'rt sailing to e - ter - ni - ty,
2. Art far from shore and wear-y worn—The sky o'er-cast, thy can-vas torn?
3. Do com-rades tremble and re - fuse To fur-ther dare the taunting hues?
4. Do snarling waves thy craft as - sail? Art pow'rless, drifting with the gale?



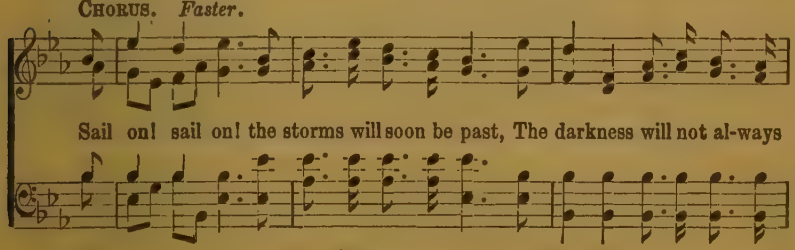
ad lib.



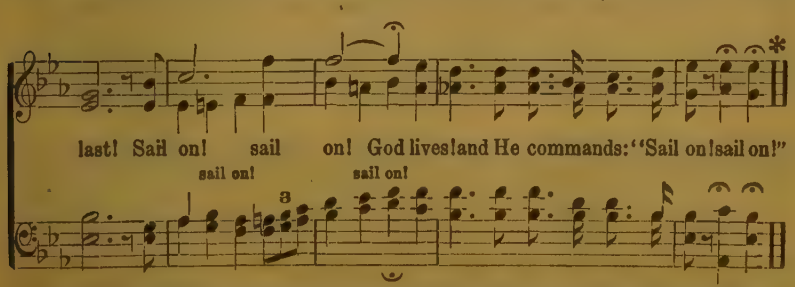
And thy great Ad-m'ral or - ders thee, "Sail on, sail on, sail on!"
Hark ye! A voice is to thee borne, "Sail on, sail on, sail on!"
No oth - er course is thine to choose, Sail on, sail on, sail on!
Take heart! God's word shall nev-er fail— Sail on, sail on, sail on!



CHORUS. *Faster.*



Sail on! sail on! the storms will soon be past, The darkness will not al-ways



last! Sail on! sail on! God lives! and He commands: "Sail on! sail on!"

sail on! sail on!

3

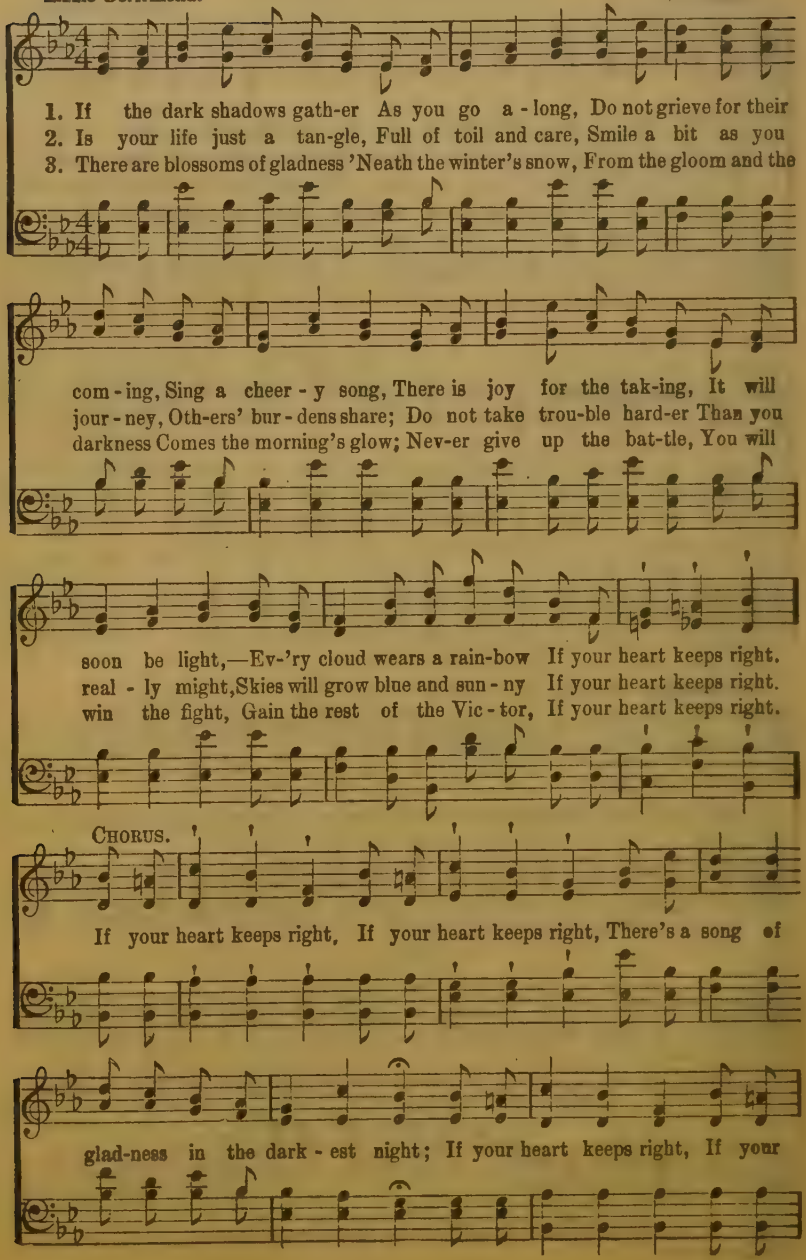
While the Sop. and Base sustain the last "on," the Alto and Tenor repeat the last "Sail on" three times, rall. e dim.

16.

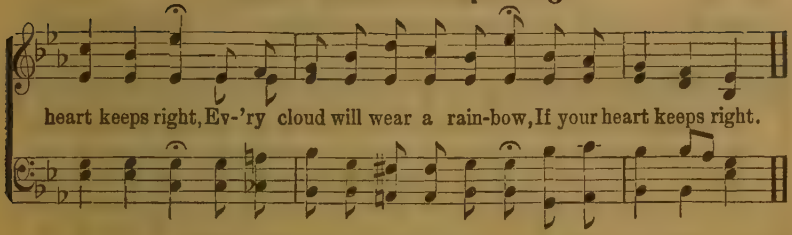
If Your Heart Keeps Right.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.

Lizzie DeArmond. B. D. Ackley.


1. If the dark shadows gath-er As you go a-long, Do not grieve for their
2. Is your life just a tan-gle, Full of toil and care, Smile a bit as you
3. There are blossoms of gladness 'Neath the winter's snow, From the gloom and the
com-ing, Sing a cheer-y song, There is joy for the tak-ing, It will
jour-ney, Oth-ers' bur-dens share; Do not take trou-ble hard-er Than you
darkness Comes the morning's glow; Nev-er give up the bat-tle, You will
soon be light,—Ev-'ry cloud wears a rain-bow If your heart keeps right.
real-ly might, Skies will grow blue and sun-ny If your heart keeps right.
win the fight, Gain the rest of the Vic-tor, If your heart keeps right.
CHORUS.
If your heart keeps right, If your heart keeps right, There's a song of
glad-ness in the dark-est night; If your heart keeps right, If your

If Your Heart Keeps Right.



No. 17. Under the Blood.

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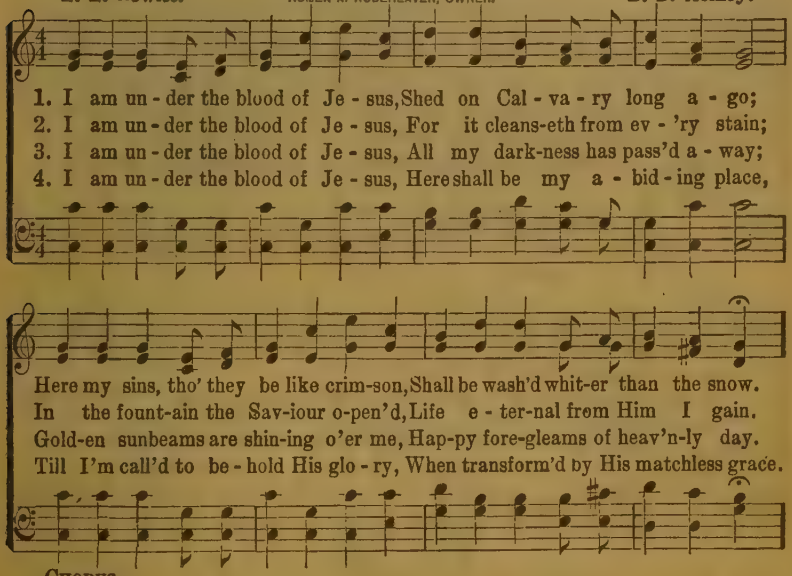
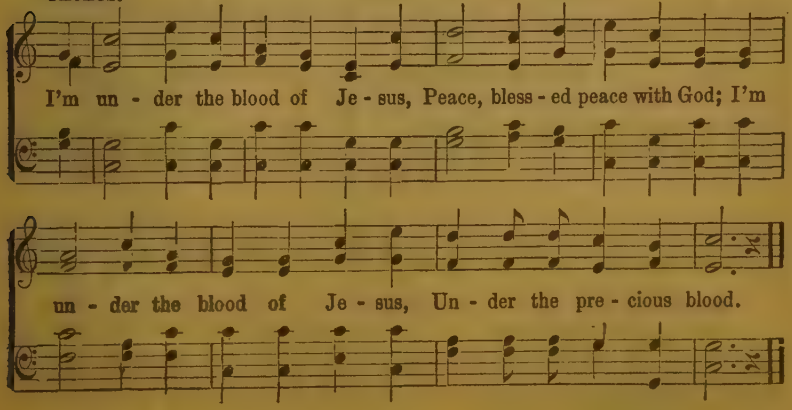
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

E. E. Hewitt. B. D. Ackley.

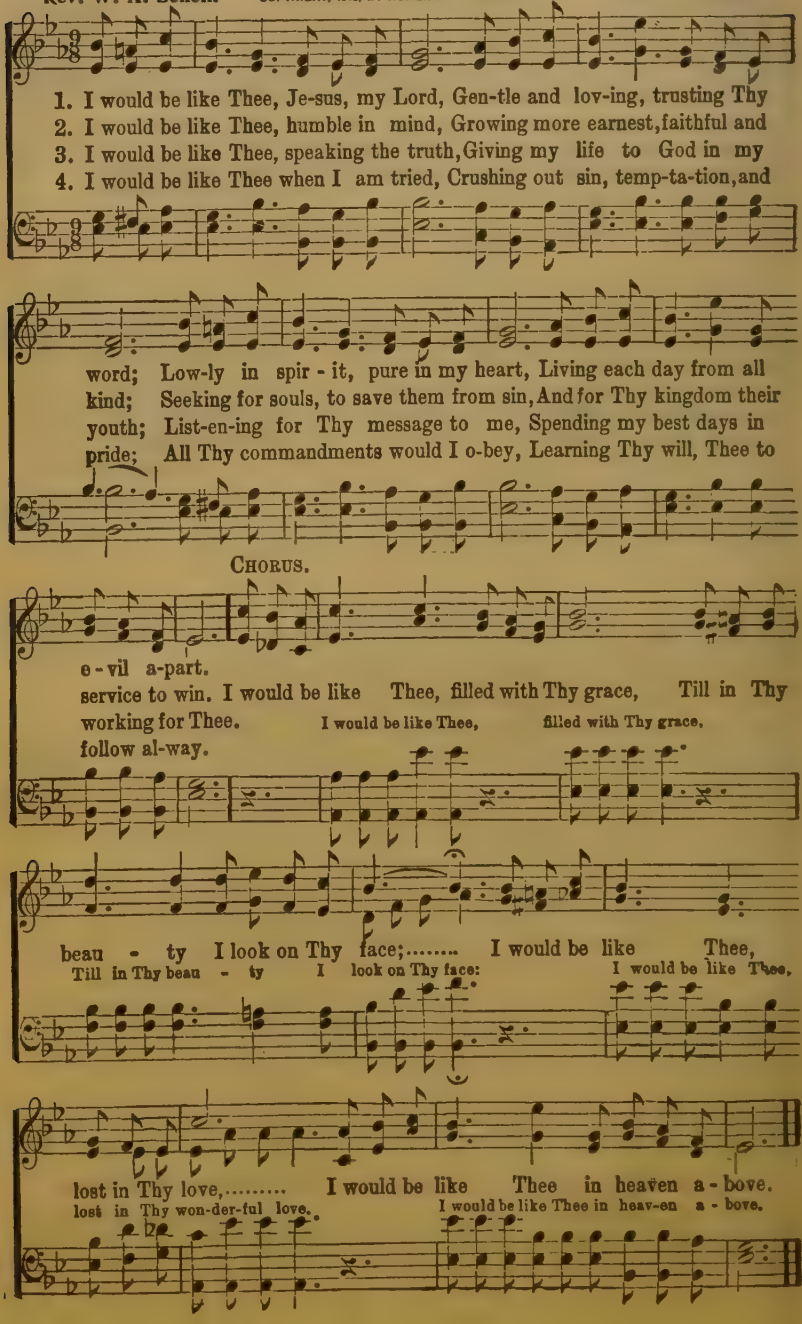

1. I am un - der the blood of Je - sus, Shed on Cal - va - ry long a - go;
2. I am un - der the blood of Je - sus, For it cleans-eth from ev - 'ry stain;
3. I am un - der the blood of Je - sus, All my dark-ness has pass'd a - way;
4. I am un - der the blood of Je - sus, Here shall be my a - bid - ing place,
Here my sins, tho' they be like crim-son, Shall be wash'd whit-er than the snow.
In the fount-ain the Sav-iour o-pen'd, Life e - ter-nal from Him I gain.
Gold-en sunbeams are shin-ing o'er me, Hap-py fore-gleams of heav'n-ly day.
Till I'm call'd to be - hold His glo - ry, When transform'd by His matchless grace.

CHORUS.



No. 18. I Would Be Like Thee.

Rev. W. A. Schell. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. I would be like Thee, Je-sus, my Lord, Gen-tle and lov-ing, trusting Thy word; Low-ly in spir - it, pure in my heart, Living each day from all e - vil a-part.
2. I would be like Thee, humble in mind, Growing more earnest, faithful and kind; Seeking for souls, to save them from sin, And for Thy kingdom their service to win. I would be like Thee, filled with Thy grace, Till in Thy beau - ty I look on Thy face;..... I would be like Thee, lost in Thy love,..... I would be like Thee in heaven a - bove.
3. I would be like Thee, speaking the truth, Giving my life to God in my youth; List-en-ing for Thy message to me, Spending my best days in working for Thee.
4. I would be like Thee when I am tried, Crushing out sin, temp-ta-tion, and pride; All Thy commandments would I o-bey, Learning Thy will, Thee to follow al-way.
CHORUS.
I would be like Thee, filled with Thy grace, Till in Thy beau - ty I look on Thy face: I would be like Thee, lost in Thy won-der-ful love. I would be like Thee in heav-en a - bove.

No. 19. Sunshine in the Soul.

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
USED BY PERMISSION OF L. E. SWENEY, EXECUTRIX.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. There's sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright
2. There's mu - sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to the King,
3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For, when the Lord is near,
4. There's gladness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,
Than glows in an - y earth - ly skies, For Je - sus is my light,
And Je - sus, lis - ten - ing, can hear The songs I can - not sing.
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap - pear.
For bless - ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.
REFRAIN.
O there's sun - - shine, bless-ed sun - shine,
O there's sun - shine in the soul, bless - ed sun - shine in the soul,
When the peace - ful, hap - py mo - ments roll;
hap - py mo - ments roll:
When Je - sus shows His smil-ing face, There is sun-shine in the soul.

No. 20. Jesus is All the World to Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY WILL L THOMPSON, EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO.

W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.

1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;

He is my strength from day to day, With - out Him I would fall.
I go to Him for bless-ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er.
Oh, how could I this friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?
I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleet - ing days shall end.

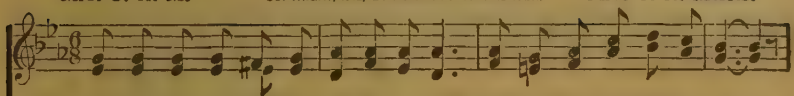
When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can cheer me so;
He sends the sun-shine and the rain, He sends the harvest's gold-en grain;
Fol-low-ing Him I know I'm right, He watches o'er me day and night;
Beau-ti - ful life with such a friend; Beau-ti - ful life that has no end;

f *pp*

When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my friend.
Sun - shine and rain, har - vest of grain, He's my friend.
Fol - low - ing Him, by day and night, He's my friend.
E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my friend.

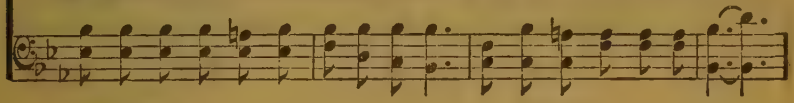
No. 21. Choosing.

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

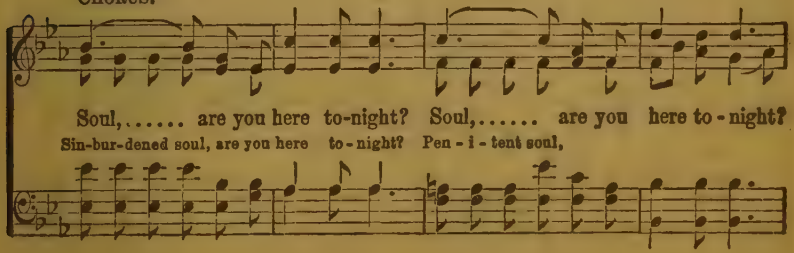


1. You must do something with Jesus to-night, For or a-gainst Him are we;
2. You must do something with Jesus to-night, Still up - on tri - al is He;
3. You must do something with Jesus to-night, To-morrow's sun may not rise;
4. You must do something with Jesus to-night, Some one is wait-ing for you;
5. This will I do with the Sav-ior to-night: Glad-ly I'll o - pen the door;

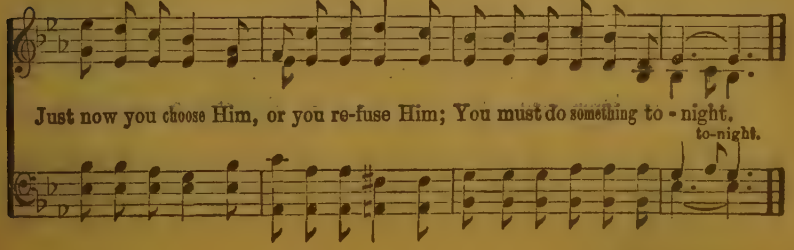
Choosing to walk in sal-va-tion's pure light, Or still in dark-ness to be.
Ma - ny de - ny and "a-way with him" cry; Neu-tral you nev - er can be.
Now is held out to you blindness or sight, Choose, and in choosing be wise.
You may lead some precious soul to the light If you will dare to be true.
Bid Him come in as my Guest to a-bide, Leave me a - lone nev-er - more.



CHORUS.



Soul,..... are you here to-night? Soul,..... are you here to - night?
Sin-bur-dened soul, are you here to - night? Pen - i - tent soul,



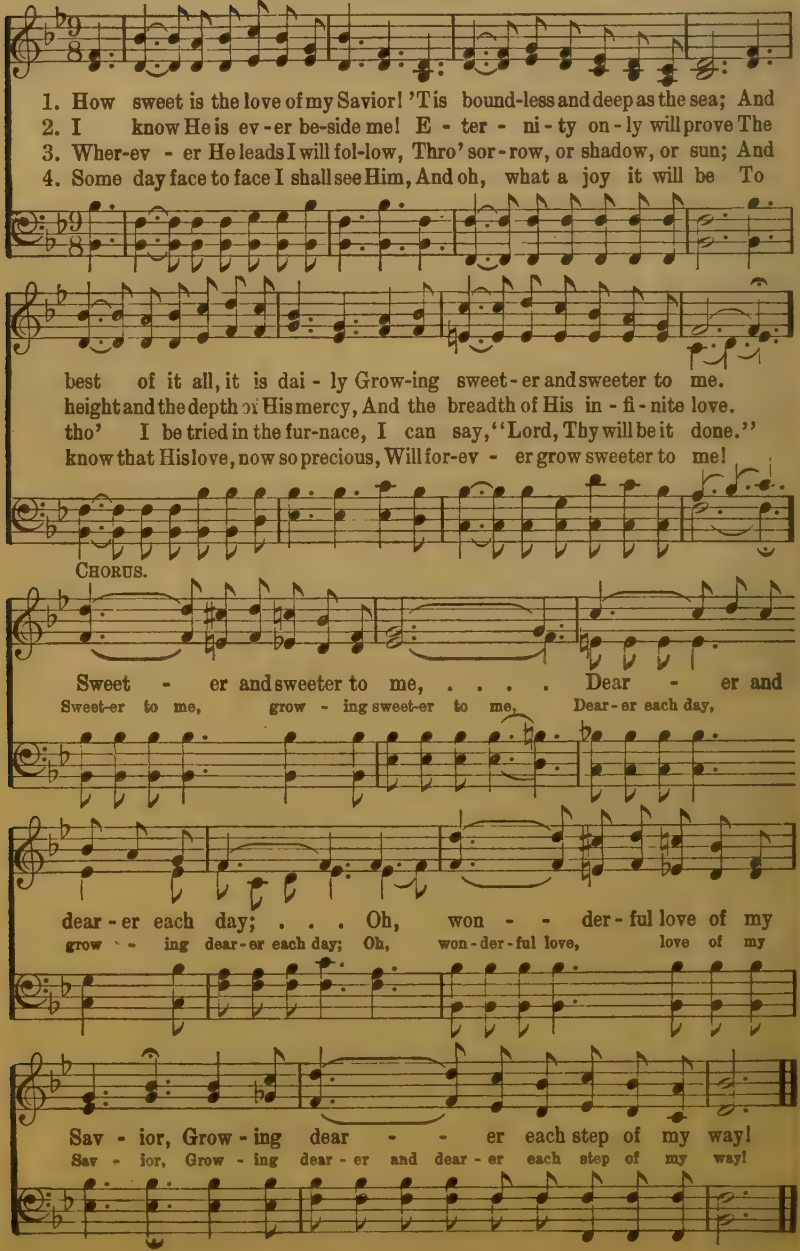
Just now you choose Him, or you re-fuse Him; You must do something to - night.
to-night.

No. 22. Growing Dearer Each Day.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. How sweet is the love of my Savior! 'Tis bound-less and deep as the sea; And
2. I know He is ev-er be-side me! E - ter - ni-ty on-ly will prove The
3. Wher-ev - er He leads I will fol-low, Thro' sor-row, or shadow, or sun; And
4. Some day face to face I shall see Him, And oh, what a joy it will be To
best of it all, it is dai - ly Grow-ing sweet-er and sweeter to me.
height and the depth of His mercy, And the breadth of His in-fi-nite love.
tho' I be tried in the fur-nace, I can say, "Lord, Thy will be it done."
know that His love, now so precious, Will for-ev - er grow sweeter to me!
CHORUS.
Sweet - er and sweeter to me, ... Dear - er and
Sweet-er to me, grow - ing sweet-er to me, Dear-er each day,
dear-er each day; . . . Oh, won - - der-ful love of my
grow - ing dear-er each day; Oh, won-der-ful love, love of my
Sav - ior, Grow - ing dear - - er each step of my way!
Sav - ior, Grow - ing dear - er and dear - er each step of my way!

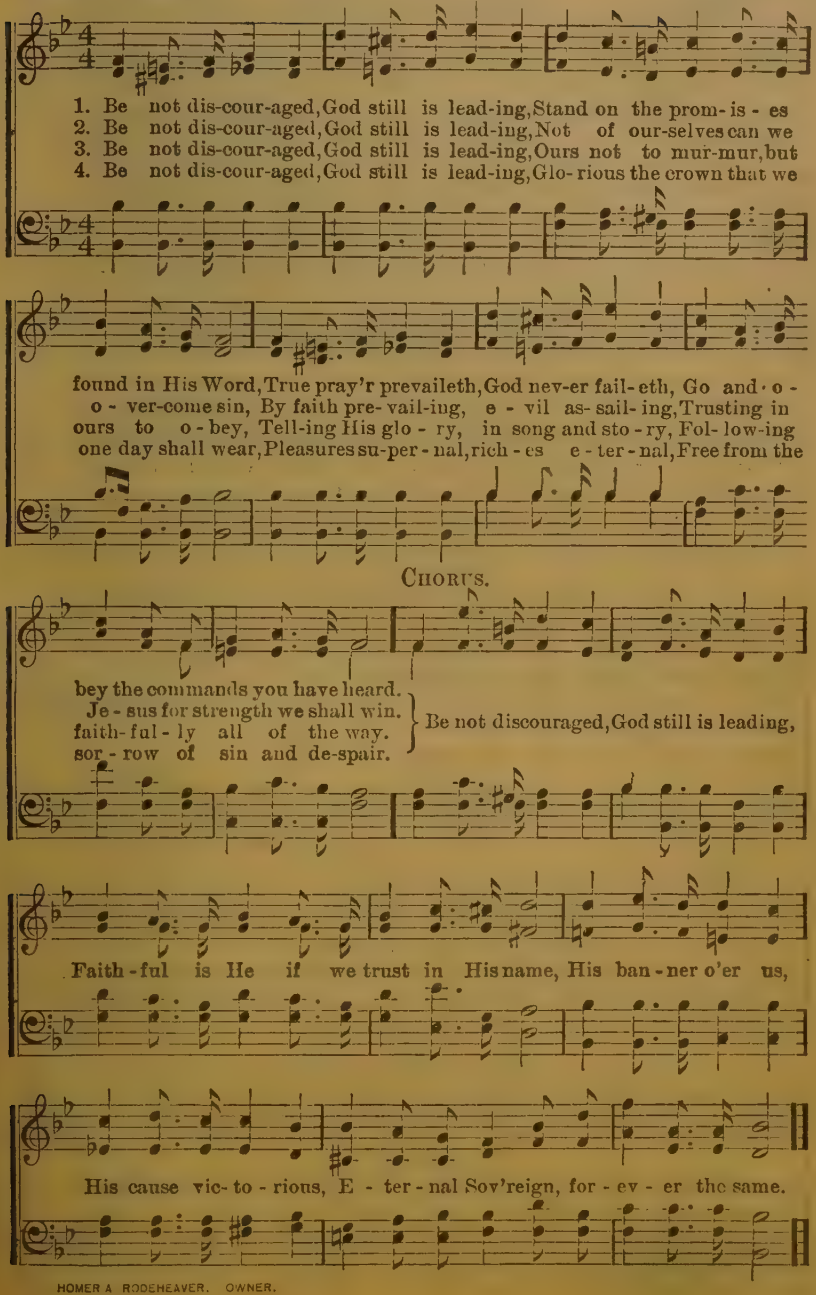
23.

Be Not Discouraged.

Rev. A. H. Ackley

Copyright, 1912, by B. D. Ackley.

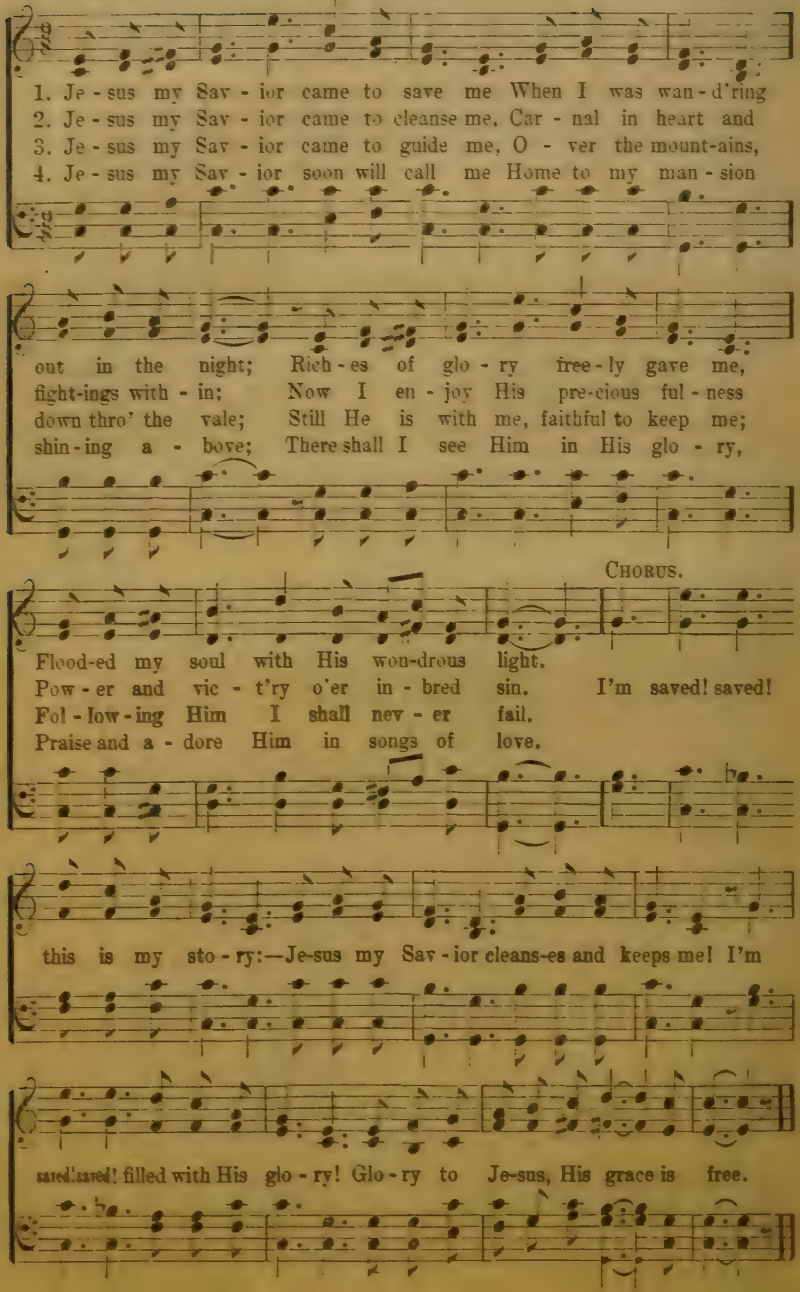
B. D. Ackley.


1. Be not dis-cour-aged, God still is lead-ing, Stand on the prom-is-es
2. Be not dis-cour-aged, God still is lead-ing, Not of our-selves can we
3. Be not dis-cour-aged, God still is lead-ing, Ours not to mur-mur, but
4. Be not dis-cour-aged, God still is lead-ing, Glo-rious the crown that we
found in His Word, True pray'r prevaileth, God nev-er fail-eth, Go and o-
o-ver-come sin, By faith pre-vail-ing, e-vil as-sail-ing, Trusting in
ours to o-bey, Tell-ing His glo-ry, in song and sto-ry, Fol-low-ing
one day shall wear, Pleasures su-per-nal, rich-es e-ter-nal, Free from the
Chorus.
bey the commands you have heard.
Je-sus for strength we shall win.
faith-ful-ly all of the way.
sor-row of sin and de-spair.
Be not discouraged, God still is leading,
Faith-ful is He if we trust in His name, His ban-ner o'er us,
His cause vic-to-rious, E-ter-nal Sov'reign, for-ev-er the same.

HOMER A RODEHEAVER. OWNER.

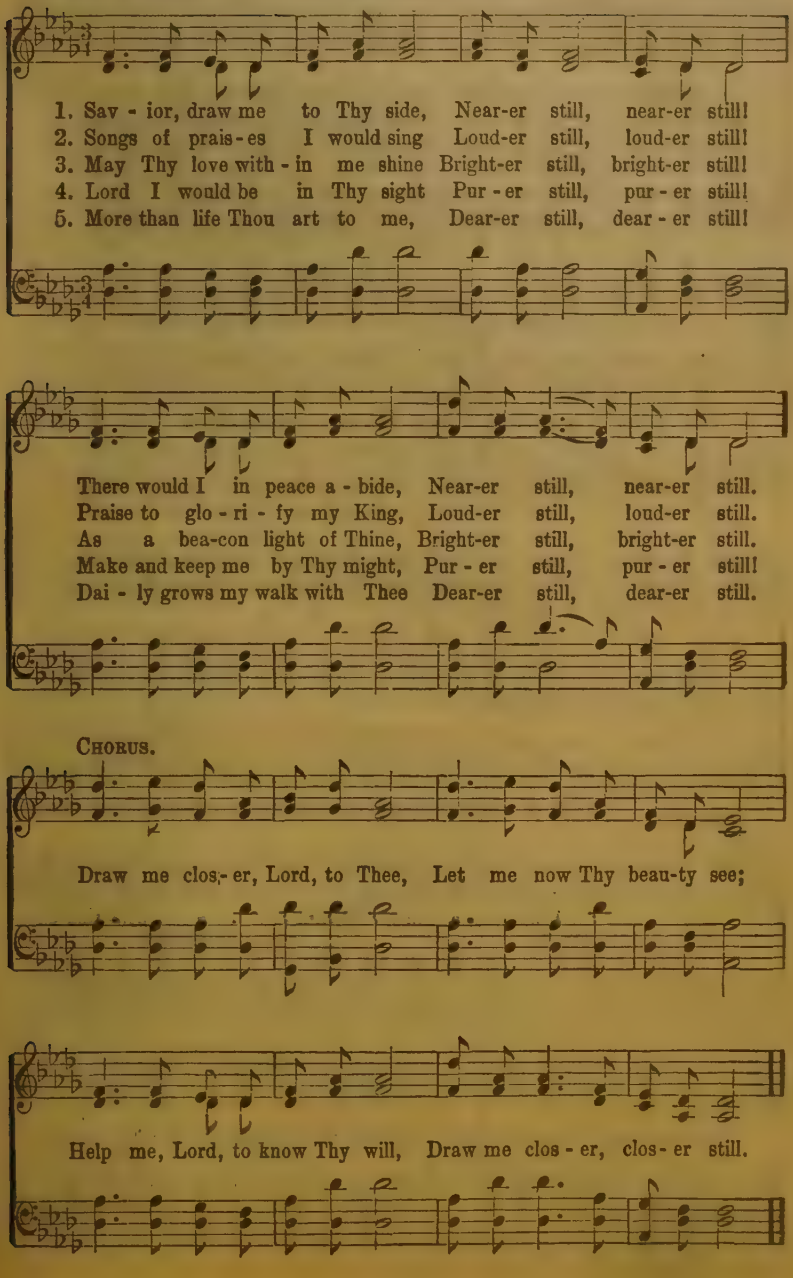
No. 24. Saved!

H. E. B. COPYRIGHT 1913, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. Rev. H. E. Bright


1. Je - sus my Sav - ior came to save me When I was wan - d'ring
2. Je - sus my Sav - ior came to cleanse me, Car - nal in heart and
3. Je - sus my Sav - ior came to guide me, O - ver the mount-ains,
4. Je - sus my Sav - ior soon will call me Home to my man - sion
out in the night; Rich - es of glo - ry free - ly gave me,
fight-ings with - in; Now I en - joy His pre-cious ful - ness
down thro' the vale; Still He is with me, faithful to keep me;
shin - ing a - bove; There shall I see Him in His glo - ry,
CHORUS.
Flood-ed my soul with His won-drous light.
Pow - er and vic - t'ry o'er in - bred sin. I'm saved! saved!
Fol - low - ing Him I shall nev - er fail.
Praise and a - dore Him in songs of love.
this is my sto - ry:—Je-sus my Sav - ior cleans-es and keeps me! I'm
saved! saved! filled with His glo - ry! Glo - ry to Je-sus, His grace is free.

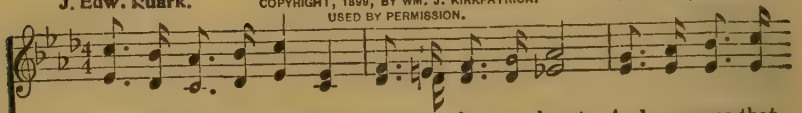
No. 25. Closer Still.

David J. Beattie. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. Chas. H. Gabriel.

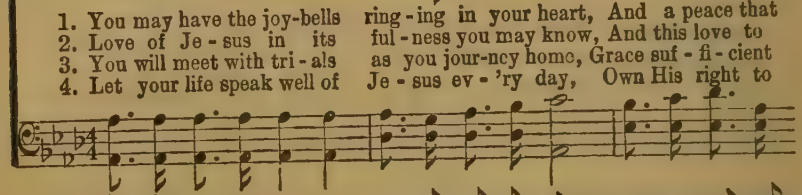

1. Sav - ior, draw me to Thy side, Near-er still, near-er still!
2. Songs of prais - es I would sing Loud-er still, loud-er still!
3. May Thy love with - in me shine Bright-er still, bright-er still!
4. Lord I would be in Thy sight Pur - er still, pur - er still!
5. More than life Thou art to me, Dear-er still, dear - er still!
There would I in peace a - bide, Near-er still, near-er still.
Praise to glo - ri - fy my King, Loud-er still, loud-er still.
As a bea-con light of Thine, Bright-er still, bright-er still.
Make and keep me by Thy might, Pur - er still, pur - er still!
Dai - ly grows my walk with Thee Dear-er still, dear-er still.
Chorus.
Draw me clos - er, Lord, to Thee, Let me now Thy beau-ty see;
Help me, Lord, to know Thy will, Draw me clos - er, clos - er still.

No. 26. You May Have the Joybells.

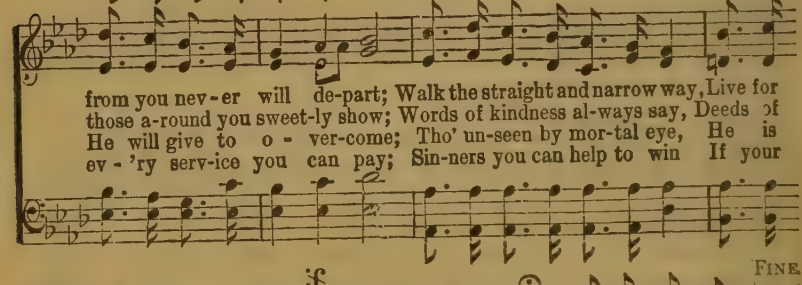
J. Edw. Ruark. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. USED BY PERMISSION. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



1. You may have the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart, And a peace that
2. Love of Je-sus in its ful-ness you may know, And this love to
3. You will meet with tri-als as you jour-ney home, Grace suf-fi-cient
4. Let your life speak well of Je-sus ev-'ry day, Own His right to



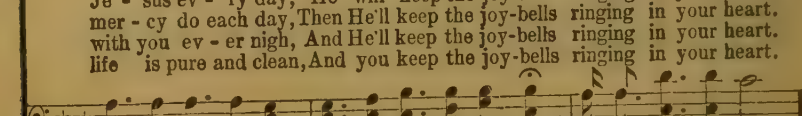
from you nev-er will de-part; Walk the straight and narrow way, Live for
those a-round you sweet-ly show; Words of kindness al-ways say, Deeds of
He will give to o-ver-come; Tho' un-seen by mor-tal eye, He is
ev-'ry serv-ice you can pay; Sin-ners you can help to win If your



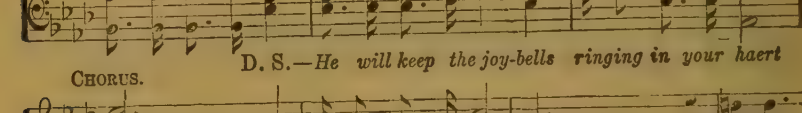
Je-sus ev-'ry day, He will keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.
mer-cy do each day, Then He'll keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.
with you ev-er nigh, And He'll keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.
life is pure and clean, And you keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.

D. S.—*He will keep the joy-bells ringing in your haert*

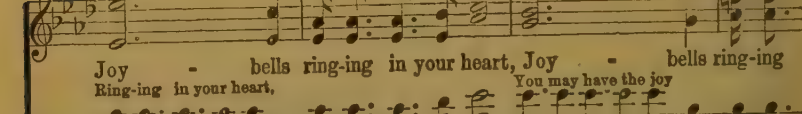
CHORUS.



Joy - bells ring-ing in your heart, Joy - bells ring-ing
Ring-ing in your heart, You may have the joy



in your heart; Take the Savior here below, With you ev-'ry-where you go,



No. 27. To Arms! To Arms!

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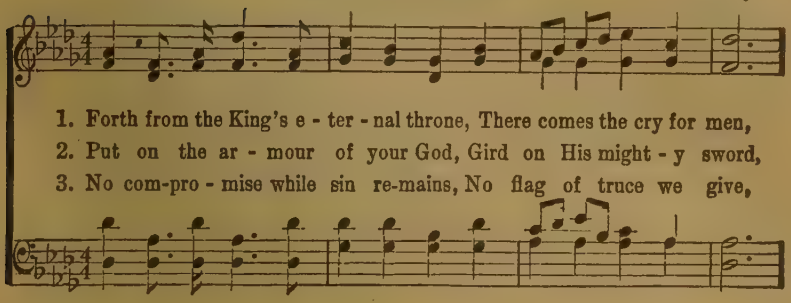
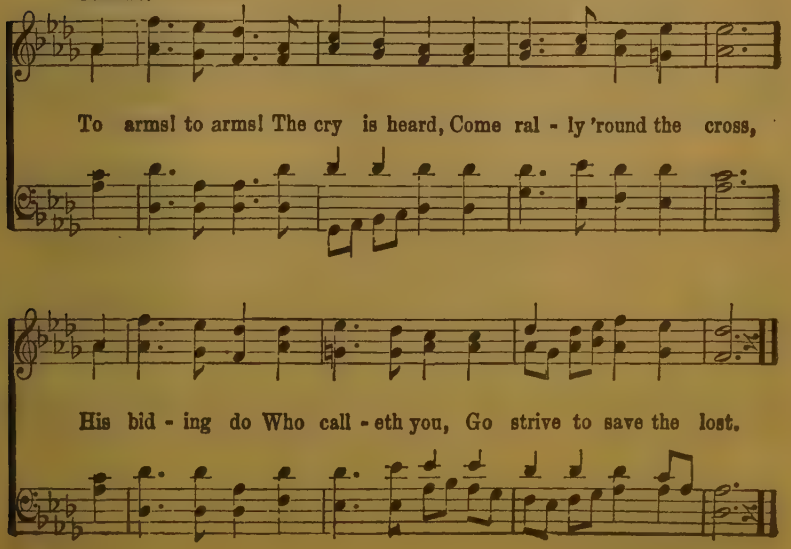
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.


1. Forth from the King's e - ter - nal throne, There comes the cry for men,
2. Put on the ar - mour of your God, Gird on His might - y sword,
3. No com-pro - mise while sin re-mains, No flag of truce we give,
Who dare to fight for God and right, A - gainst the hosts of sin.
Then ral - ly 'round the cross and fight, Till peace shall be re - stored.
We fight that earth's re-mot - est bounds Shall bow to Him and live.

CHORUS.



No. 28.

The Day of Glory.

"Home at last!"—Rev. W. A. Sunday.

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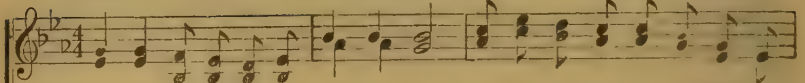
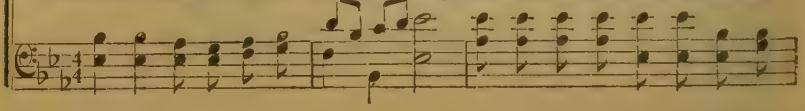
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

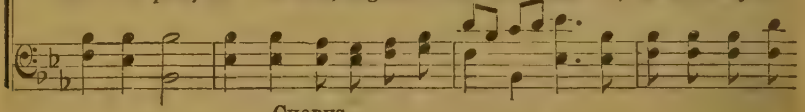
C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. When my labors here on earth are o'er, And I reach my home on that e-
2. No more sorrow there, no pain, no tears, No more anxious longing, no more
3. When the beauty of e - ter - nal skies Breaks in all its splendor on my
4. Where a shad-ow nev-er - more is cast, Where all tears and tri-als are for-

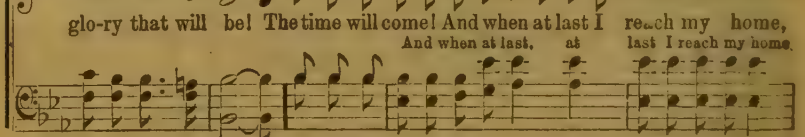


ter - nal shore, With my Savior there for - ev - er-more,—O, what a day of
haunting fears, No more waiting thro' the lone-ly years,—O, what a day of
op'n-ing eyes, When the countless dead in Christ a-rise,—O, what a day of
ev - er past, As we sing to-geth-er "Home at last!" O, what a day of



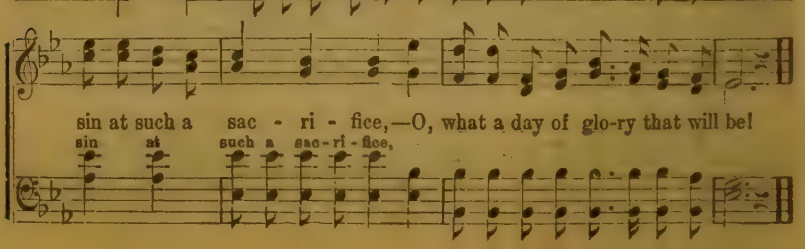
CHORUS.

glo-ry that will be! The time will come! And when at last I reach my home,
And when at last, at last I reach my home,



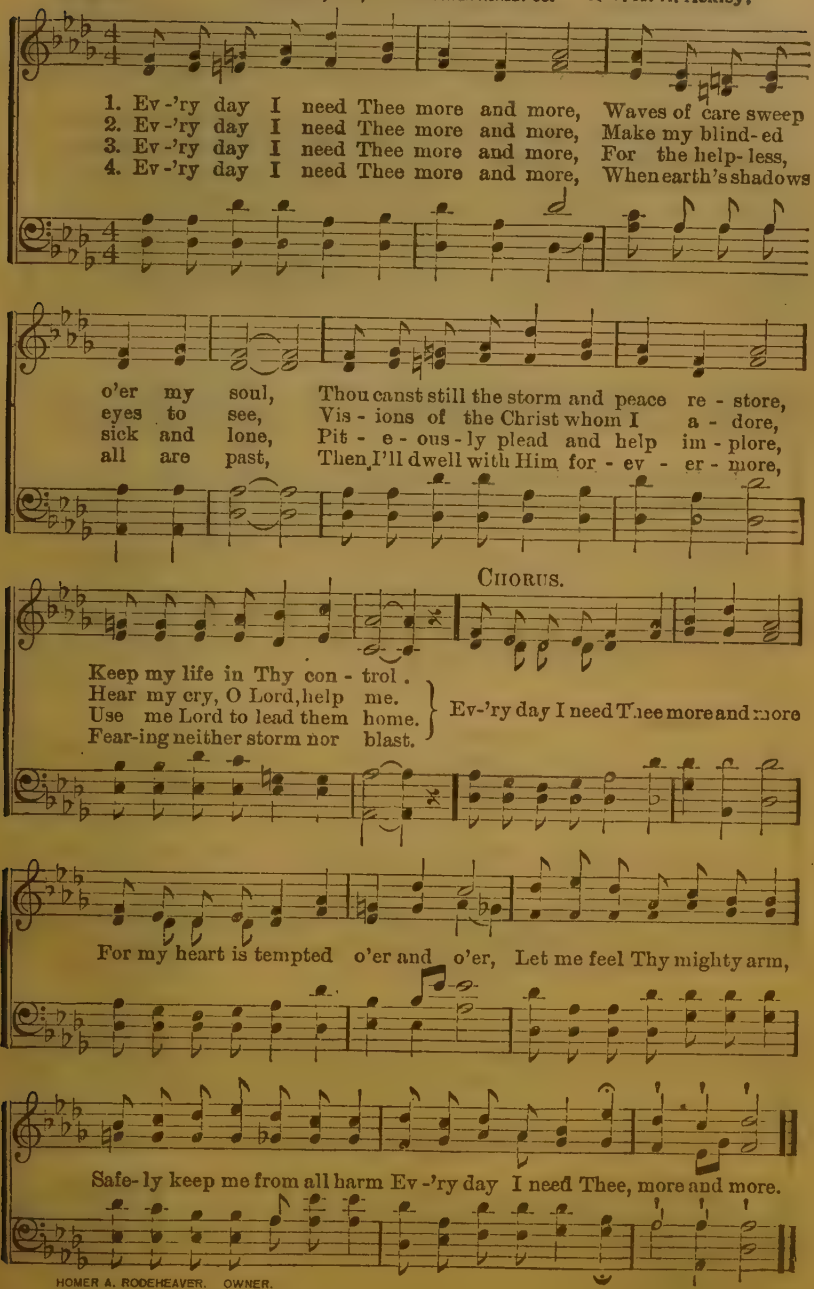
I'll look in-to His face, And thank Him for the grace That paid the price Of
I'll look in - to His face, That paid the price, the price Of

sin at such a sac - ri - fice,—O, what a day of glo-ry that will be!
sin at such a sac-ri-fice,



29. **Every Day I Need Thee More.**

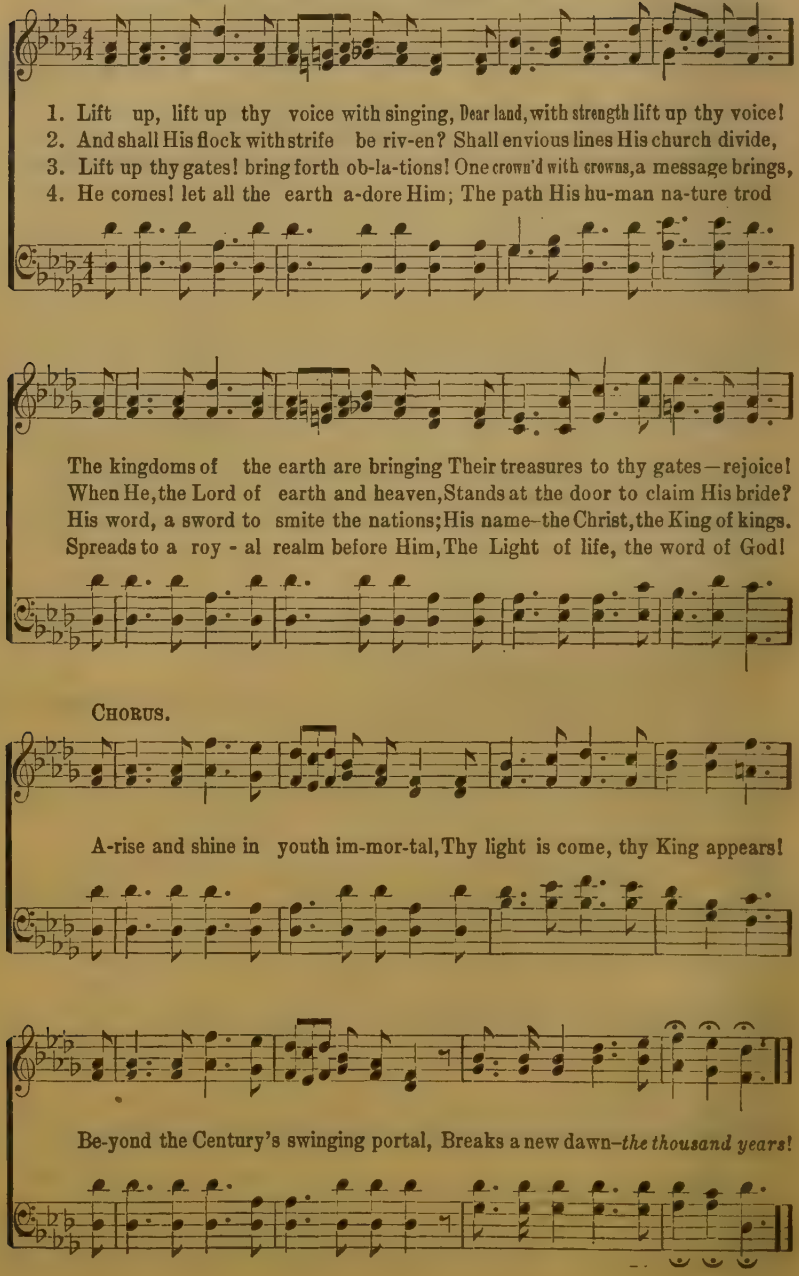
A. H. A. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO. Rev. A. H. Ackley.


1. Ev-'ry day I need Thee more and more, Waves of care sweep
2. Ev-'ry day I need Thee more and more, Make my blind-ed
3. Ev-'ry day I need Thee more and more, For the help-less,
4. Ev-'ry day I need Thee more and more, When earth's shadows
o'er my soul, Thou canst still the storm and peace re-store,
eyes to see, Vis-ions of the Christ whom I a-dore,
sick and lone, Pit-e-ous-ly plead and help im-plore,
all are past, Then I'll dwell with Him for-ev-er-more,
CHORUS.
Keep my life in Thy con-trol.
Hear my cry, O Lord, help me.
Use me Lord to lead them home.
Fear-ing neither storm nor blast.
Ev-'ry day I need Thee more and more
For my heart is tempted o'er and o'er, Let me feel Thy mighty arm,
Safe-ly keep me from all harm Ev-'ry day I need Thee, more and more.

HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

No. 30. Arise and Shine.

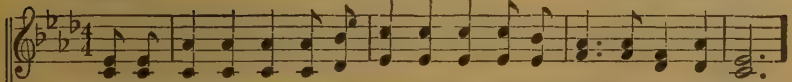
Mary A. Lathbury. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF THE JOHN CHURCH CO. P. P. Bliss.


1. Lift up, lift up thy voice with singing, Dear land, with strength lift up thy voice!
2. And shall His flock with strife be riv-en? Shall envious lines His church divide,
3. Lift up thy gates! bring forth ob-la-tions! One crown'd with crowns, a message brings,
4. He comes! let all the earth a-dore Him; The path His hu-man na-ture trod
The kingdoms of the earth are bringing Their treasures to thy gates—rejoice!
When He, the Lord of earth and heaven, Stands at the door to claim His bride?
His word, a sword to smite the nations; His name—the Christ, the King of kings.
Spreads to a roy - al realm before Him, The Light of life, the word of God!
CHORUS.
A-rise and shine in youth im-mor-tal, Thy light is come, thy King appears!
Be-yond the Century's swinging portal, Breaks a new dawn—*the thousand years*!

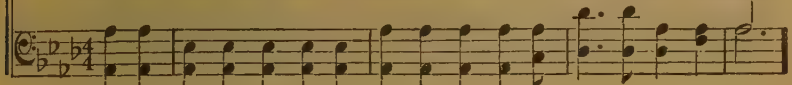
No. 31. The Same Old Way.

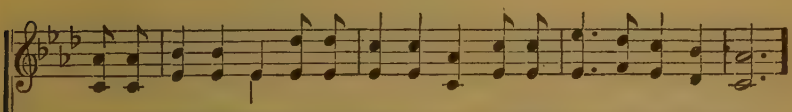
COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

W. T. M. Mrs. W. T. Morris.

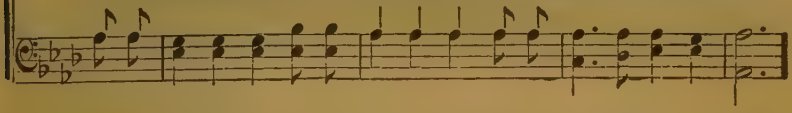


1. We are trav'ling home by the good old way, By the way our fathers trod;
2. We at times will chance where the roadways cross, There 'tis Satan will delay,
3. Ma - ny stop to look for a bet - ter way, And are swallowed up in night,
4. 'Twas my father's way, 'twas my mother's way, And 'twill be the way for me!
5. Oh, how glad am I there is just one way, It is nar-row, but 'tis straight;

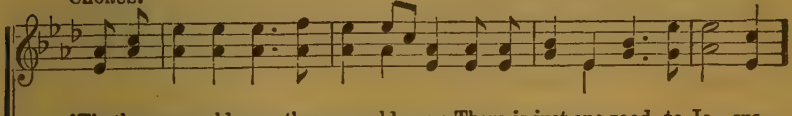




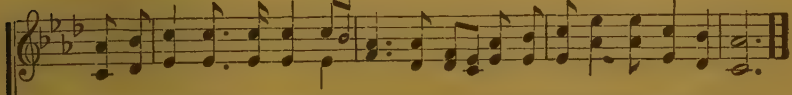
We will join them there in the land of day, And for-ev - er reign with God.
But we heed the words of the still small voice Saying, "Keep the narrow way."
While the faithful few, by their steady tread En-ter thro' the gates of light.
When my journey's done, and my crown is won, By the same old way 'twill be.
Tho' it leads up-hill we mount upward still T'ward the heav'nly, pearly gate.



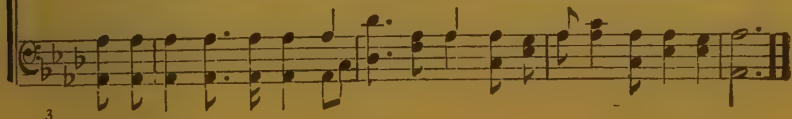
CHORUS.



'Tis the same old way, the same old way, There is just one road to Je - sus,—



By the way of the cross of Cal - va - ry! We must travel the same old way.

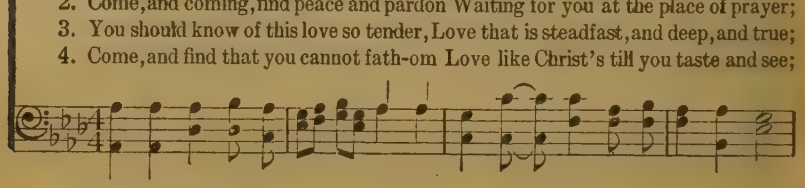


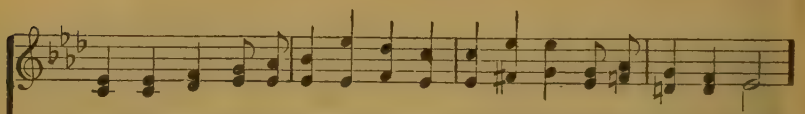
No. 32. How You Will Love Him!

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.

E. E. Rexford. B. D. Ackley.

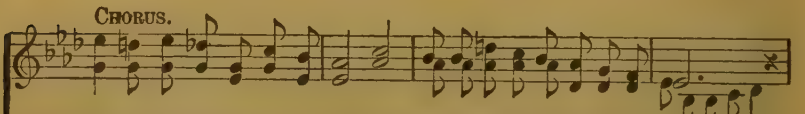
1. Ye who wander, of sin grown wear-y, Lonely and far from the safe home-fold,
2. Come, and coming, find peace and pardon Waiting for you at the place of prayer;
3. You should know of this love so tender, Love that is steadfast, and deep, and true;
4. Come, and find that you cannot fath-om Love like Christ's till you taste and see;



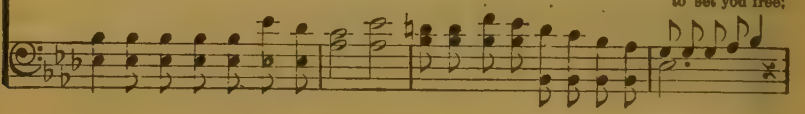


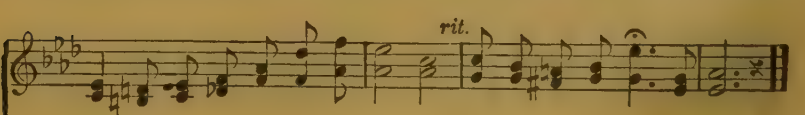
Come and learn what the love of Christ is, Love whose gladness can ne'er be told.
Kneel and ask for a soul for-giv-en,—Christ is yearn-ing to meet you there.
Come and share in its sweetness with me, Come, and find that my Christ loves you.
Heights and depths of the love of Je-sus No man knows till it sets him free.

CHORUS.



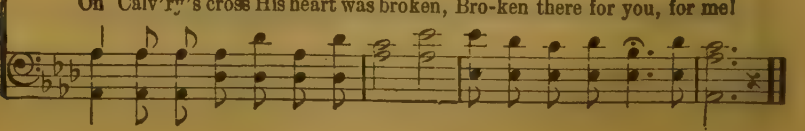
O, how you'll love Him when you know Him! Know the Christ who died to set you free;
to set you free;





rit.

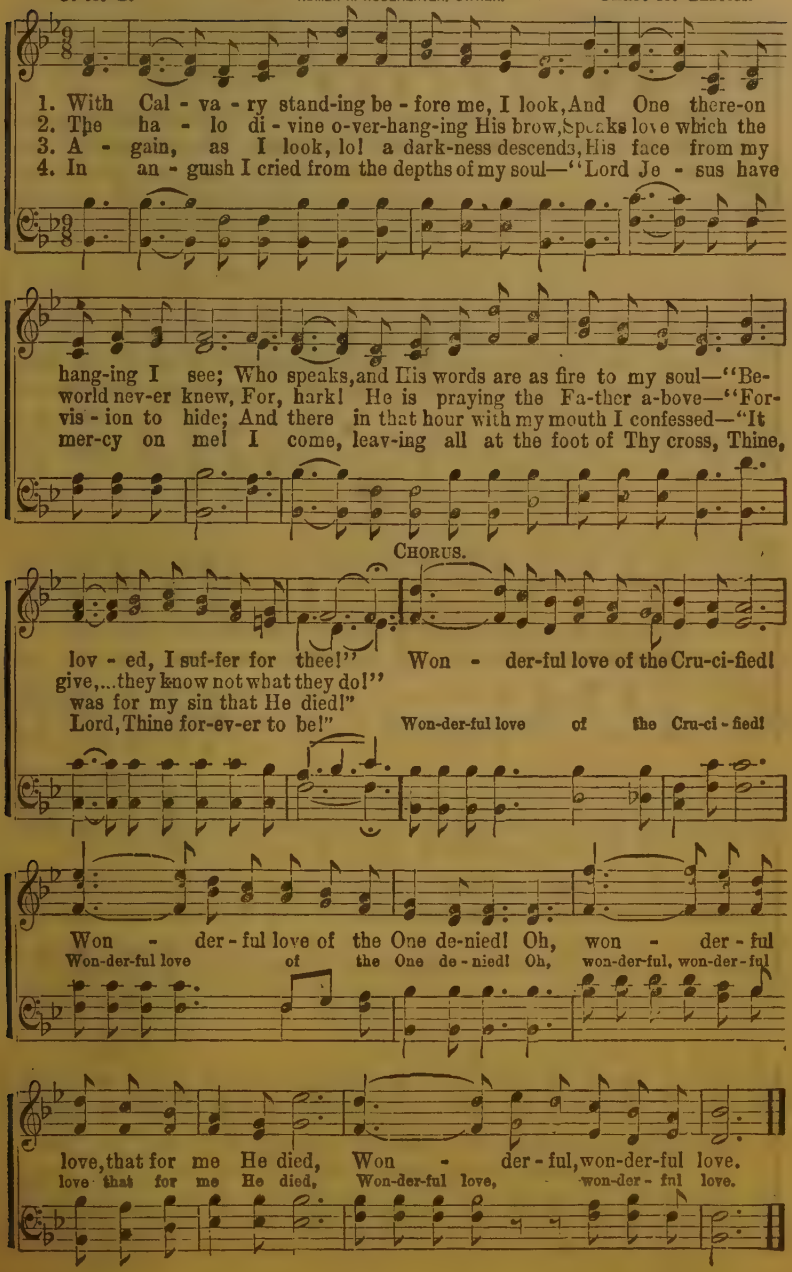
On Calv'ry's cross His heart was broken, Bro-ken there for you, for me!



No. 33. Wonderful Love.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. With Cal - va - ry stand-ing be - fore me, I look, And One there-on
2. The ha - lo di - vine o-ver-hang-ing His brow, Speaks love which the
3. A - gain, as I look, lo! a dark-ness descends, His face from my
4. In an - guish I cried from the depths of my soul—"Lord Je - sus have
hang-ing I see; Who speaks, and His words are as fire to my soul—"Be-
world nev-er knew, For, hark! He is praying the Fa-ther a-bove—"For-
vis - ion to hide; And there in that hour with my mouth I confessed—"It
mer-cy on me! I come, leav-ing all at the foot of Thy cross, Thine,
CHORUS.
lov - ed, I suf-fer for thee!" Won - der-ful love of the Cru-ci-fied!
give,...they know not what they do!"
was for my sin that He died!"
Lord, Thine for-ev-er to be!"
Won-der-ful love of the Cru-ci - fied!
Won - der-ful love of the One de-nied! Oh, won - der - ful
Won-der-ful love of the One de-nied! Oh, won-der-ful, won-der-ful
love, that for me He died, Won - der - ful, won-der-ful love.
love that for me He died, Won-der-ful love, won-der - ful love.

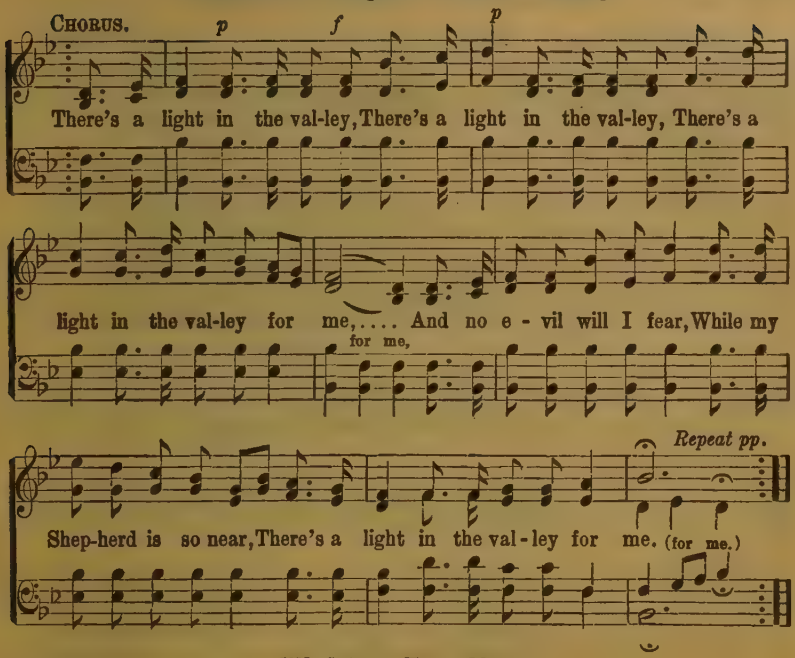
No. 34. There's a Light in the Valley.

P. P. Bliss. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF THE JOHN CHURCH CO. P. P. Bliss.

With expression.

1. Thro' the val-ley of the shad-ow I must go, Where the cold waves of
2. Now the roll-ing of the bil-lows I can hear, As they beat on the
Jor-dan roll; But the prom-ise of my Shepherd will I know, Be the
turf-bound shore; But the bea-con light of love so bright and clear, Guides my
Slower.
rod and the staff to my soul. E-ven now down the val-ley as I
back, frail and lone safe-ly o'er. I shall find down the val-ley no a-
a tempo.
glide, I can hear my Sav-iour say, "Fol-low me!" And with Him I'm
larms, For my Sav-iour's bless-ed smile I can see; He will bear me
not a-fraid to cross the tide, There's a light in the val-ley for me.
in His lov-ing, might-y arms, There's a light in the val-ley for me.

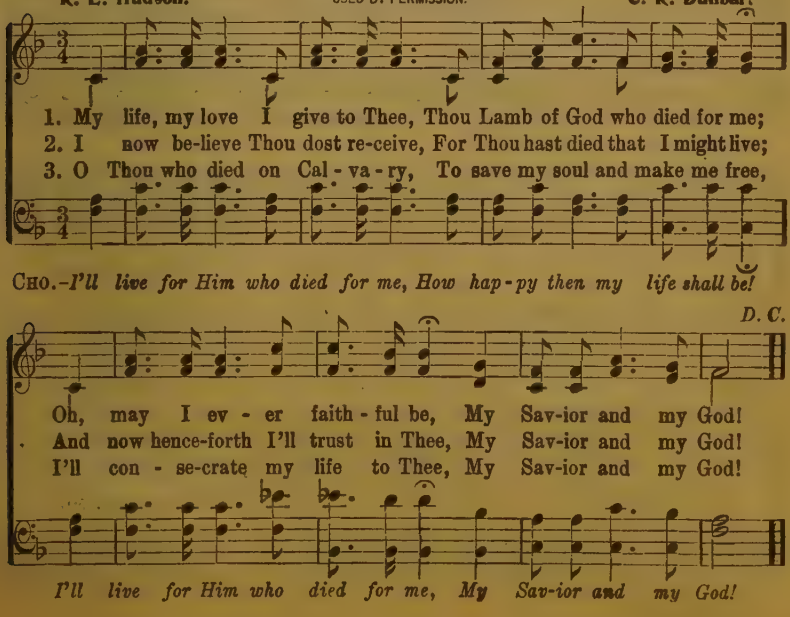
There's a Light in the Valley.


Chorus.
p
f
p
There's a light in the val-ley, There's a light in the val-ley, There's a
light in the val-ley for me, ... And no e - vil will I fear, While my
for me,
Repeat pp.
Shep-herd is so near, There's a light in the val - ley for me. (for me.)

No. 35. I'll Live For Him.

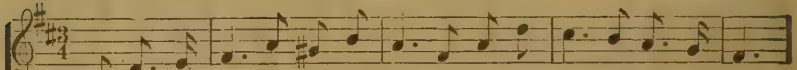
COPYRIGHT, 1882, BY R. E. HUDSON.
USED BY PERMISSION.

R. E. Hudson. C. R. Dunbar.

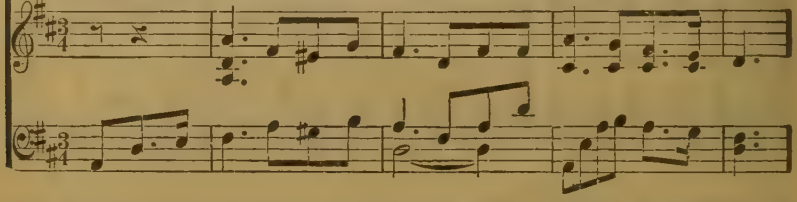

1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. O Thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free,
Cho.-I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!
D. C.
Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav-ior and my God!
And now hence-forth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav-ior and my God!
I'll con - se-crate my life to Thee, My Sav-ior and my God!
I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav-ior and my God!

No. 36. Because He Loved Me So.

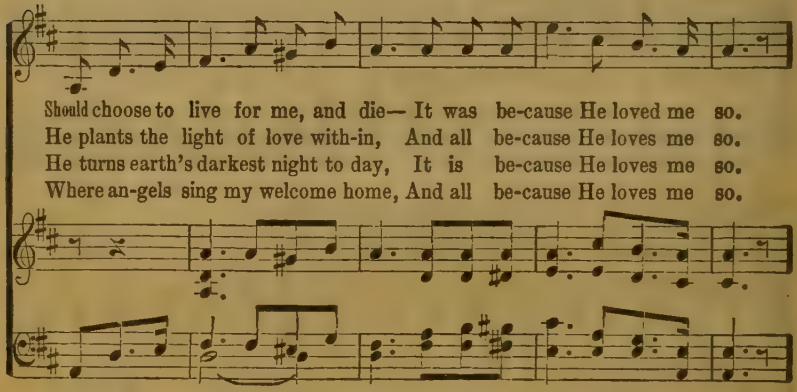
Rev. A. H. Ackley. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY B. D. ACKLEY. B. D. Ackley.



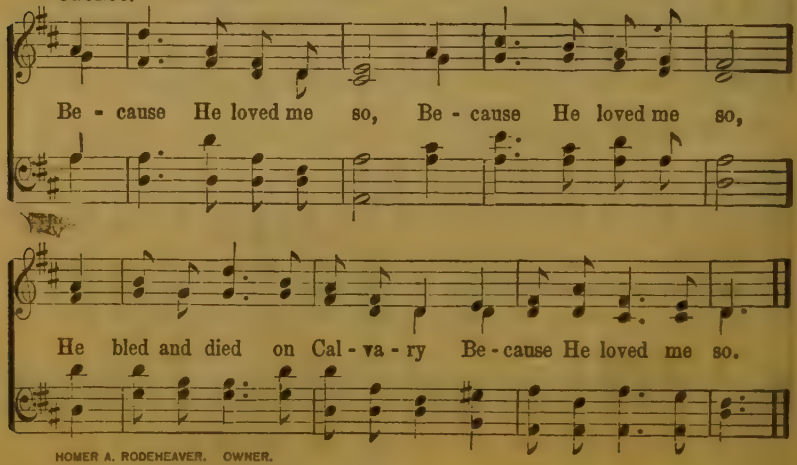
1. I oft - en stop and won-der why The King of Realms beyond the sky,
2. His grace a - lone can fath-om sin, It makes the heart as white as snow,
3. His foot-steps lead me all the way, He guards my path wher-e'er I go,
4. His voice a - lone shall bid me come To heights supreme I long to know,



Should choose to live for me, and die— It was be-cause He loved me so.
He plants the light of love with-in, And all be-cause He loves me so.
He turns earth's darkest night to day, It is be-cause He loves me so.
Where an-gels sing my welcome home, And all be-cause He loves me so.



CHORUS.



Be - cause He loved me so, Be - cause He loved me so,

He bled and died on Cal - va - ry Be - cause He loved me so.

HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. OWNER.

No. 37. I Will Sing the Wondrous Story.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY IRA D. SANKEY.
THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO., NEW YORK, OWNERS.

F. H. Rawley. Peter Bilhorn.

1. I will sing the wondrous sto - ry, Of the Christ who died for me,
2. I was lost, but Je - sus found me, Found the sheep that was a - stray;
3. I was bruised, but Je - sus healed me, Faint was I from many a fall,
4. Days of dark - ness still come o'er me, Sor-row's paths I oft - en tread,
5. He will keep me till the riv - er Rolls its wa - ters at my feet;

How He left His home in glo - ry, For the cross on Cal - va - ry.
Threw His lov - ing arms a-round me, Drew me back in - to His way.
Sight was gone, and fears pos-sessed me, But He freed me from them all.
But the Sav - iour still is with me, By His hand I'm safe - ly led.
Then He'll bear me safe - ly o - ver Where the loved ones I shall meet.

CHORUS.

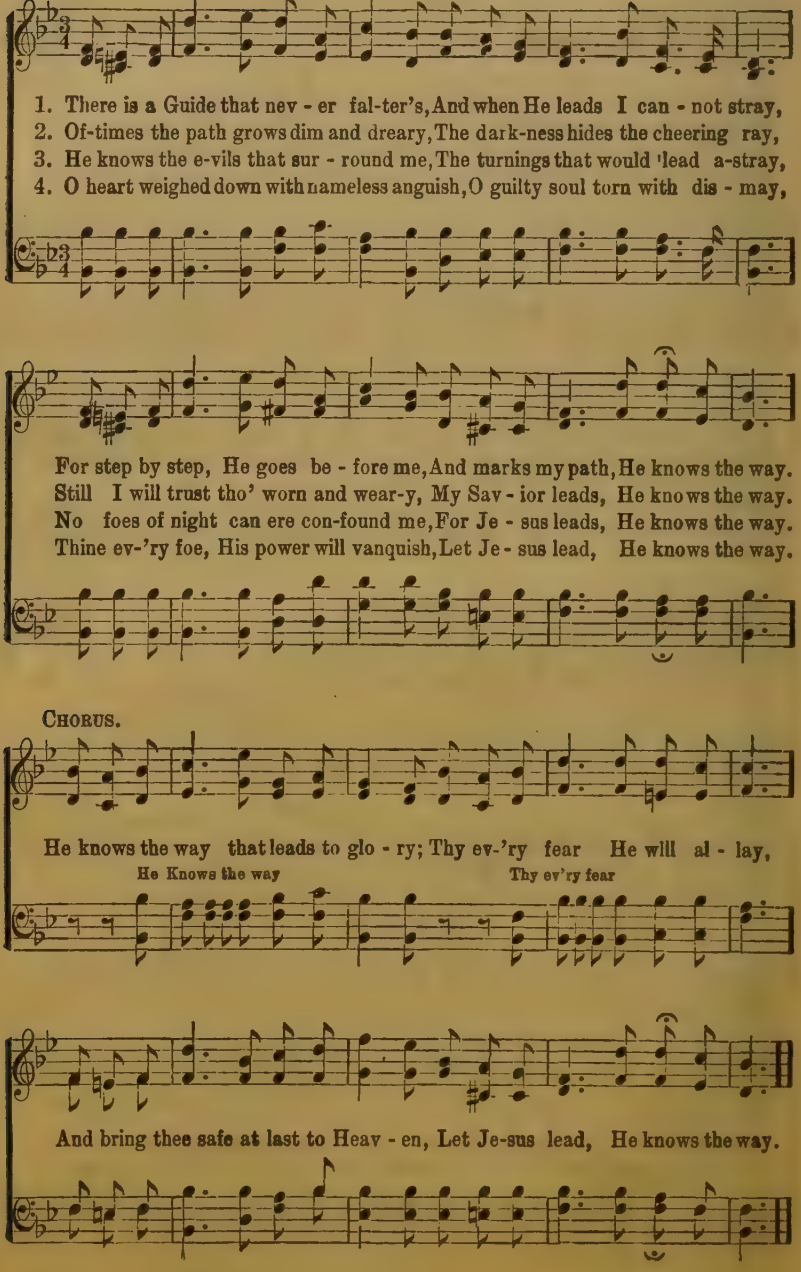
Yes, I'll sing..... the won-drous sto - - - ry Of the
Yes, I'll sing the won-drous sto - ry

Christ.... who died for me,..... Sing it with..... the saints in
Of the Christ who died for me. Sing it with

glo - - ry, Gath-ered by..... the crys-tal sea.
the saints in glo-ry, Gath-ered by the crys-tal sea.

No. 38. He Knows the Way.

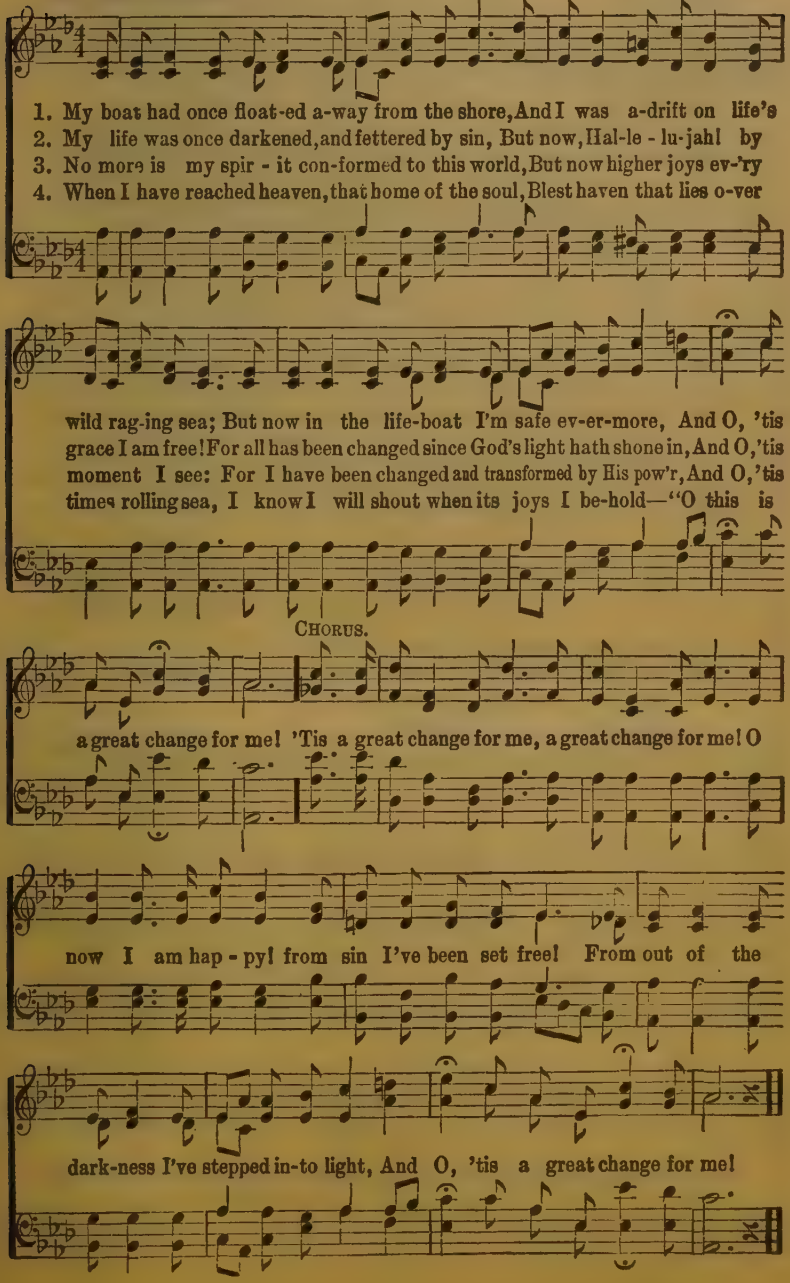
A. H. A. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. A. H. Ackley.


1. There is a Guide that nev - er fal-ter's, And when He leads I can - not stray,
2. Of-times the path grows dim and dreary, The dark-ness hides the cheering ray,
3. He knows the e-vils that sur - round me, The turnings that would lead a-stray,
4. O heart weighed down with nameless anguish, O guilty soul torn with dis - may,
For step by step, He goes be - fore me, And marks my path, He knows the way.
Still I will trust tho' worn and wear-y, My Sav - ior leads, He knows the way.
No foes of night can ere con-found me, For Je - sus leads, He knows the way.
Thine ev-'ry foe, His power will vanquish, Let Je - sus lead, He knows the way.
CHORUS.
He knows the way that leads to glo - ry; Thy ev-'ry fear He will al - lay,
He Knows the way
Thy ev'ry fear
And bring thee safe at last to Heav - en, Let Je-sus lead, He knows the way.

No. 39. O 'Tis a Great Change for Me.

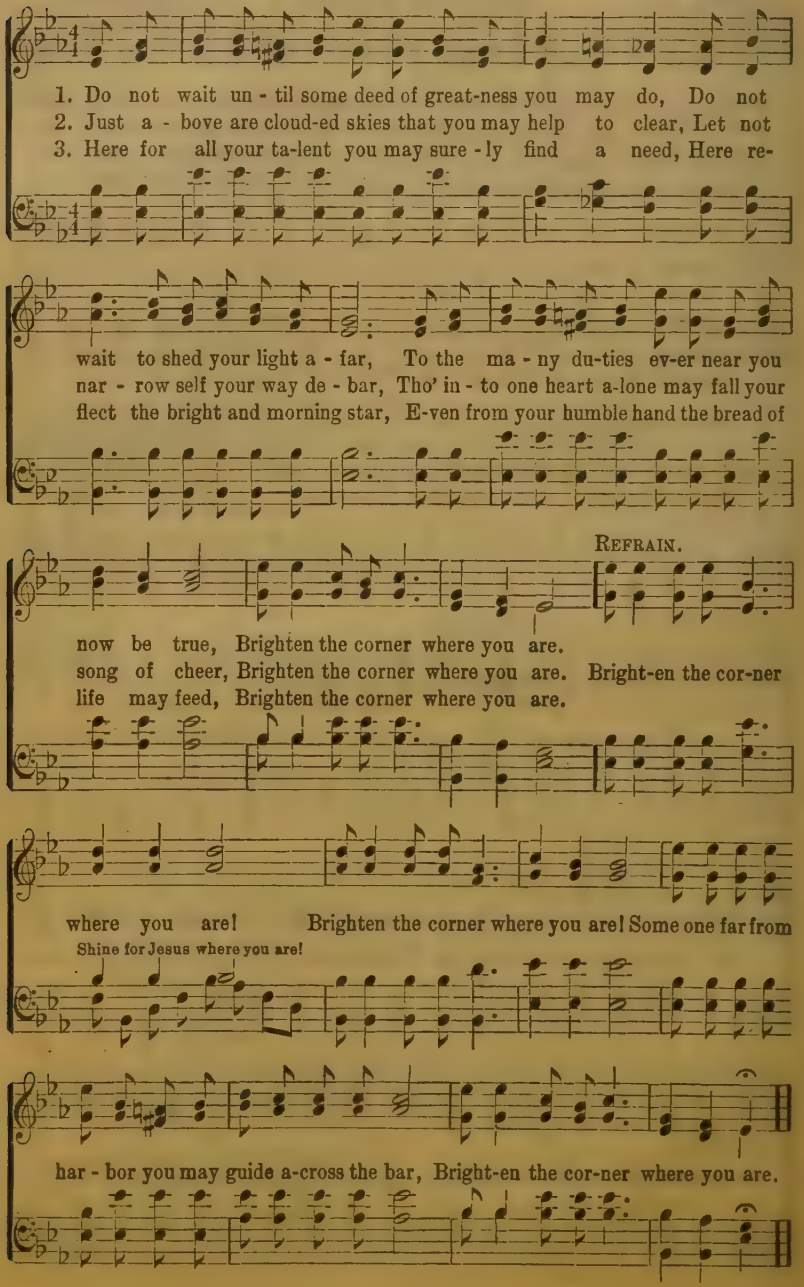
COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.

Rev. Johnston Oatman, Jr. J. B Herbert.


1. My boat had once float-ed a-way from the shore, And I was a-drift on life's wild rag-ing sea; But now in the life-boat I'm safe ev-er-more, And O, 'tis
2. My life was once darkened, and fettered by sin, But now, Hal-le - lu-jah! by grace I am free! For all has been changed since God's light hath shone in, And O, 'tis
3. No more is my spir - it con-formed to this world, But now higher joys ev-'ry moment I see: For I have been changed and transformed by His pow'r, And O, 'tis
4. When I have reached heaven, that home of the soul, Blest haven that lies o-ver times rolling sea, I know I will shout when its joys I be-hold—"O this is
CHORUS.
a great change for me! 'Tis a great change for me, a great change for me! O now I am hap - py! from sin I've been set free! From out of the dark-ness I've stepped in-to light, And O, 'tis a great change for me!

No. 40. Brighten the Corner Where You Are.

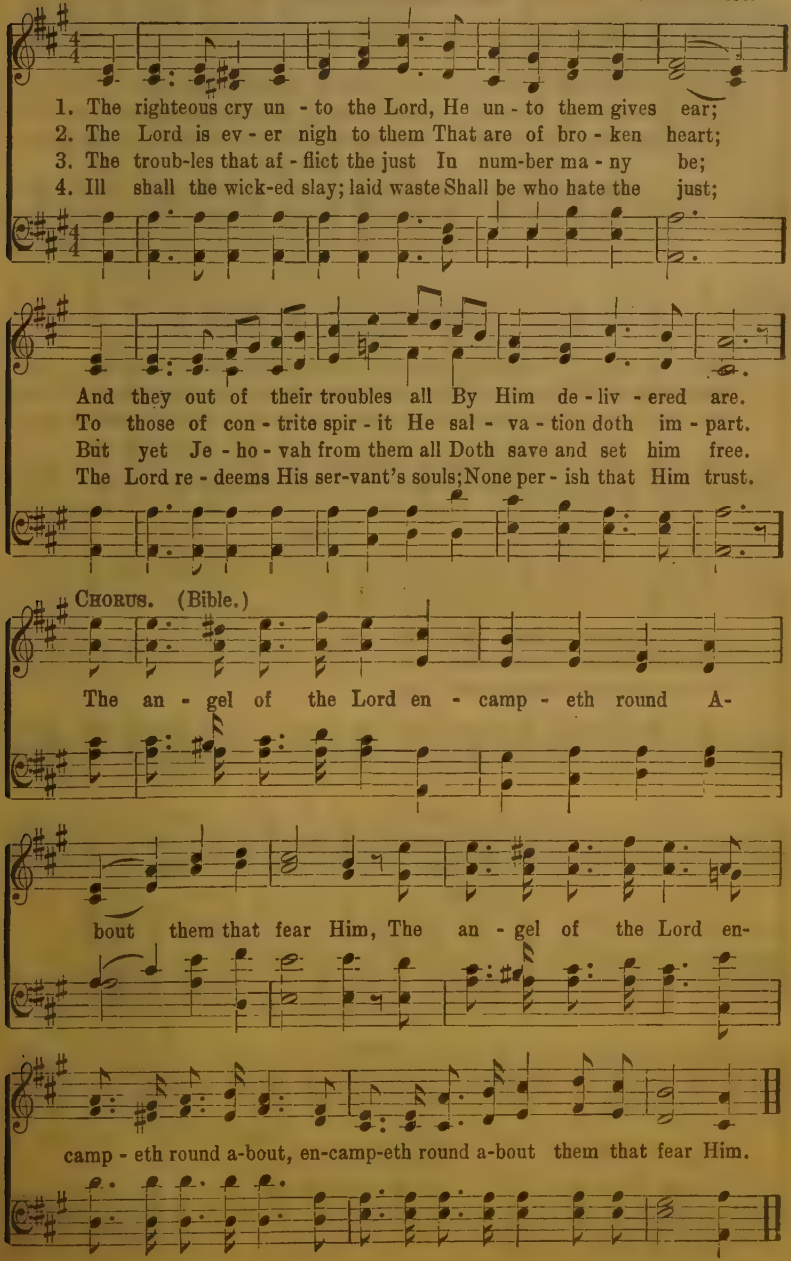
Ina Duley Ogdon. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Do not wait un - til some deed of great-ness you may do, Do not
2. Just a - bove are cloud-ed skies that you may help to clear, Let not
3. Here for all your ta-lent you may sure - ly find a need, Here re-
wait to shed your light a - far, To the ma - ny du-ties ev-er near you
nar - row self your way de - bar, Tho' in - to one heart a-lone may fall your
flect the bright and morning star, E-ven from your humble hand the bread of
REFRAIN.
now be true, Brighten the corner where you are.
song of cheer, Brighten the corner where you are. Bright-en the cor-ner
life may feed, Brighten the corner where you are.
where you are! Brighten the corner where you are! Some one far from
Shine for Jesus where you are!
har - bor you may guide a-cross the bar, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are.

No. 41. The Angel of The Lord.

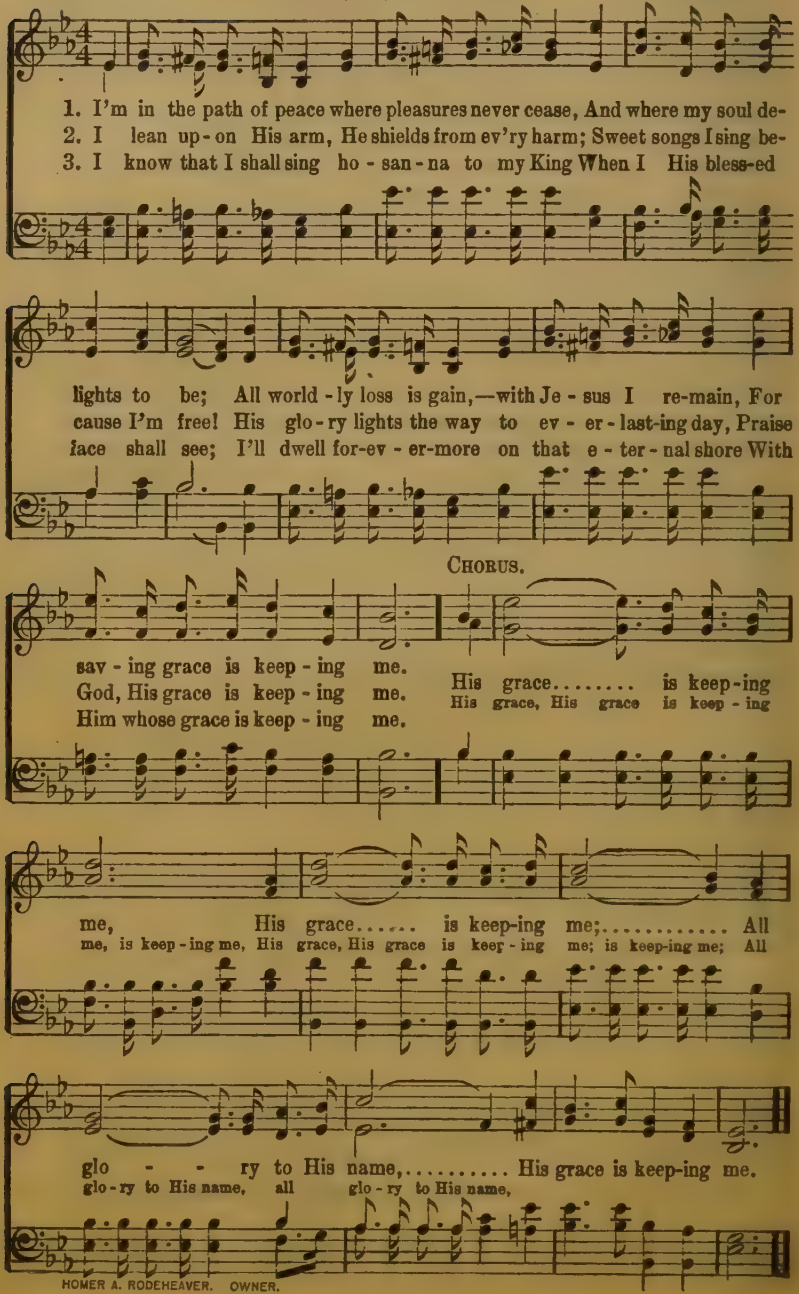
COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY J. B. HERBERT.
HOMER A RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

J. B. Herbert.


1. The righteous cry un - to the Lord, He un - to them gives ear;
2. The Lord is ev - er nigh to them That are of bro - ken heart;
3. The troub-les that af - flict the just In num-ber ma - ny be;
4. Ill shall the wick-ed slay; laid waste Shall be who hate the just;
And they out of their troubles all By Him de - liv - ered are.
To those of con - trite spir - it He sal - va - tion doth im - part.
But yet Je - ho - vah from them all Doth save and set him free.
The Lord re - deems His ser-vant's souls; None per - ish that Him trust.
CHORUS. (Bible.)
The an - gel of the Lord en - camp - eth round A-
bout them that fear Him, The an - gel of the Lord en-
camp - eth round a-bout, en-camp-eth round a-bout them that fear Him.

No. 42. His Grace is Keeping Me.

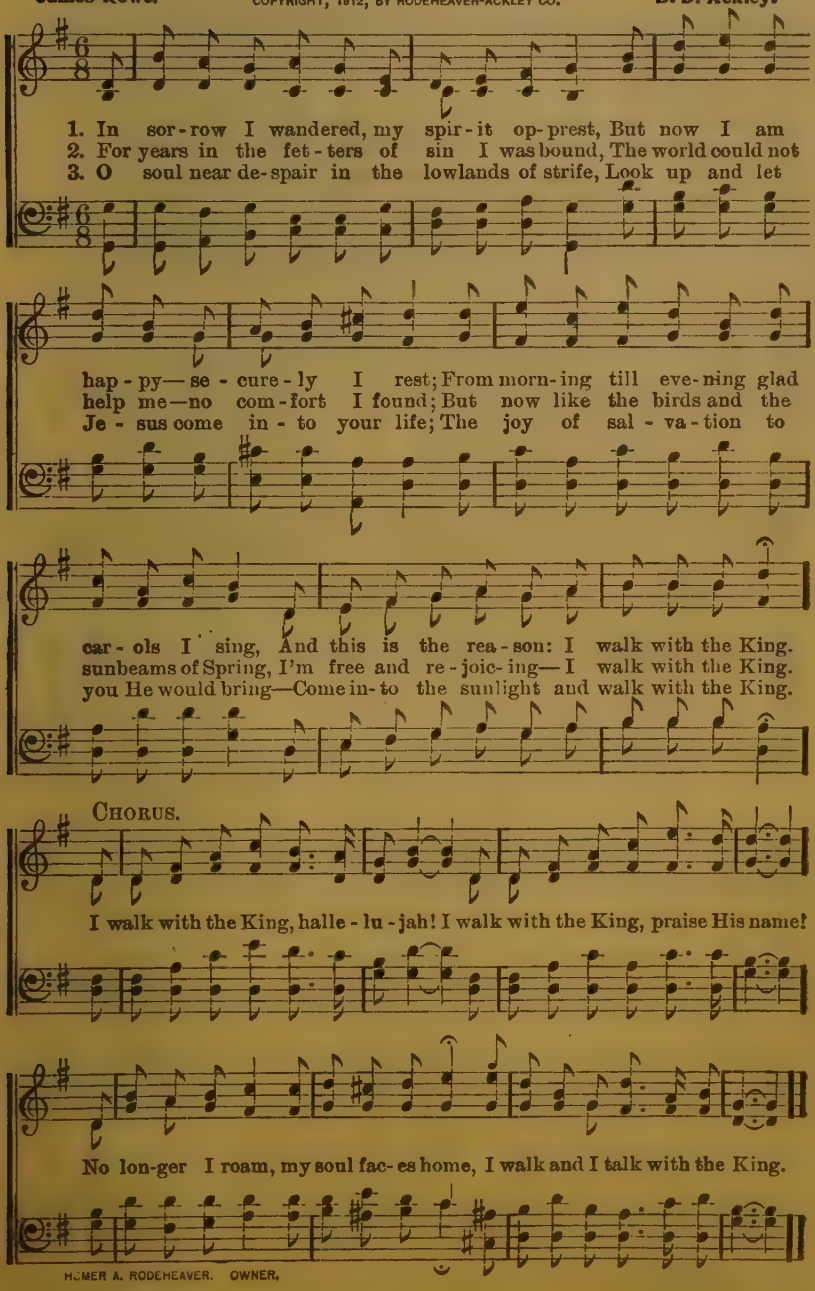
James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. James M. Black.


1. I'm in the path of peace where pleasures never cease, And where my soul de-
2. I lean up-on His arm, He shields from ev'ry harm; Sweet songs I sing be-
3. I know that I shall sing ho-san-na to my King When I His bless-ed
lights to be; All world-ly loss is gain,—with Je-sus I re-main, For
cause I'm free! His glo-ry lights the way to ev-er-last-ing day, Praise
face shall see; I'll dwell for-ev-er-more on that e-ter-nal shore With
CHORUS.
sav-ing grace is keep-ing me.
God, His grace is keep-ing me.
Him whose grace is keep-ing me.
His grace..... is keep-ing
His grace, His grace is keep-ing
me, His grace..... is keep-ing me;..... All
me, is keep-ing me, His grace, His grace is keep-ing me; is keep-ing me; All
glo - - ry to His name,..... His grace is keep-ing me.
glo-ry to His name, all glo-ry to His name,

HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. OWNER.

No. 43. I Walk With the King.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO. B. D. Ackley.


1. In sor-row I wandered, my spir-it op-prest, But now I am
2. For years in the fet-ters of sin I was bound, The world could not
3. O soul near de-spair in the lowlands of strife, Look up and let
hap-py—se-cure-ly I rest; From morn-ing till eve-ning glad
help me—no com-fort I found; But now like the birds and the
Je-sus come in-to your life; The joy of sal-va-tion to
car-ols I sing, And this is the rea-son: I walk with the King.
sunbeams of Spring, I'm free and re-joic-ing—I walk with the King.
you He would bring—Come in-to the sunlight and walk with the King.
CHORUS.
I walk with the King, halle-lu-jah! I walk with the King, praise His name!
No lon-ger I roam, my soul fac-es home, I walk and I talk with the King.

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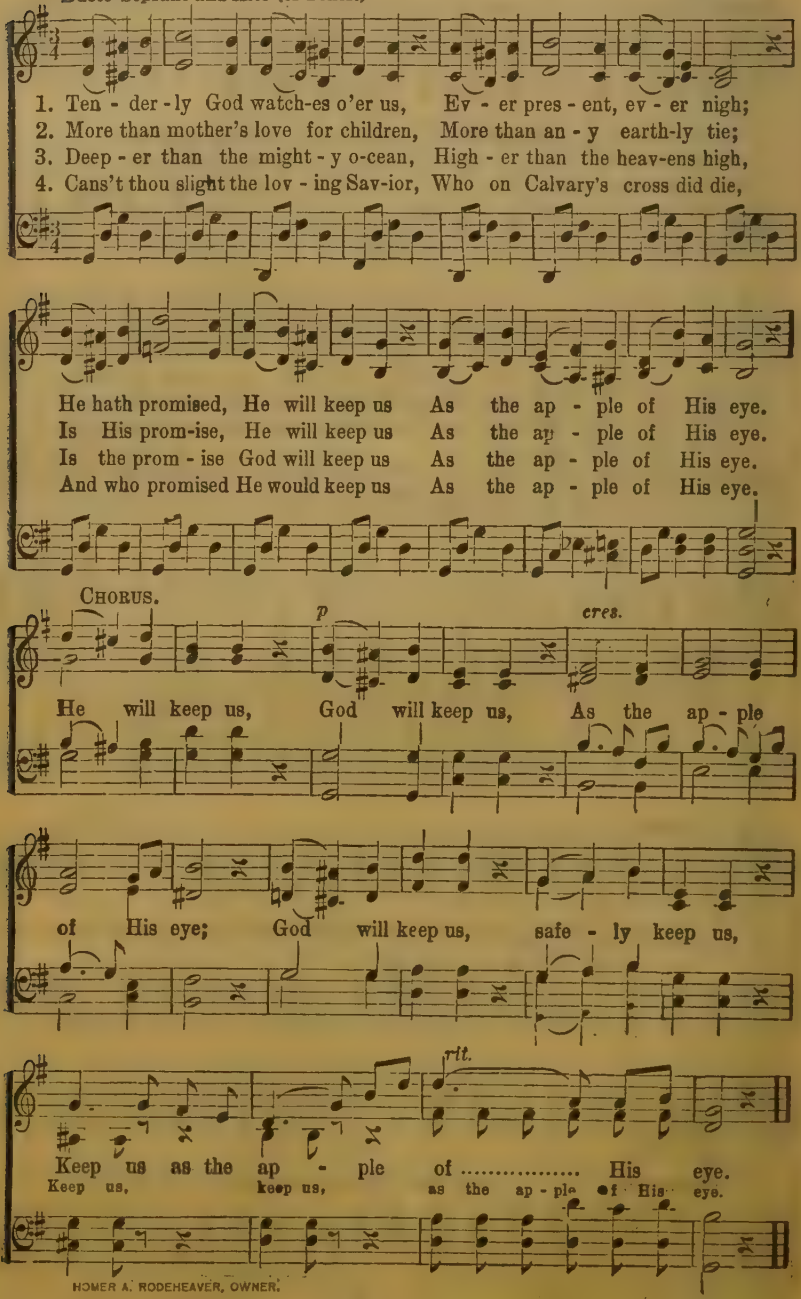
No. 44. As the Apple of His Eye.

J. GILCHRIST LAWSON. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Duett Soprano and Alto (or Tenor.)


1. Ten - der - ly God watch-es o'er us, Ev - er pres - ent, ev - er nigh;
2. More than mother's love for children, More than an - y earth-ly tie;
3. Deep - er than the might - y o-cean, High - er than the heav-ens high,
4. Cans't thou slight the lov - ing Sav-ior, Who on Calvary's cross did die,
He hath promised, He will keep us As the ap - ple of His eye.
Is His prom-ise, He will keep us As the ap - ple of His eye.
Is the prom - ise God will keep us As the ap - ple of His eye.
And who promised He would keep us As the ap - ple of His eye.
CHORUS.
p
cres.
He will keep us, God will keep us, As the ap - ple
of His eye; God will keep us, safe - ly keep us,
rit.
Keep us as the ap - ple of ..... His eye.
Keep us, keep us, as the ap - ple of His eye.

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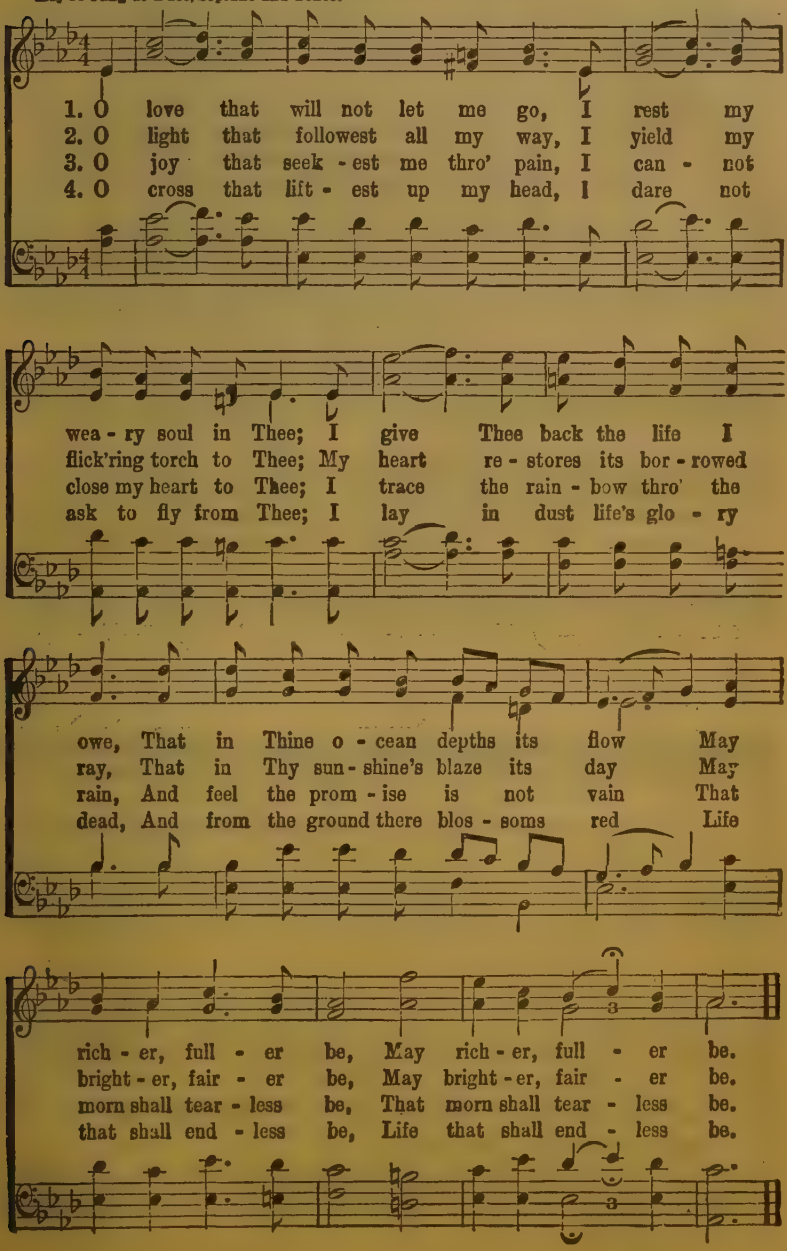
No. 45. O Love that Will not let Me Go.

Rev. George Matheson. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY HOMER RODEHEAVER. J. B. Herbert.

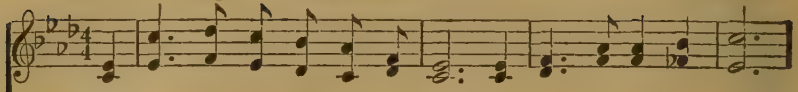
May be sung as Duet, Soprano and Tenor.


1. O love that will not let me go, I rest my
2. O light that followest all my way, I yield my
3. O joy that seek - est me thro' pain, I can - not
4. O cross that lift - est up my head, I dare not
wea - ry soul in Thee; I give Thee back the life I
flick'ring torch to Thee; My heart re - stores its bor - rowed
close my heart to Thee; I trace the rain - bow thro' the
ask to fly from Thee; I lay in dust life's glo - ry
owe, That in Thine o - cean depths its flow May
ray, That in Thy sun - shine's blaze its day May
rain, And feel the prom - ise is not vain That
dead, And from the ground there blos - soms red Life
rich - er, full - er be, May rich - er, full - er be.
bright - er, fair - er be, May bright - er, fair - er be.
morn shall tear - less be, That morn shall tear - less be.
that shall end - less be, Life that shall end - less be.

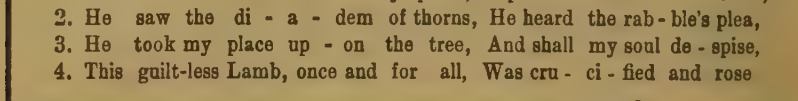
No. 46. He Took My Place.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER,

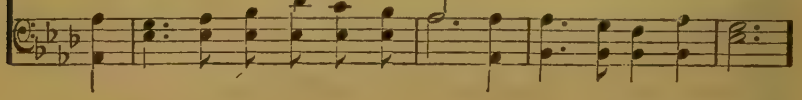
Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.



1. There was no one to take my place, Up - on the cru - el cross,
2. He saw the di - a - dem of thorns, He heard the rab - ble's plea,
3. He took my place up - on the tree, And shall my soul de - spise,
4. This guilt-less Lamb, once and for all, Was cru - ci - fied and rose



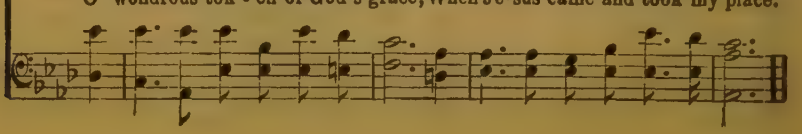
No Sav - ior but the Son of God, Could e'er re-store my loss.
Yet know - ing all he chose to die, And give Him-self for me.
The life that Je - sus of - fers me, In mer - cy's sac - ri - fice?
Tri - umph - ant o - ver sin and death, To save me from these foes.



CHORUS.

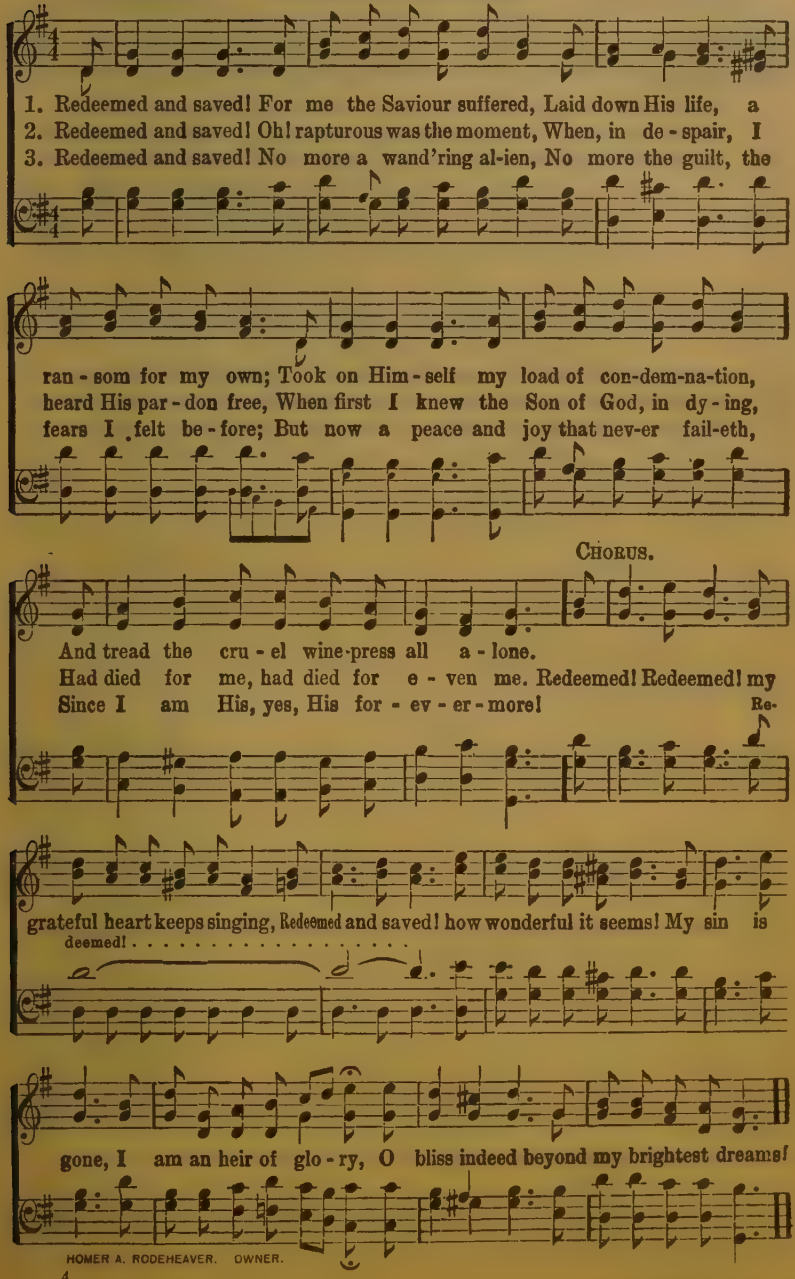
He took my place on Cal - va - ry, And there He bore my sins for me;

O wondrous tok - en of God's grace, When Je-sus came and took my place.



No. 47. Redeemed and Saved.

T. O. Chisholm. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Redeemed and saved! For me the Saviour suffered, Laid down His life, a
2. Redeemed and saved! Oh! rapturous was the moment, When, in de - spair, I
3. Redeemed and saved! No more a wand'ring al-ien, No more the guilt, the
ran - som for my own; Took on Him - self my load of con-dem-na-tion,
heard His par - don free, When first I knew the Son of God, in dy - ing,
fears I felt be - fore; But now a peace and joy that nev-er fail-eth,
CHORUS.
And tread the cru - el wine-press all a - lone.
Had died for me, had died for e - ven me. Redeemed! Redeemed! my
Since I am His, yes, His for - ev - er - more!
Re-
grateful heart keeps singing, Redeemed and saved! how wonderful it seems! My sin is
deemed!
gone, I am an heir of glo - ry, O bliss indeed beyond my brightest dreams!

HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. OWNER.

No. 48. Is the World Any Better?

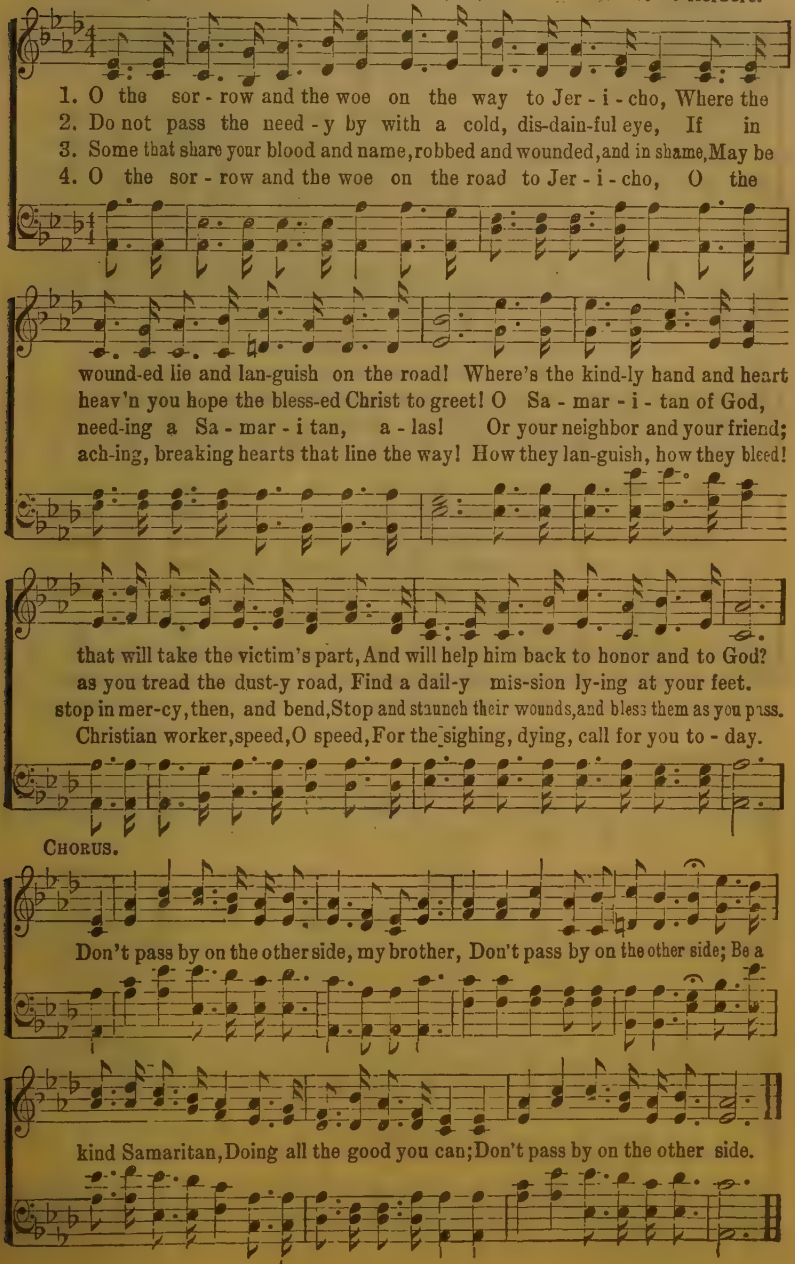
E. T. C. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. Edgar T. Corfield.

1. Is the world a - ny bet - ter, my broth-er, Be-cause you are
2. Is the world a - ny bright-er, my broth-er, More cheer-ful be-
3. 'Tis the time of seed-sow - ing, my broth-er, To - mor-row the
pass - ing this way? Are you try - ing to win From the thral-dom of
cause of your song? As you trav - el life's road, Do you light - en the
Reap-er may come. Sow the seeds here and there, Scat-ter truth ev - 'ry-
Chorus.
sin, Some wan-d'ring one now gone a - stray?
load Of bur-dened ones pass-ing a - long? Is the world a - ny
where, For the day of the great Har - vest Home.
brighter, Men's cares a-ny light-er, Be-cause you are passing this way? Is your
God-given light Shining steady and bright, To make the world better to - day!

No. 49. Don't Pass By on the Other Side.

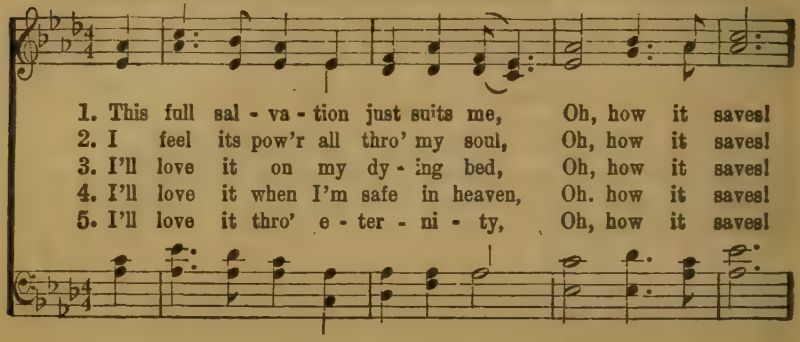
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY J. B. HERBERT,
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

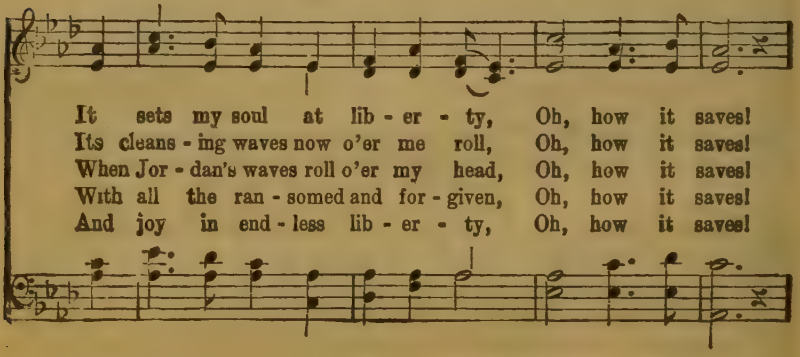
H. S. Taylor. J. B. Herbert.

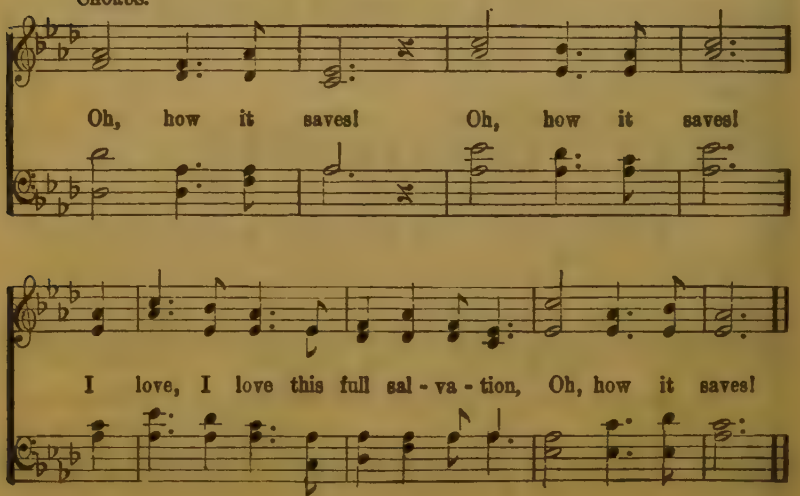

1. O the sor - row and the woe on the way to Jer - i - cho, Where the
2. Do not pass the need - y by with a cold, dis-dain-ful eye, If in
3. Some that share your blood and name, robbed and wounded, and in shame, May be
4. O the sor - row and the woe on the road to Jer - i - cho, O the
wound-ed lie and lan-guish on the road! Where's the kind-ly hand and heart
heav'n you hope the bless-ed Christ to greet! O Sa - mar - i - tan of God,
need-ing a Sa - mar - i tan, a - las! Or your neighbor and your friend;
ach-ing, breaking hearts that line the way! How they lan-guish, how they bleed!
that will take the victim's part, And will help him back to honor and to God?
as you tread the dust-y road, Find a dail-y mis-sion ly-ing at your feet.
stop in mer-cy, then, and bend, Stop and staunch their wounds, and bless them as you pass.
Christian worker, speed, O speed, For the sighing, dying, call for you to - day.
CHORUS.
Don't pass by on the other side, my brother, Don't pass by on the other side; Be a
kind Samaritan, Doing all the good you can; Don't pass by on the other side.

No. 50. How It Saves,

J. Gilchrist Lawson. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. Homer A. Rodeheaver.

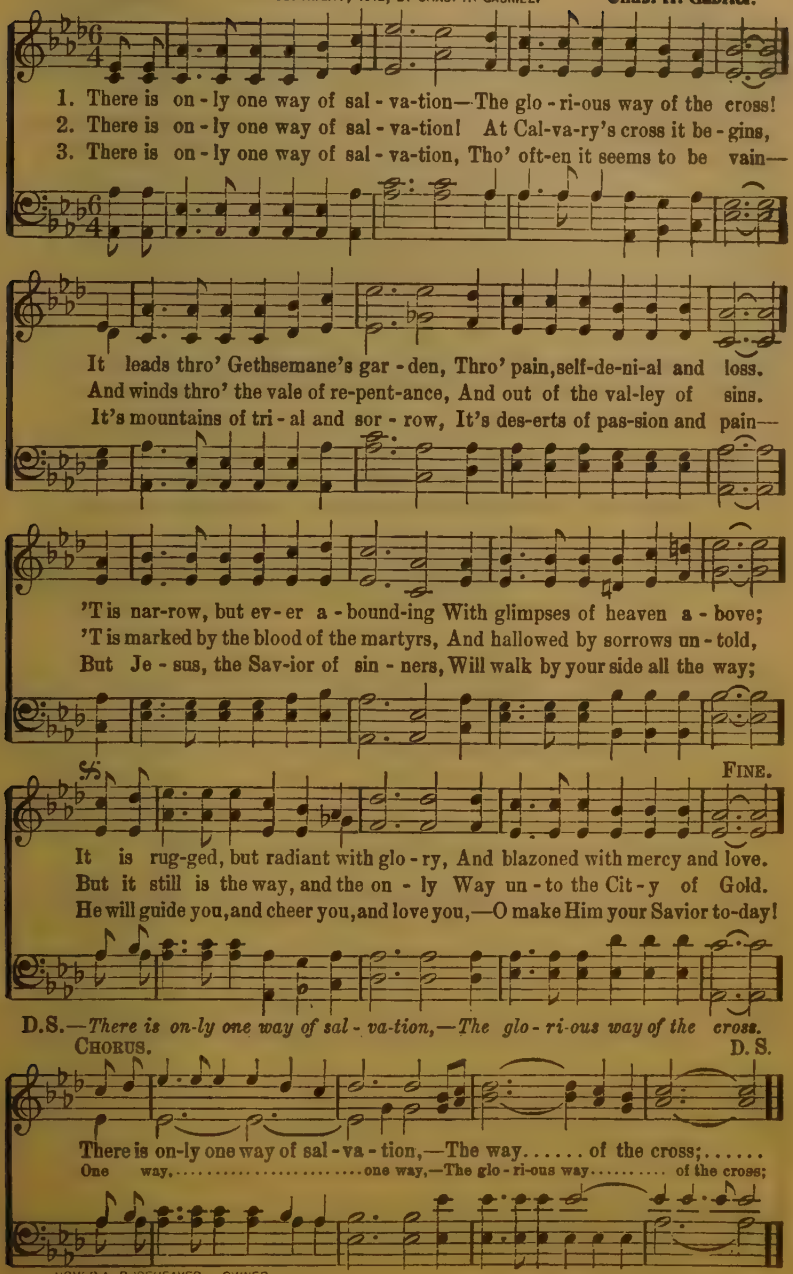

1. This full sal - va - tion just suits me, Oh, how it saves!
2. I feel its pow'r all thro' my soul, Oh, how it saves!
3. I'll love it on my dy - ing bed, Oh, how it saves!
4. I'll love it when I'm safe in heaven, Oh. how it saves!
5. I'll love it thro' e - ter - ni - ty, Oh, how it saves!


It sets my soul at lib - er - ty, Oh, how it saves!
Its cleans - ing waves now o'er me roll, Oh, how it saves!
When Jor - dan's waves roll o'er my head, Oh, how it saves!
With all the ran - somed and for - given, Oh, how it saves!
And joy in end - less lib - er - ty, Oh, how it saves!



No. 51. Only One Way.

E. E. Rexford. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. There is on - ly one way of sal - va - tion—The glo - ri-ous way of the cross!
2. There is on - ly one way of sal - va-tion! At Cal-va-ry's cross it be - gins,
3. There is on - ly one way of sal - va - tion, Tho' oft-en it seems to be vain—
It leads thro' Gethsemane's gar - den, Thro' pain, self-de-ni-al and loss.
And winds thro' the vale of re-pent-ance, And out of the val-ley of sins.
It's mountains of tri - al and sor - row, It's des-erts of pas-sion and pain—
'T is nar-row, but ev - er a - bound-ing With glimpses of heaven a - bove;
'T is marked by the blood of the martyrs, And hallowed by sorrows un - told,
But Je - sus, the Sav-ior of sin - ners, Will walk by your side all the way;
FINE.
It is rug-ged, but radiant with glo - ry, And blazoned with mercy and love.
But it still is the way, and the on - ly Way un - to the Cit - y of Gold.
He will guide you, and cheer you, and love you,—O make Him your Savior to-day!
D.S.—There is on-ly one way of sal - va-tion,—The glo - ri-ous way of the cross.
CHORUS.
D. S.
There is on-ly one way of sal - va - tion,—The way..... of the cross;.....
One way,.....one way,—The glo - ri-ous way..... of the cross;

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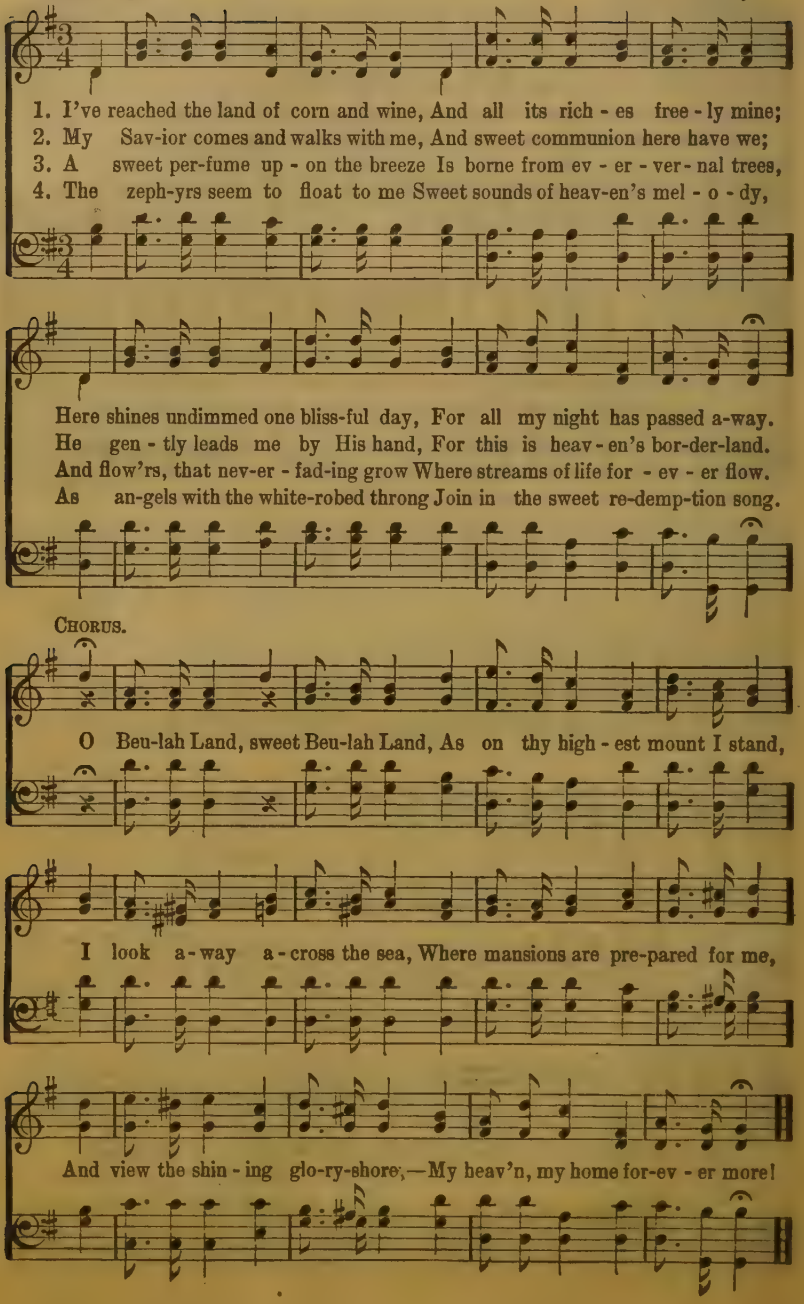
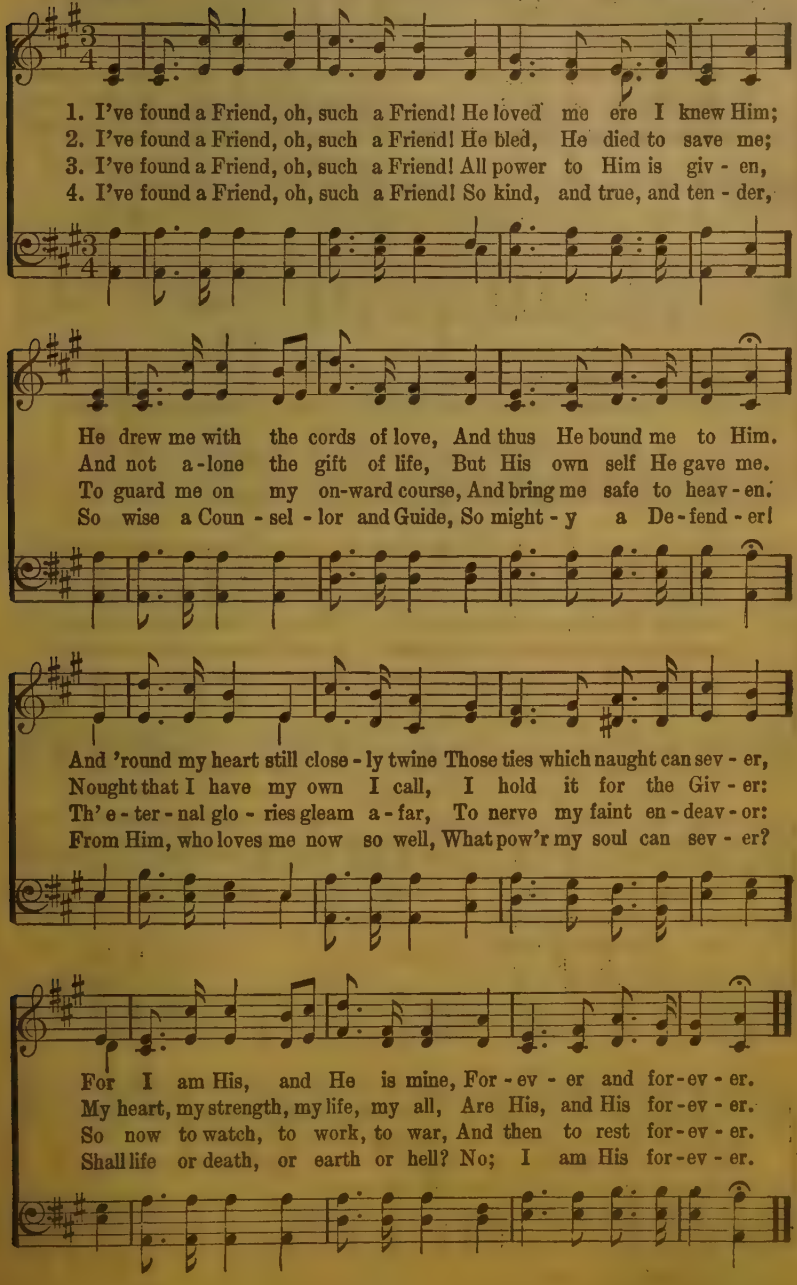
No. 52. Beulah Land.

Edgar Page. BY PERMISSION OF MRS. JNO. R. SWENEY. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its rich - es free - ly mine;
2. My Sav-ior comes and walks with me, And sweet communion here have we;
3. A sweet per-fume up - on the breeze Is borne from ev - er - ver - nal trees,
4. The zeph-yrs seem to float to me Sweet sounds of heav-en's mel - o - dy,
Here shines undimmed one bliss-ful day, For all my night has passed a-way.
He gen - tly leads me by His hand, For this is heav - en's bor-der-land.
And flow'rs, that nev-er - fad-ing grow Where streams of life for - ev - er flow.
As an-gels with the white-robed throng Join in the sweet re-demp-tion song.
CHORUS.
O Beu-lah Land, sweet Beu-lah Land, As on thy high - est mount I stand,
I look a - way a - cross the sea, Where mansions are pre-pared for me,
And view the shin - ing glo-ry-shore,—My heav'n, my home for-ev - er more!

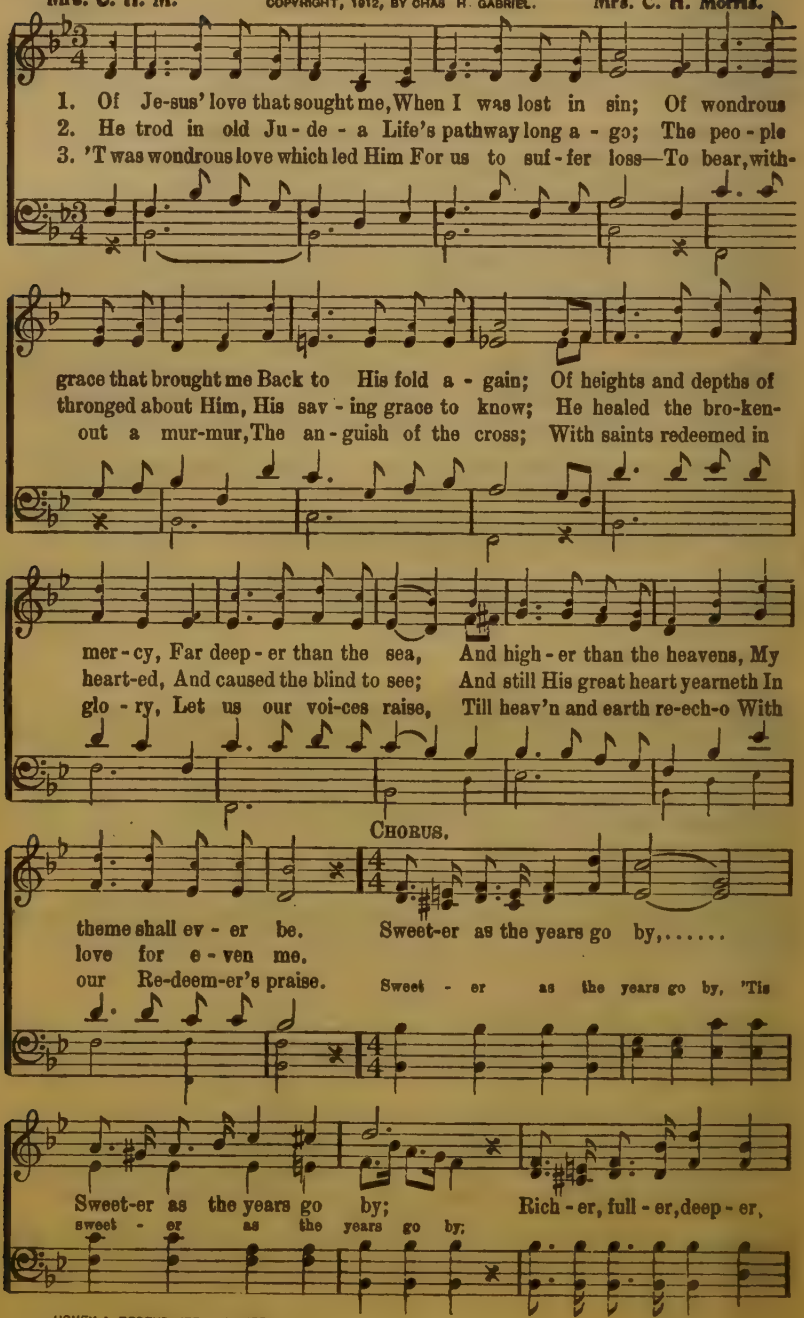
No. 53. I've Found a Friend.

J. G. Small. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. RENEWAL. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;
2. I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me;
3. I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend! All power to Him is giv - en,
4. I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend! So kind, and true, and ten - der,
He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him.
And not a-lone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me.
To guard me on my on-ward course, And bring me safe to heav - en.
So wise a Coun - sel - lor and Guide, So might - y a De - fend - er!
And 'round my heart still close - ly twine Those ties which naught can sev - er,
Nought that I have my own I call, I hold it for the Giv - er:
Th' e - ter - nal glo - ries gleam a - far, To nerve my faint en - deav - or:
From Him, who loves me now so well, What pow'r my soul can sev - er?
For I am His, and He is mine, For - ev - er and for - ev - er.
My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for - ev - er.
So now to watch, to work, to war, And then to rest for - ev - er.
Shall life or death, or earth or hell? No; I am His for - ev - er.

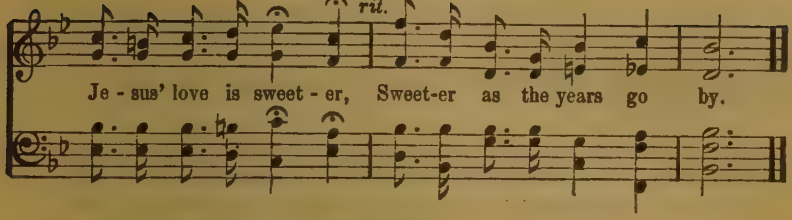
No. 54. Sweeter As the Years Go By.

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS H. GABRIEL. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. Of Je-sus' love that sought me, When I was lost in sin; Of wondrous
2. He trod in old Ju-de-a Life's pathway long a-go; The peo-ple
3. 'T was wondrous love which led Him For us to suf-fer loss—To bear, with-
grace that brought me Back to His fold a-gain; Of heights and depths of
thronged about Him, His sav-ing grace to know; He healed the bro-ken-
out a mur-mur, The an-guish of the cross; With saints redeemed in
mer-cy, Far deep-er than the sea, And high-er than the heavens, My
heart-ed, And caused the blind to see; And still His great heart yearneth In
glo-ry, Let us our voi-ces raise, Till heav'n and earth re-ech-o With
CHORUS.
theme shall ev-er be. Sweet-er as the years go by,.....
love for e-ven me,
our Re-deem-er's praise. Sweet-er as the years go by, 'Tis
Sweet-er as the years go by; Rich-er, full-er, deep-er,
sweet-er as the years go by;

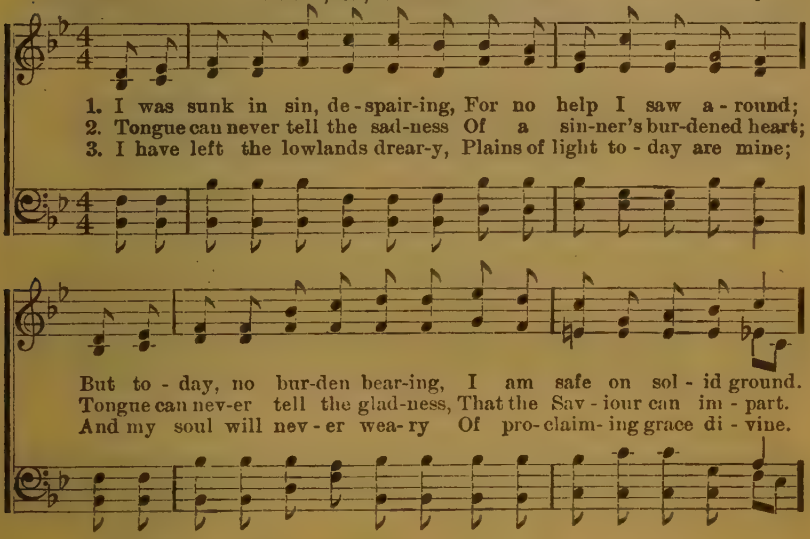
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Sweeter As the Years Go By.

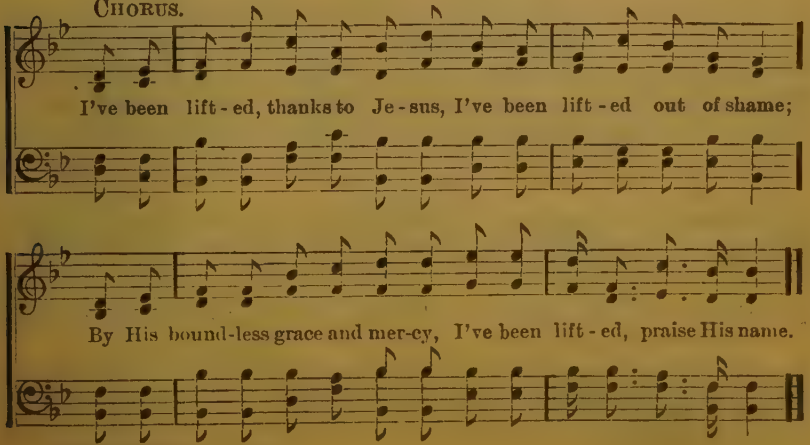


No. 55. I've Been Lifted.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO. **B. D. Ackley.**


1. I was sunk in sin, de - spair-ing, For no help I saw a - round;
2. Tongue can never tell the sad-ness Of a sin-ner's bur-dened heart;
3. I have left the lowlands drear-y, Plains of light to - day are mine;
But to - day, no bur-den bear-ing, I am safe on sol - id ground.
Tongue can nev-er tell the glad-ness, That the Sav - iour can im - part.
And my soul will nev - er wea-ry Of pro-claim- ing grace di - vine.

CHORUS.


I've been lift - ed, thanks to Je - sus, I've been lift - ed out of shame;
By His bound-less grace and mer-cy, I've been lift - ed, praise His name.

HOMER A. RODEHEAVER OWNER.

No. 56. I Shall Not Be Moved.

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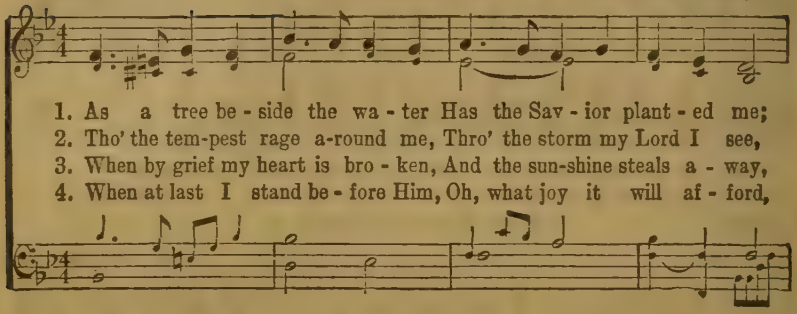
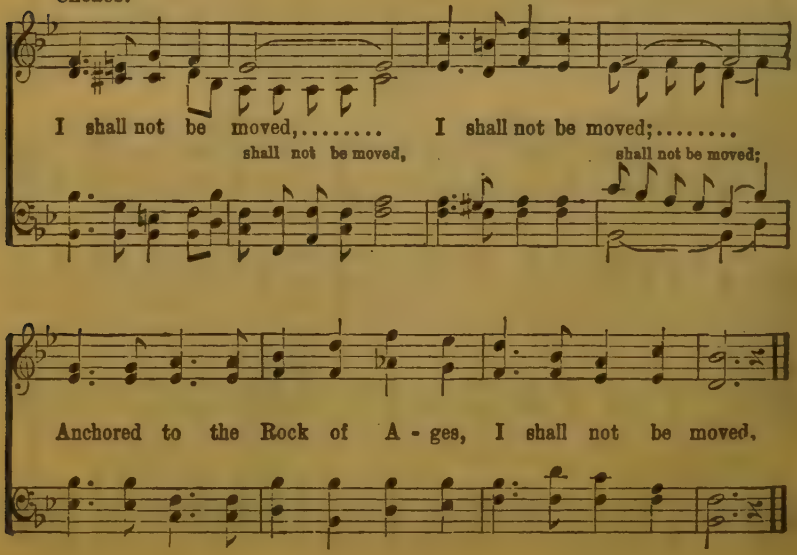
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER

A. H. A. Alfred H. Ackley.

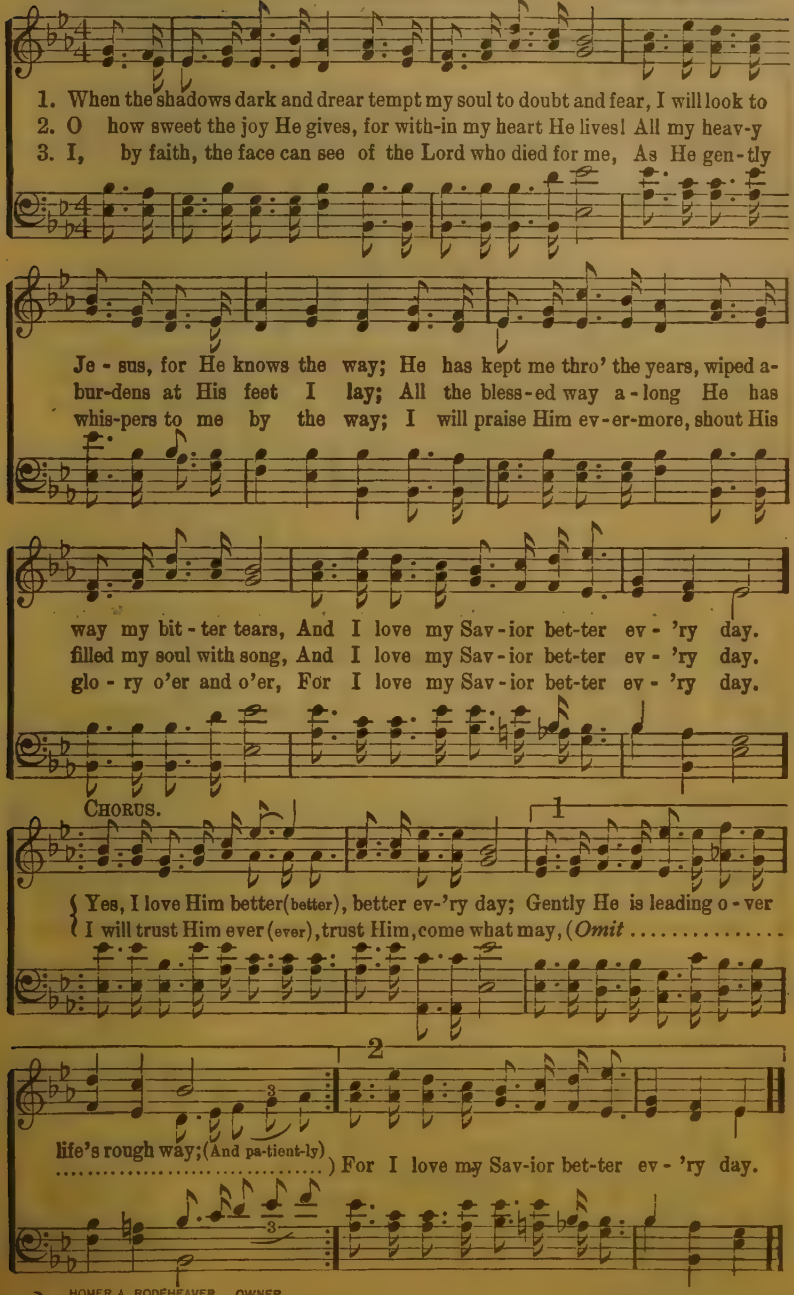

1. As a tree be - side the wa - ter Has the Sav - ior plant - ed me;
2. Tho' the tem-pest rage a-round me, Thro' the storm my Lord I see,
3. When by grief my heart is bro - ken, And the sun-shine steals a - way,
4. When at last I stand be - fore Him, Oh, what joy it will af - ford,
All my fruit shall be in sea - son, I shall live e - ter - nal - ly.
Point-ing up - ward to that ha - ven, Where my loved ones wait for me.
Then His grace, in mer - cy giv - en, Chang - es darkness in - to day.
Just to see the sin - ner ransomed, And be-hold my sov-'reign Lord.

CHORUS.


I shall not be moved,..... I shall not be moved;.....
shall not be moved, shall not be moved;
Anchored to the Rock of A - ges, I shall not be moved.

No. 57. Better Every Day.

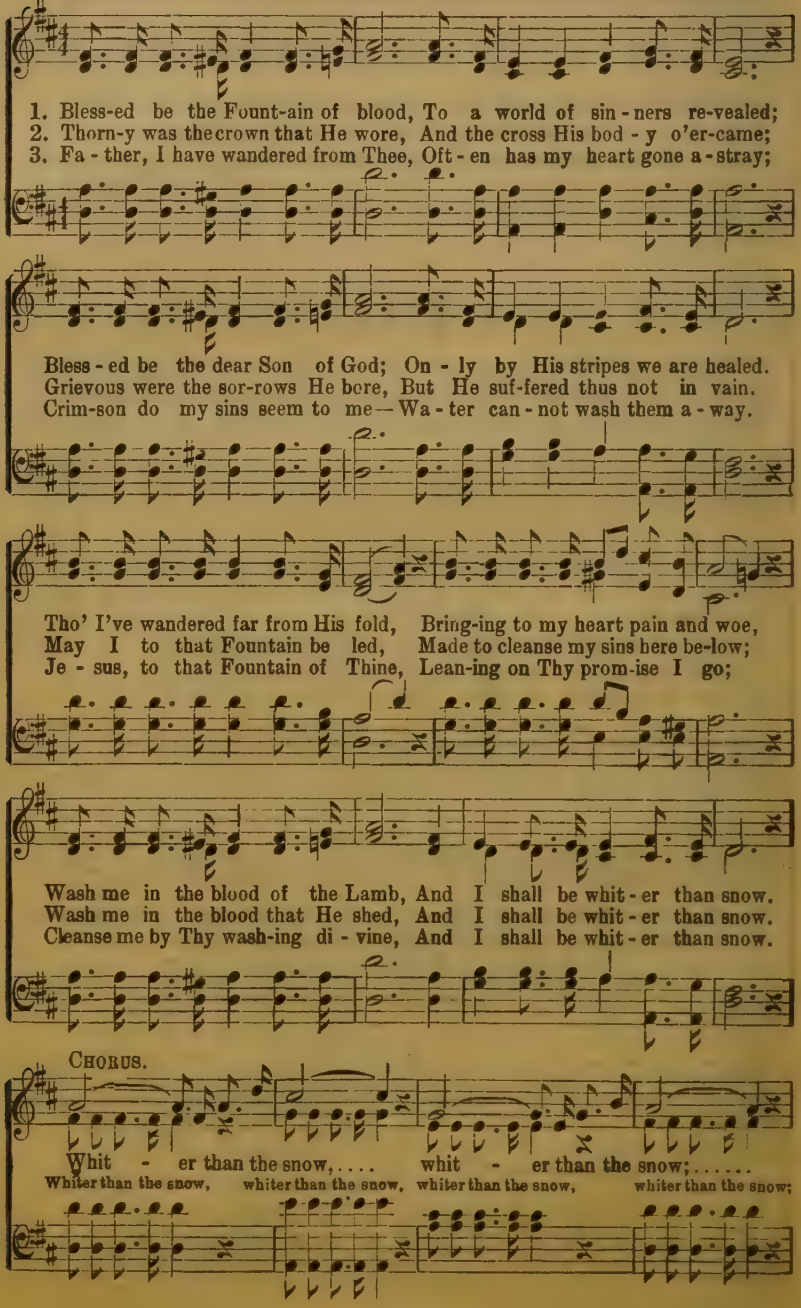
Alice Horton. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. James M. Black.


1. When the shadows dark and drear tempt my soul to doubt and fear, I will look to
2. O how sweet the joy He gives, for with-in my heart He lives! All my heav-y
3. I, by faith, the face can see of the Lord who died for me, As He gen-tly
Je - sus, for He knows the way; He has kept me thro' the years, wiped a-
bur-dens at His feet I lay; All the bless-ed way a-long He has
whis-pers to me by the way; I will praise Him ev-er-more, shout His
way my bit - ter tears, And I love my Sav-ior bet-ter ev - 'ry day.
filled my soul with song, And I love my Sav-ior bet-ter ev - 'ry day.
glo - ry o'er and o'er, For I love my Sav-ior bet-ter ev - 'ry day.
CHORUS.
1
Yes, I love Him better (better), better ev-'ry day; Gently He is leading o - ver
I will trust Him ever (ever), trust Him, come what may, (Omit .....
2
life's rough way; (And pa-tient-ly) .....) For I love my Sav-ior bet-ter ev - 'ry day.

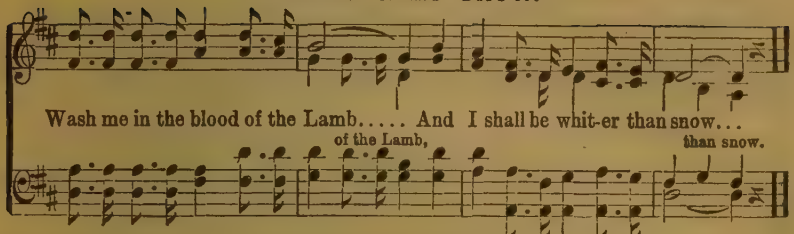
HOMER A RODEHEAVER. OWNER.

No. 58. Whiter than Snow.

E. R. Latta. USED BY PER. OF OLIVER DITSON CO., OWNERS OF THE COPYRIGHT. H. S. Perkins.

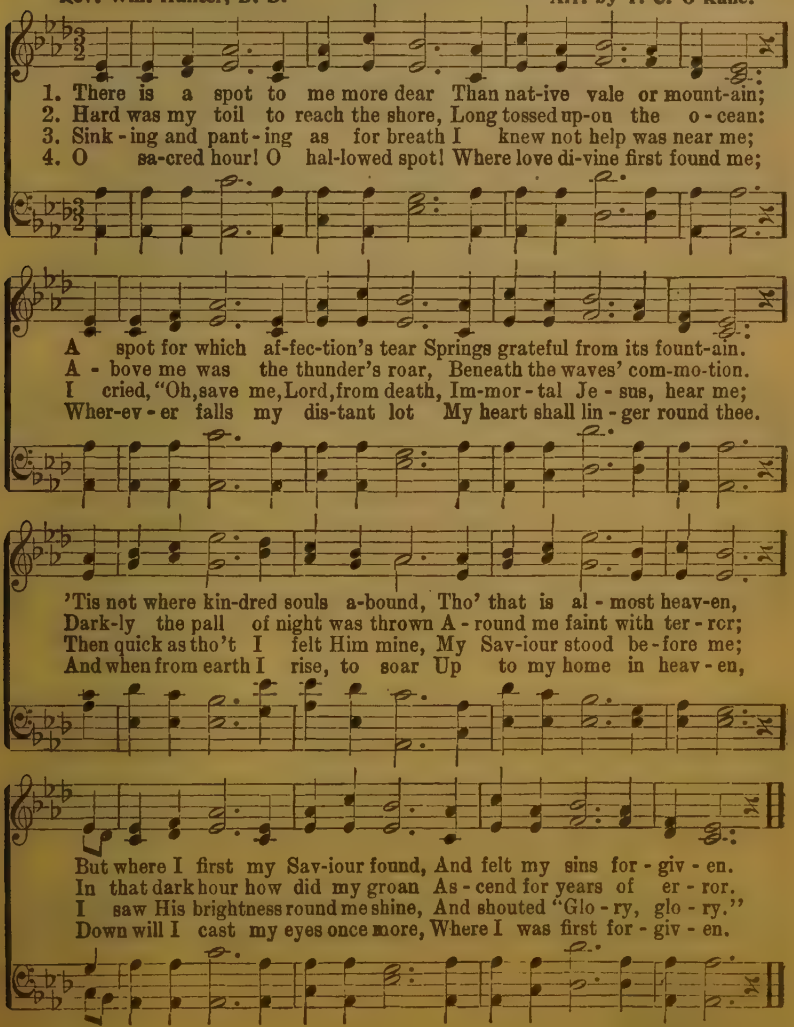

1. Bless-ed be the Fount-ain of blood, To a world of sin-ners re-vealed;
2. Thorn-y was the crown that He wore, And the cross His bod-y o'er-came;
3. Fa-ther, I have wandered from Thee, Oft-en has my heart gone a-stray;
Bless-ed be the dear Son of God; On-ly by His stripes we are healed.
Grievous were the sor-rows He bore, But He suf-fered thus not in vain.
Crim-son do my sins seem to me—Wa-ter can-not wash them a-way.
Tho' I've wandered far from His fold, Bring-ing to my heart pain and woe,
May I to that Fountain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here be-low;
Je-sus, to that Fountain of Thine, Lean-ing on Thy prom-ise I go;
Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit-er than snow.
Wash me in the blood that He shed, And I shall be whit-er than snow.
Cleanse me by Thy wash-ing di-vine, And I shall be whit-er than snow.
CHORUS.
Whit-er than the snow,.... whit-er than the snow;.....
Whiter than the snow, whiter than the snow, whiter than the snow, whiter than the snow;

Whiter than Snow.



No. 59. The Hallowed Spot.

Rev. Wm. Hunter, D. D. Arr. by T. C. O'Kane.


1. There is a spot to me more dear Than nat-ive vale or mount-ain;
2. Hard was my toil to reach the shore, Long tossed up-on the o-cean:
3. Sink-ing and pant-ing as for breath I knew not help was near me;
4. O sa-cred hour! O hal-lowed spot! Where love di-vine first found me;
A spot for which af-fec-tion's tear Springs grateful from its fount-ain.
A-bove me was the thunder's roar, Beneath the waves' com-mo-tion.
I cried, "Oh, save me, Lord, from death, Im-mor-tal Je-sus, hear me;
Wher-ev-er falls my dis-tant lot My heart shall lin-ger round thee.
'Tis not where kin-dred souls a-bound, Tho' that is al-most heav-en,
Dark-ly the pall of night was thrown A-round me faint with ter-ror;
Then quick as tho't I felt Him mine, My Sav-iour stood be-fore me;
And when from earth I rise, to soar Up to my home in heav-en,
But where I first my Sav-iour found, And felt my sins for-giv-en.
In that dark hour how did my groan As-cend for years of er-ror.
I saw His brightness round me shine, And shouted "Glo-ry, glo-ry."
Down will I cast my eyes once more, Where I was first for-giv-en.

No. 60. Till I See My Mother's Face.

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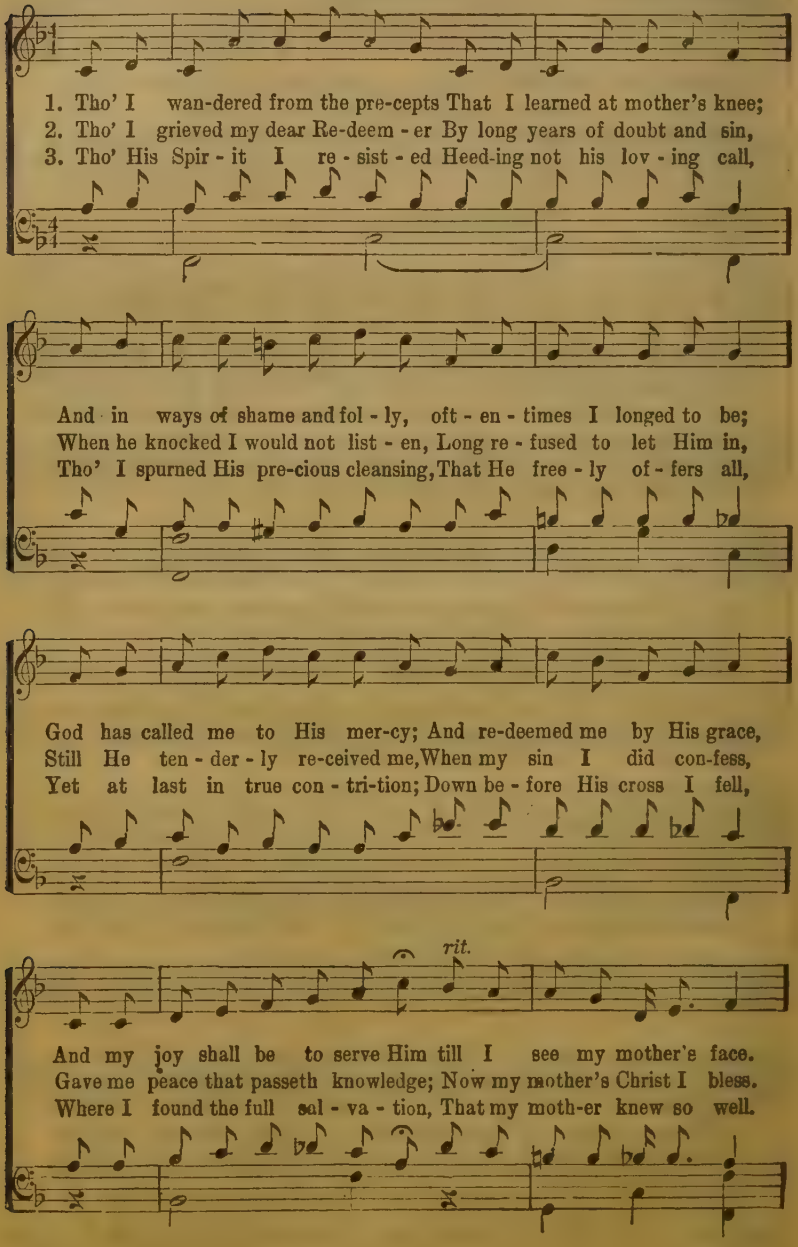
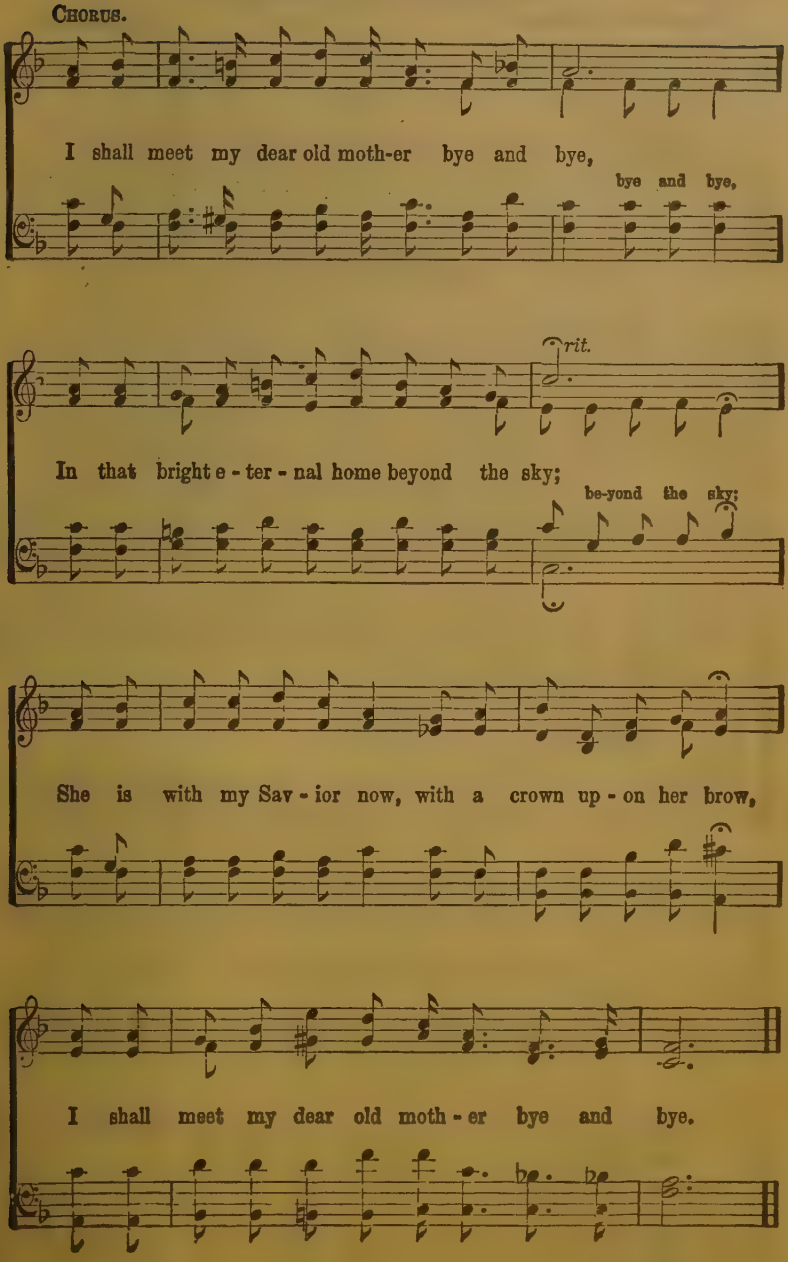
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Neal A. McAulay. B. D. Ackley.

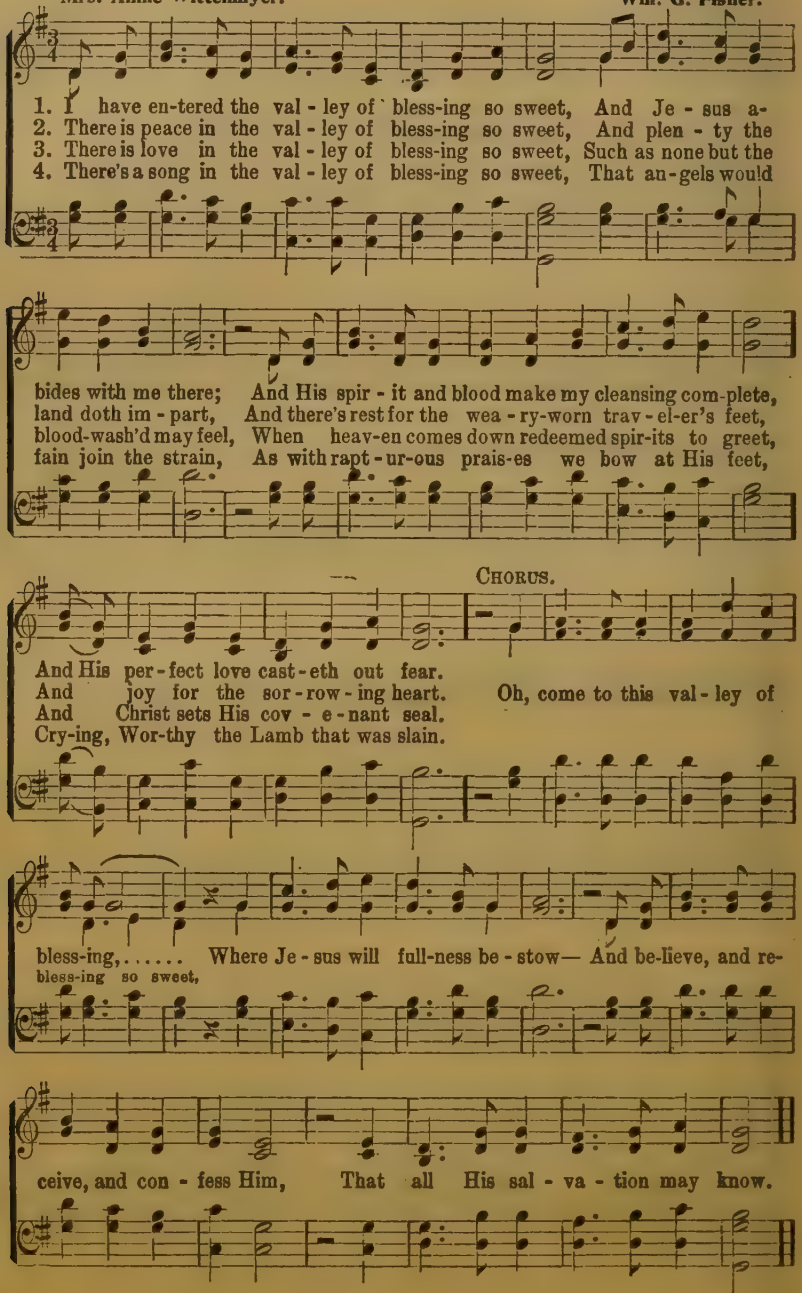

1. Tho' I wan-dered from the pre-cepts That I learned at mother's knee;
2. Tho' I grieved my dear Re-deem-er By long years of doubt and sin,
3. Tho' His Spir-it I re-sist-ed Heed-ing not his lov-ing call,
And in ways of shame and fol-ly, oft-en-times I longed to be;
When he knocked I would not list-en, Long re-fused to let Him in,
Tho' I spurned His pre-cious cleansing, That He free-ly of-fers all,
God has called me to His mer-cy; And re-deemed me by His grace,
Still He ten-der-ly re-ceived me, When my sin I did con-fess,
Yet at last in true con-tri-tion; Down be-fore His cross I fell,
rit.
And my joy shall be to serve Him till I see my mother's face.
Gave me peace that passeth knowledge; Now my mother's Christ I bless.
Where I found the full sal-va-tion, That my moth-er knew so well.

Till I See My Mother's Face.


Chorus.
I shall meet my dear old moth-er bye and bye,
bye and bye,
rit.
In that bright e - ter - nal home beyond the sky;
be-yond the sky;
She is with my Sav - ior now, with a crown up - on her brow,
I shall meet my dear old moth - er bye and bye.

No. 61. The Valley of Blessing.

Mrs. Annie Wittenmyer. Wm. G. Fisher.


1. I have en-tered the val - ley of bless-ing so sweet, And Je - sus a-
2. There is peace in the val - ley of bless-ing so sweet, And plen - ty the
3. There is love in the val - ley of bless-ing so sweet, Such as none but the
4. There's a song in the val - ley of bless-ing so sweet, That an-gels would
bides with me there; And His spir - it and blood make my cleansing com-plete,
land doth im - part, And there's rest for the wea - ry-worn trav - el-er's feet,
blood-wash'd may feel, When heav-en comes down redeemed spir-its to greet,
fain join the strain, As with rapt - ur-ous prais-es we bow at His feet,
Chorus.
And His per - fect love cast - eth out fear.
And joy for the sor - row - ing heart.
And Christ sets His cov - e - nant seal.
Cry-ing, Wor-thy the Lamb that was slain.
Oh, come to this val - ley of
bless-ing,..... Where Je - sus will full-ness be - stow— And be-lieve, and re-
bless-ing so sweet,
ceive, and con - fess Him, That all His sal - va - tion may know.

No. 62. Jesus is the Friend you Need.

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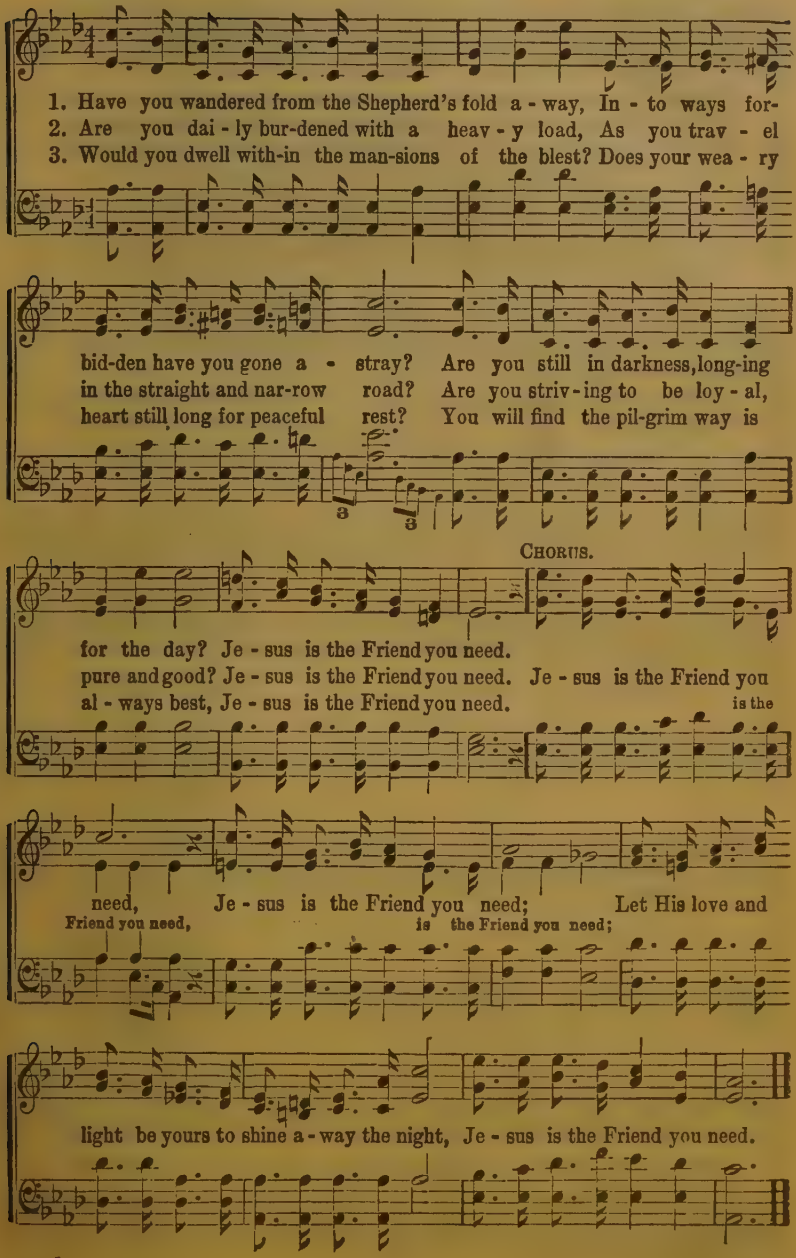
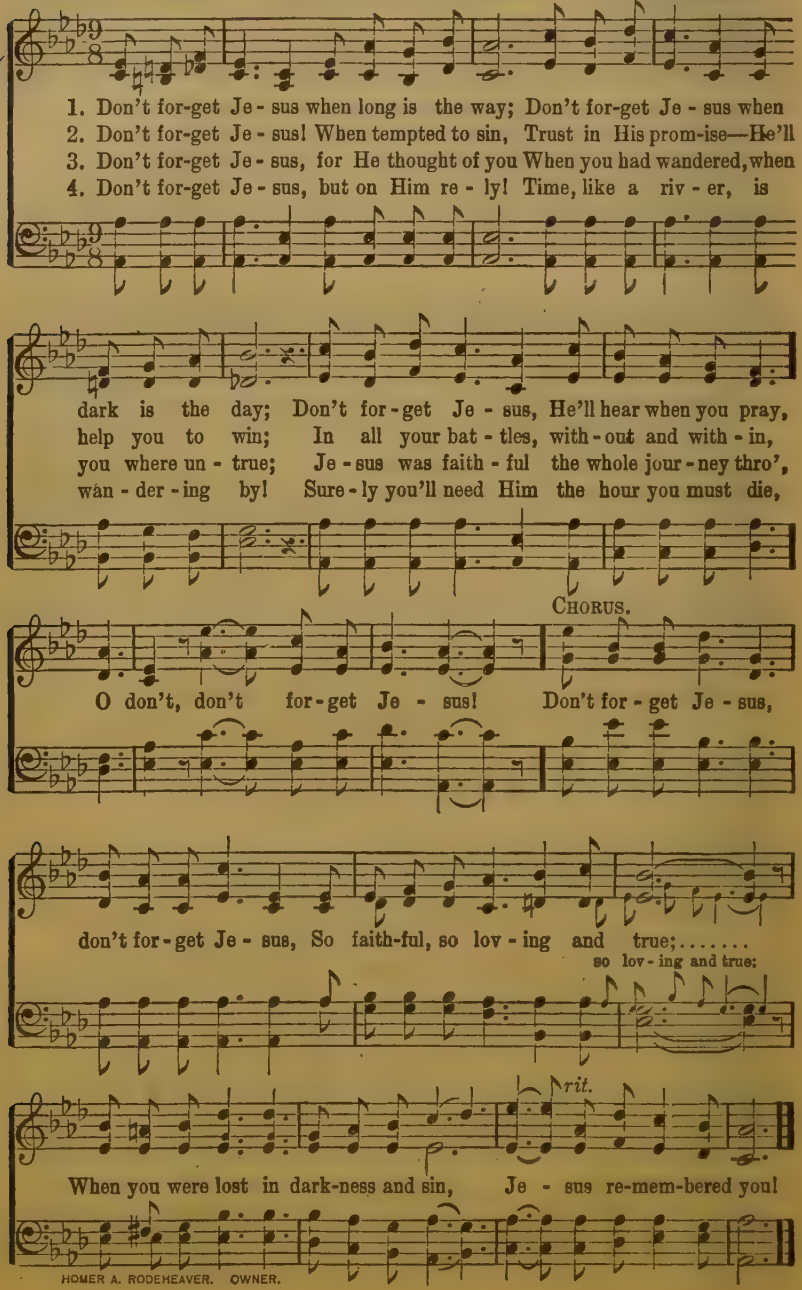
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Ada Powell. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Have you wandered from the Shepherd's fold a - way, In - to ways for-
2. Are you dai - ly bur-dened with a heav - y load, As you trav - el
3. Would you dwell with-in the man-sions of the blest? Does your wea - ry
bid-den have you gone a - stray? Are you still in darkness, long-ing
in the straight and nar-row road? Are you striv - ing to be loy - al,
heart still long for peaceful rest? You will find the pil-grim way is
CHORUS.
for the day? Je - sus is the Friend you need.
pure and good? Je - sus is the Friend you need. Je - sus is the Friend you
al - ways best, Je - sus is the Friend you need.
need, Je - sus is the Friend you need; Let His love and
Friend you need, is the Friend you need;
light be yours to shine a - way the night, Je - sus is the Friend you need.

No. 63. Jesus Remembered You.

Rev. W. C. Poole. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Don't for-get Je - sus when long is the way; Don't for-get Je - sus when
2. Don't for-get Je - sus! When tempted to sin, Trust in His prom-ise—He'll
3. Don't for-get Je - sus, for He thought of you When you had wandered, when
4. Don't for-get Je - sus, but on Him re - ly! Time, like a riv - er, is
dark is the day; Don't for-get Je - sus, He'll hear when you pray,
help you to win; In all your bat - tles, with-out and with - in,
you where un - true; Je - sus was faith - ful the whole jour - ney thro',
wan - der - ing by! Sure - ly you'll need Him the hour you must die,
CHORUS.
O don't, don't for-get Je - sus! Don't for - get Je - sus,
don't for-get Je - sus, So faith-ful, so lov - ing and true;.....
so lov - ing and true;
rit.
When you were lost in dark-ness and sin, Je - sus re-mem-bered you!

HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

No. 64. O My Soul, Bless Thou Jehovah.

Psalm 103.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY J. B. HERBERT.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

From Donizetti,
by J. B. Herbert.

DUET.

1. O my soul, bless thou Je - ho - vah, All with - in me bless His name;
2. He will not for-ev - er chide us, Nor keep an - ger in His mind;
3. Far as east from west is dis - tant, He hath put a - way our sins;

Bless Je - ho - vah, and for - get not All His mer - cies to pro - claim.
Hath not dealt as we of - fend - ed, Nor re - ward - ed as we sinned.
Like the pit - y of a fa - ther Hath the Lord's com-pas-sion been.

CHORUS.

For as high..... as is the heav - en, Far a-
For as high as is the heav - en,

bove..... the earth be - low, Ev - er great to them that
Far a - bove the earth be - low,

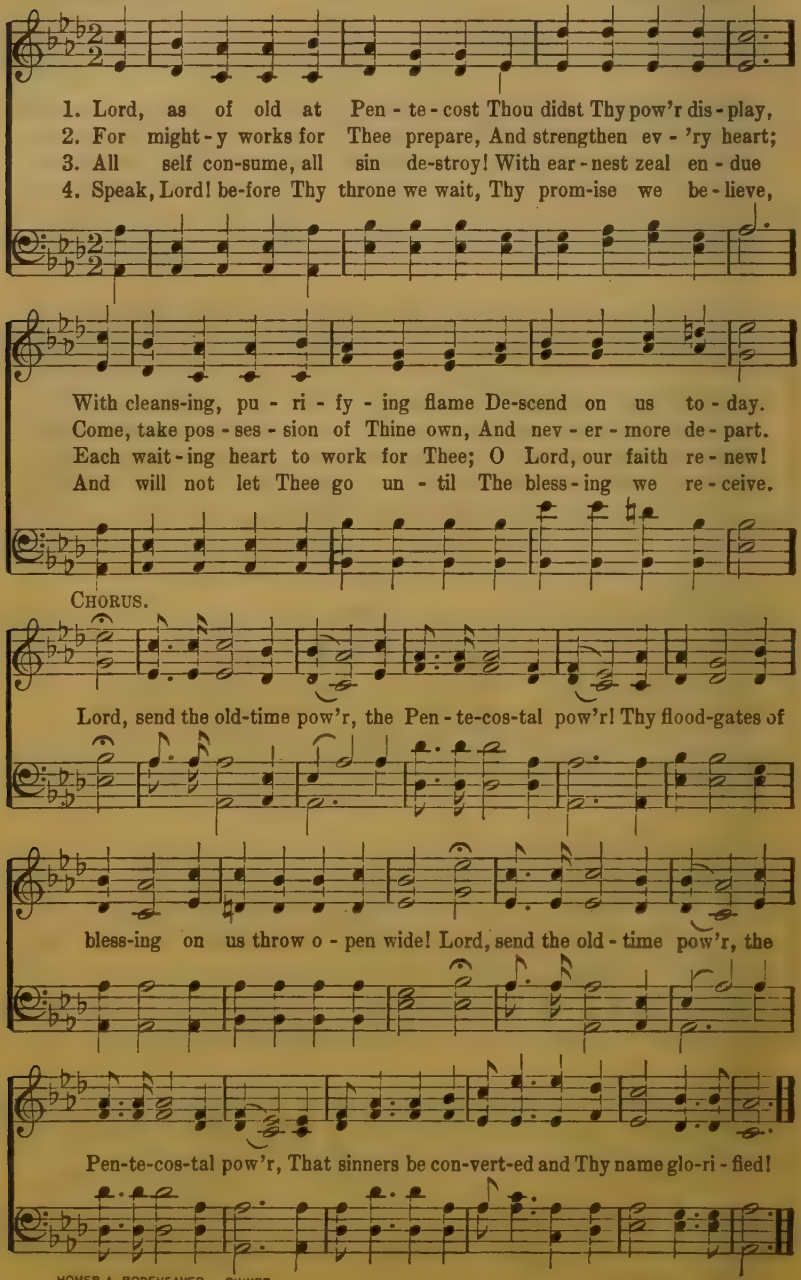
fear Him Is the mer - cy He will ev - er, ev - er show.

HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. OWNER.

No. 65. Pentecostal Power.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

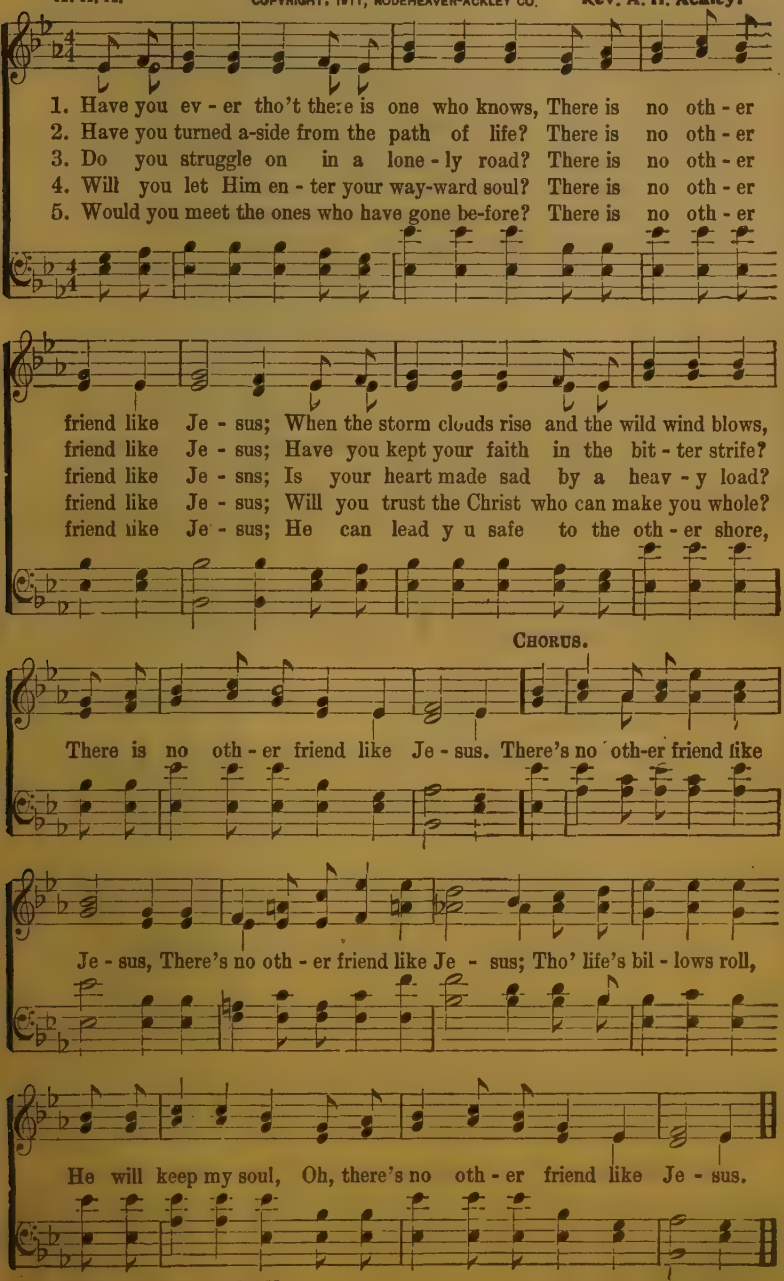
Charlotte G. Homer. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Lord, as of old at Pen - te - cost Thou didst Thy pow'r dis - play,
2. For might - y works for Thee prepare, And strengthen ev - 'ry heart;
3. All self con-sume, all sin de-stroy! With ear - nest zeal en - due
4. Speak, Lord! be-fore Thy throne we wait, Thy prom-ise we be - lieve,
With cleans-ing, pu - ri - fy - ing flame De-scend on us to - day.
Come, take pos - ses - sion of Thine own, And nev - er - more de - part.
Each wait - ing heart to work for Thee; O Lord, our faith re - new!
And will not let Thee go un - til The bless - ing we re - ceive.
CHORUS.
Lord, send the old-time pow'r, the Pen - te-cos-tal pow'r! Thy flood-gates of
bless-ing on us throw o - pen wide! Lord, send the old - time pow'r, the
Pen-te-cos-tal pow'r, That sinners be con-vert-ed and Thy name glo-ri - fied!

HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

No. 66. No Other Friend Like Jesus.

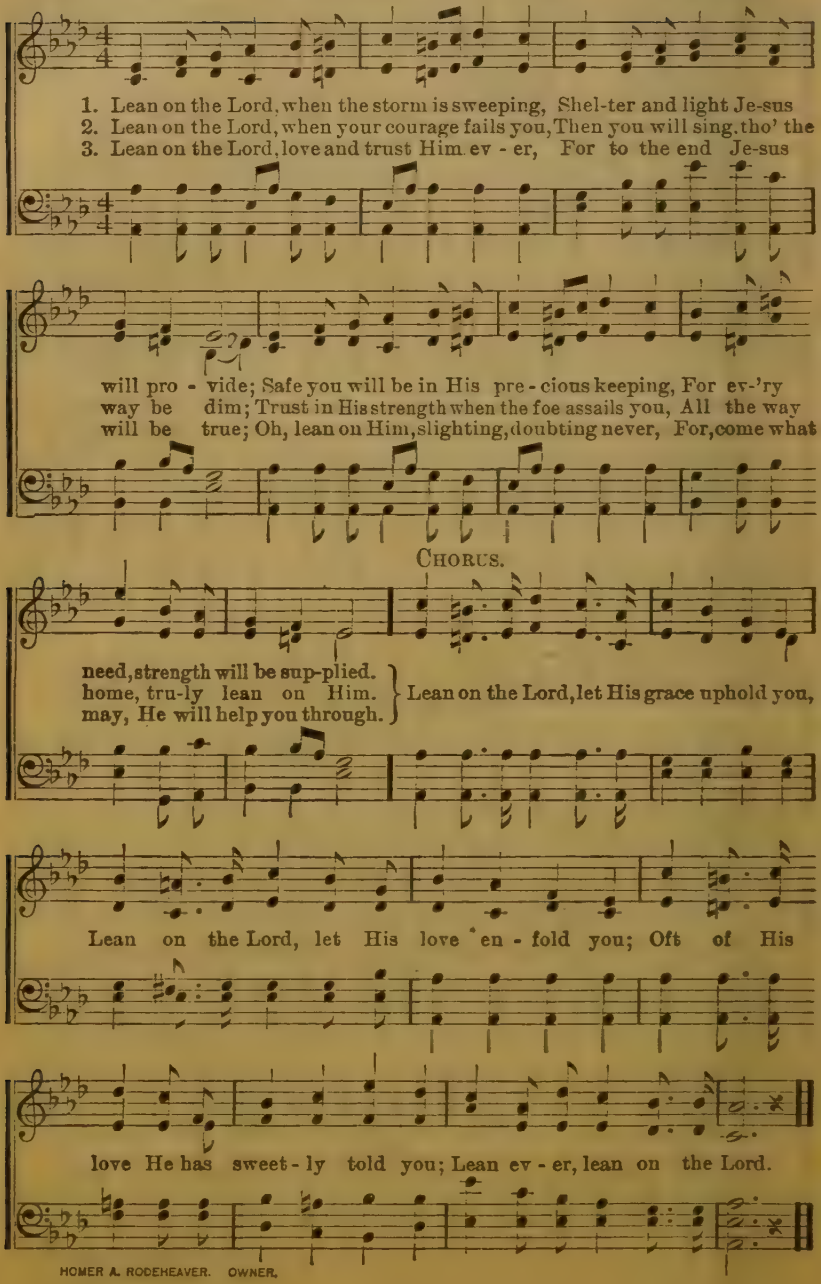
A. H. A. COPYRIGHT, 1911, RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO. Rev. A. H. Ackley.


1. Have you ev - er tho't there is one who knows, There is no oth - er
2. Have you turned a-side from the path of life? There is no oth - er
3. Do you struggle on in a lone - ly road? There is no oth - er
4. Will you let Him en - ter your way-ward soul? There is no oth - er
5. Would you meet the ones who have gone be-fore? There is no oth - er
friend like Je - sus; When the storm clouds rise and the wild wind blows,
friend like Je - sus; Have you kept your faith in the bit - ter strife?
friend like Je - sus; Is your heart made sad by a heav - y load?
friend like Je - sus; Will you trust the Christ who can make you whole?
friend like Je - sus; He can lead y u safe to the oth - er shore,
CHORUS.
There is no oth - er friend like Je - sus. There's no oth-er friend like
Je - sus, There's no oth - er friend like Je - sus; Tho' life's bil - lows roll,
He will keep my soul, Oh, there's no oth - er friend like Je - sus.

HOMER A. RODEHEAVER OWNER.

67. Lean on the Lord.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO. B. D. Ackley.


1. Lean on the Lord, when the storm is sweeping, Shel-ter and light Je-sus
2. Lean on the Lord, when your courage fails you, Then you will sing, tho' the
3. Lean on the Lord, love and trust Him ev - er, For to the end Je-sus
will pro - vide; Safe you will be in His pre - cious keeping, For ev-'ry
way be dim; Trust in His strength when the foe assails you, All the way
will be true; Oh, lean on Him, slighting, doubting never, For, come what
CHORUS.
need, strength will be sup-plied.
home, tru-ly lean on Him.
may, He will help you through.
Lean on the Lord, let His grace uphold you,
Lean on the Lord, let His love en - fold you; Oft of His
love He has sweet - ly told you; Lean ev - er, lean on the Lord.

HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. OWNER.

No. 68. I Am Praying for You.

S. O'Malley Cluff.

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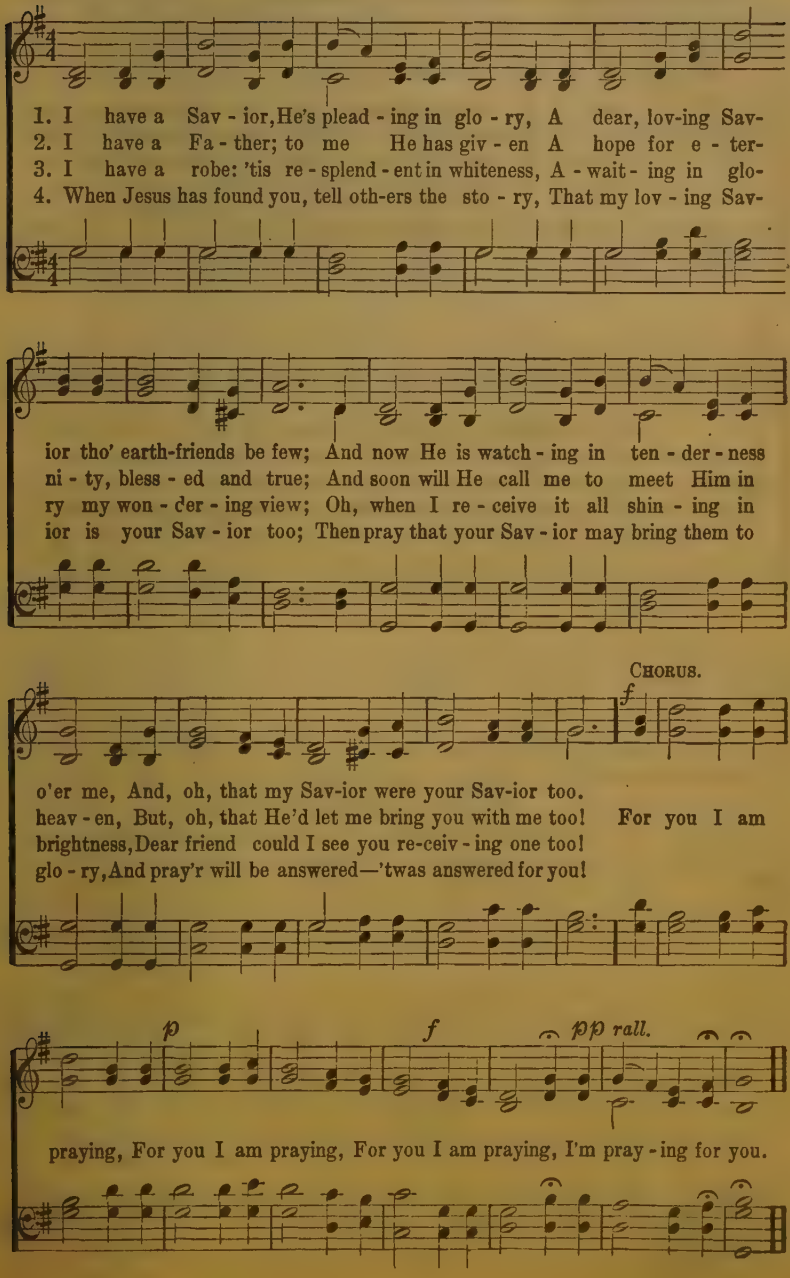
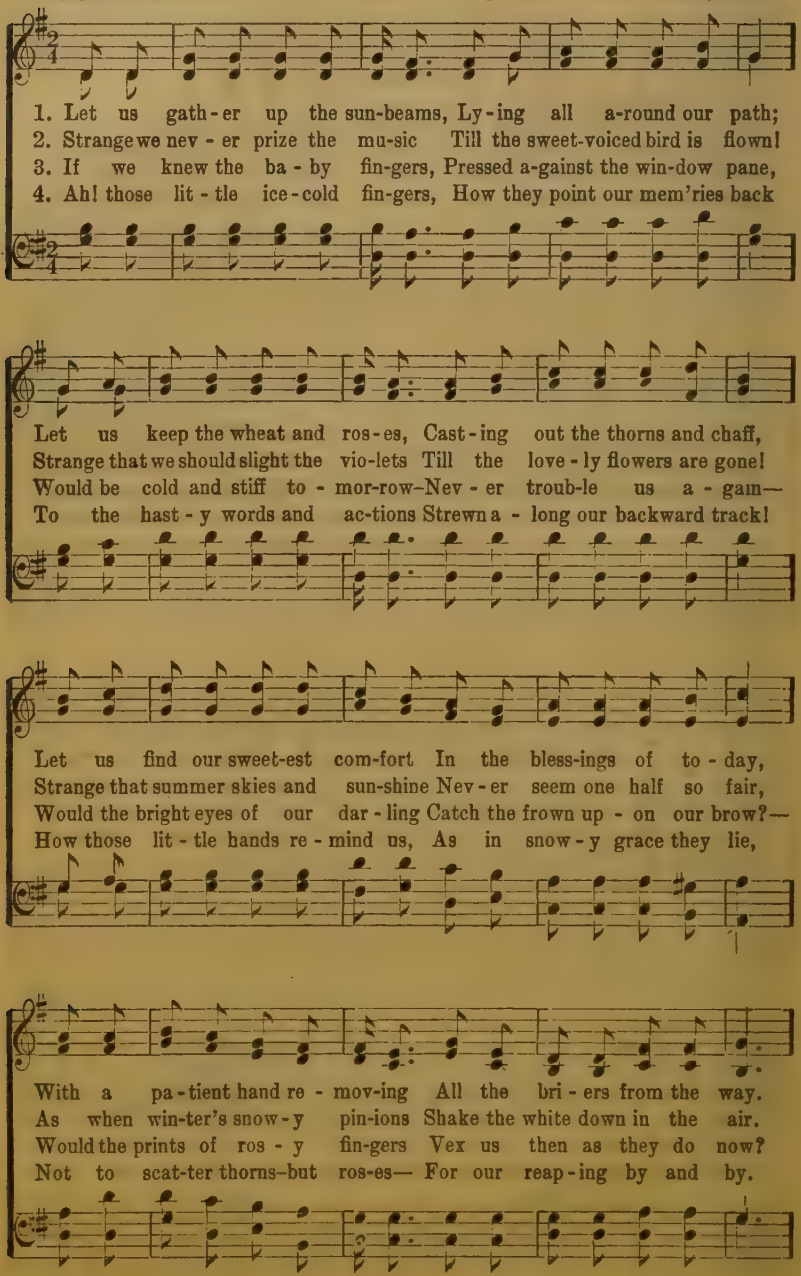
Ira D. Sankey.


1. I have a Sav - ior, He's plead - ing in glo - ry, A dear, lov-ing Sav-
2. I have a Fa - ther; to me He has giv - en A hope for e - ter-
3. I have a robe: 'tis re - splend - ent in whiteness, A - wait - ing in glo-
4. When Jesus has found you, tell oth-ers the sto - ry, That my lov - ing Sav-
ior tho' earth-friends be few; And now He is watch - ing in ten - der - ness
ni - ty, bless - ed and true; And soon will He call me to meet Him in
ry my won - der - ing view; Oh, when I re - ceive it all shin - ing in
ior is your Sav - ior too; Then pray that your Sav - ior may bring them to
CHORUS.
f
o'er me, And, oh, that my Sav-ior were your Sav-ior too.
heav - en, But, oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too! For you I am
bright-ness, Dear friend could I see you re-ceiv - ing one too!
glo - ry, And pray'r will be answered—'twas answered for you!
p
f
pp rall.
praying, For you I am praying, For you I am praying, I'm pray - ing for you.

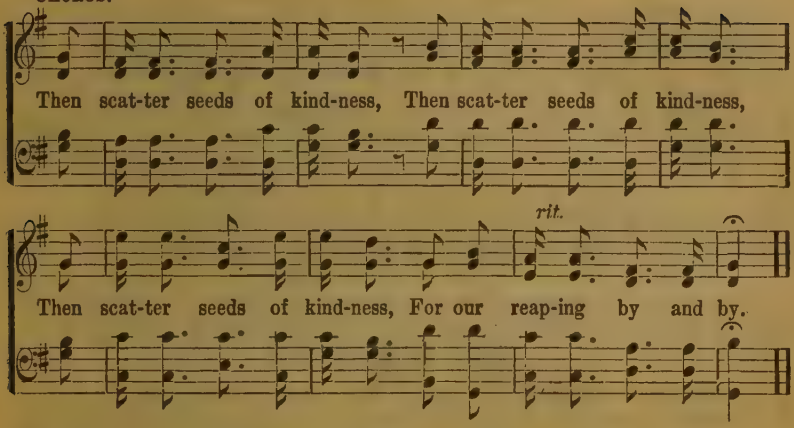
No. 69. Scatter Seeds of Kindness.

Mrs. Albert Smith. S. J. Vail.

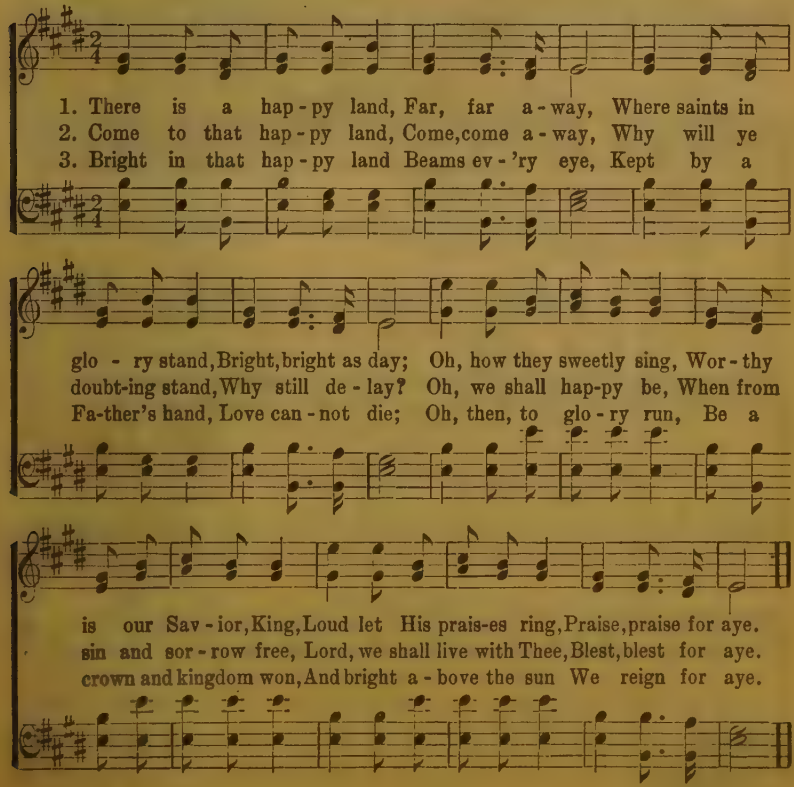

1. Let us gath-er up the sun-beams, Ly-ing all a-round our path;
2. Strange we nev-er prize the mu-sic Till the sweet-voiced bird is flown!
3. If we knew the ba-by fin-gers, Pressed a-gainst the win-dow pane,
4. Ah! those lit-tle ice-cold fin-gers, How they point our mem'ries back
Let us keep the wheat and ros-es, Cast-ing out the thorns and chaff,
Strange that we should slight the vio-lets Till the love-ly flowers are gone!
Would be cold and stiff to-mor-row—Nev-er troub-le us a-gain—
To the hast-y words and ac-tions Strewn a-long our backward track!
Let us find our sweet-est com-fort In the bless-ings of to-day,
Strange that summer skies and sun-shine Nev-er seem one half so fair,
Would the bright eyes of our dar-ling Catch the frown up-on our brow?—
How those lit-tle hands re-mind us, As in snow-y grace they lie,
With a pa-tient hand re-mov-ing All the bri-ers from the way.
As when win-ter's snow-y pin-ions Shake the white down in the air.
Would the prints of ros-y fin-gers Vex us then as they do now?
Not to scat-ter thorns—but ros-es— For our reap-ing by and by.

Scatter Seeds of Kindness.

CHORUS.


Then scat-ter seeds of kind-ness, Then scat-ter seeds of kind-ness,
rit.
Then scat-ter seeds of kind-ness, For our reap-ing by and by.

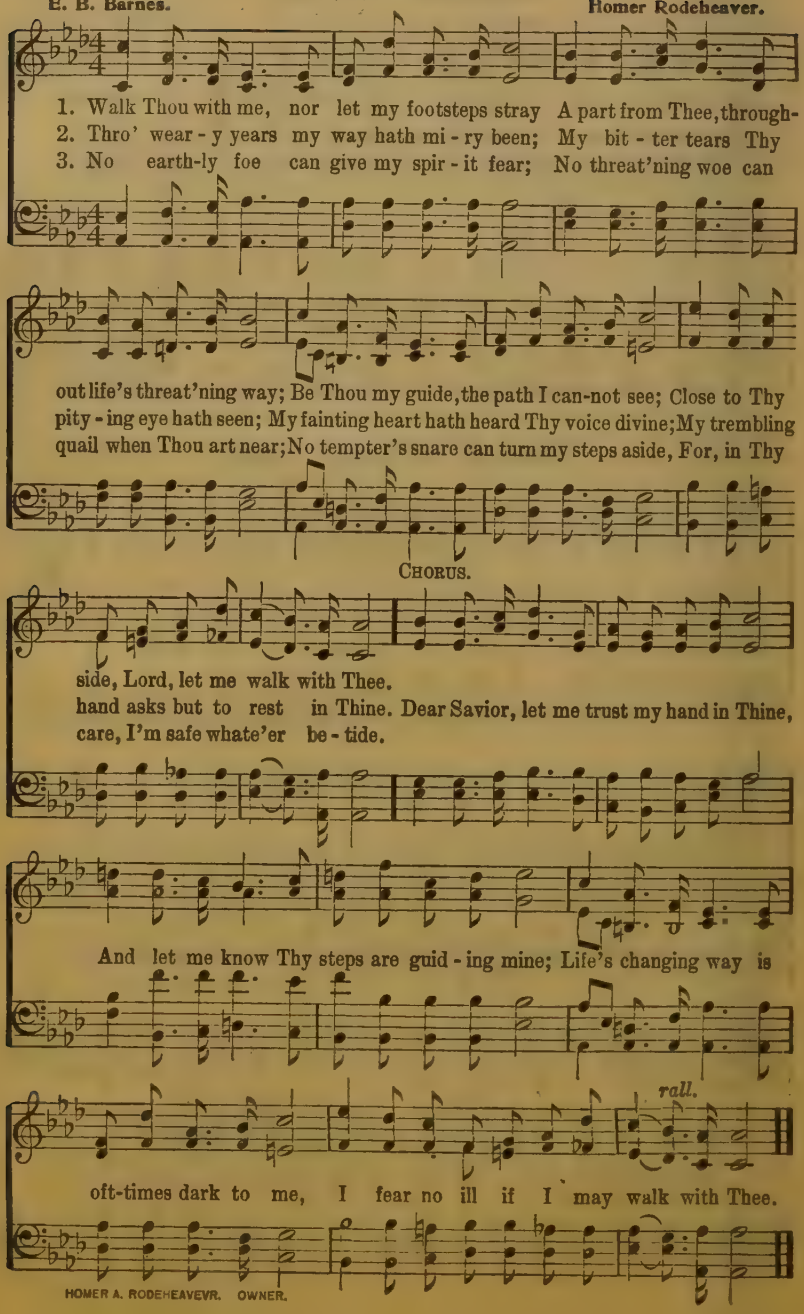
No. 70. There is a Happy Land.


1. There is a hap-py land, Far, far a-way, Where saints in
2. Come to that hap-py land, Come, come a-way, Why will ye
3. Bright in that hap-py land Beams ev-'ry eye, Kept by a
glo-ry stand, Bright, bright as day; Oh, how they sweetly sing, Wor-thy
doubt-ing stand, Why still de-lay? Oh, we shall hap-py be, When from
Fa-ther's hand, Love can-not die; Oh, then, to glo-ry run, Be a
is our Sav-ior, King, Loud let His prais-es ring, Praise, praise for aye.
sin and sor-row free, Lord, we shall live with Thee, Blest, blest for aye.
crown and kingdom won, And bright a-bove the sun We reign for aye.

No. 71. Confidence.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY HOMER RODEHEAVER.

E. B. Barnes. Homer Rodeheaver.


1. Walk Thou with me, nor let my footsteps stray A part from Thee, through-
2. Thro' wear - y years my way hath mi - ry been; My bit - ter tears Thy
3. No earth-ly foe can give my spir - it fear; No threat'ning woe can
out life's threat'ning way; Be Thou my guide, the path I can-not see; Close to Thy
pity - ing eye hath seen; My fainting heart hath heard Thy voice divine; My trembling
quail when Thou art near; No tempter's snare can turn my steps aside, For, in Thy
CHORUS.
side, Lord, let me walk with Thee.
hand asks but to rest in Thine. Dear Savior, let me trust my hand in Thine,
care, I'm safe whate'er be - tide.
And let me know Thy steps are guid - ing mine; Life's changing way is
rall.
oft-times dark to me, I fear no ill if I may walk with Thee.

HOMER A. RODEHEAVEVR. OWNER.

No. 72. Nobody Like Jesus

To Homer A. Rodeheaver.

In appreciation of his friendship, spirit, and untiring efforts to do something for others.

Edith L. Mapes. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Sometimes secret sins creep into my heart,—No-bod-y sees them but Je - sus;
2. Sometimes there are tears that must not be shed, No body knows it but Je - sus;
3. Sometimes angry tho' ts are almost expressed, No body hears them but Je - sus;
4. Sometimes I am weak, and wander astray, No-bod-y strengthens like Je - sus;
5. Sometimes shut away from all held most dear, No body with me but Je - sus,
But when I confess, He bids them depart, No-bod-y cleans-es like Je - sus;
In sickness and grief He pil-lows my head, No-bod-y comforts like Je - sus;
His gentle restraint soon has them suppressed, No-bod-y qui - ets like Je - sus;
He pa-tient-ly leads me back to the way, No-bod-y pardons like Je - sus;
My soul nothing lacks, no e - vil I fear, No-bod-y loves me like Je - sus;
No-bod-y cleans-es like Je - sus, No-bod-y cleans-es like Je - sus;
No-bod-y comforts like Je - sus, No-bod-y comforts like Je - sus;
No-bod-y quiets like Je - sus, No-bod-y qui - ets like Je - sus;
No-bod-y pardons like Je - sus, No-bod-y pardons like Je - sus;
No-bod-y loves me like Je - sus, No-bod-y loves me like Je - sus;
But when I confess, He bids them depart; No-bod-y cleans-es like Je - sus.
In sickness and grief He pil-lows my head, No-bod-y comforts like Je - sus.
His gentle restraint soon has them suppressed, No-bod-y qui - ets like Je - sus.
He pa-tient-ly leads me back to the way, No-bod-y pardons like Je - sus.
My soul nothing lacks, no e - vil I fear, No-bod-y loves me like Je - sus.

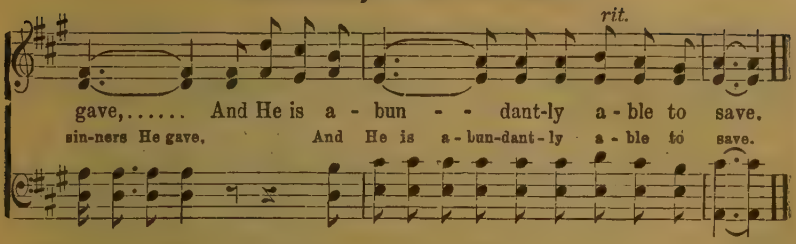
No. 73. Abundantly Able to Save.

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY BIGLOW & MAIN, NEW YORK.
USED BY PER.

E. A. Hoffman. P. P. Bliss.

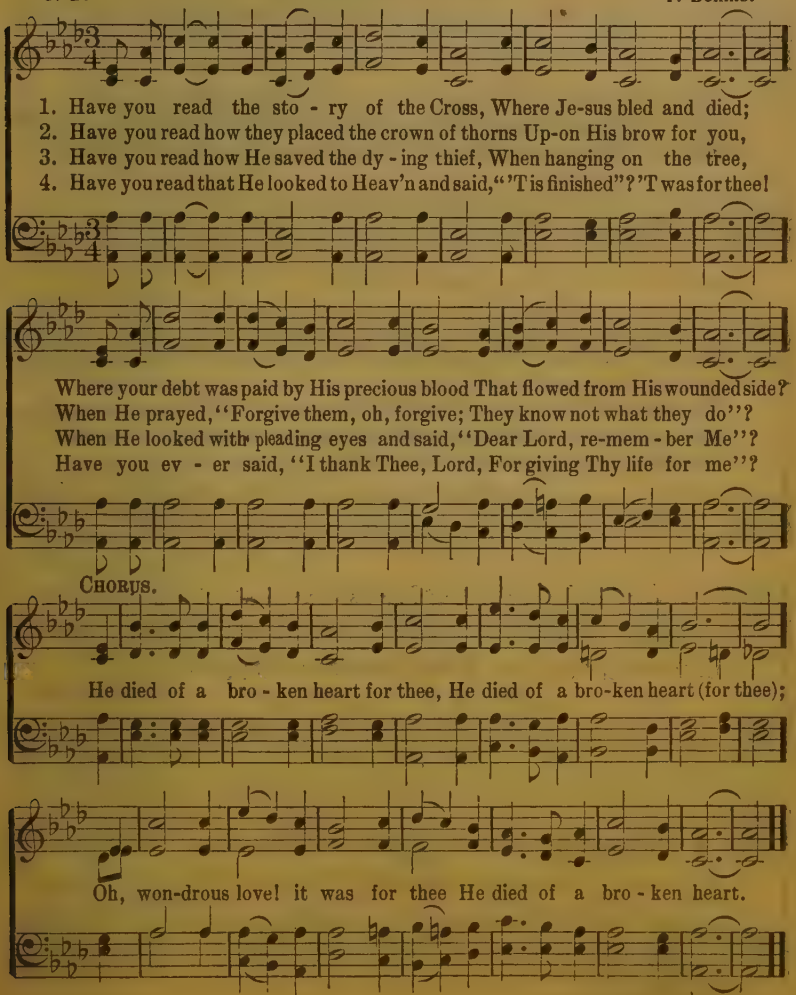
1. Who-ev-er re - ceiv - eth the Cru - ci-fied One, Who-ev-er be-
2. Who-ev-er re - ceiv - eth the mes-sage of God, And truths in the
3. Who-ev-er re - pents and for-sakes ev-'ry sin, And o-pens his
liev - eth on God's on - ly Son, A free and a per - fect sal-va-tion shall
power of the soul-cleansing blood, A full and e - ter - nal redemption shall
heart for the Lord to come in, A pres-ent and per - fect sal-va-tion shall
CHORUS.
have; For He is a - bun - dant-ly a - ble to save.
have; For He is both a - ble and will-ing to save. My brother, the
have; For Je - sus is read - y this mo-ment to save.
Mas - ter is call-ing for thee; .... His grace and His mer - cy are
Broth-er, the Mas-ter is come, and is call-ing for thee; Brother, His grace and His
wondrously free; ..... His blood as a ran - som for sinners He
mer - cy are won-drous-ly free; Broth-er, His blood as a ran-som for

Abundantly Able to Save.



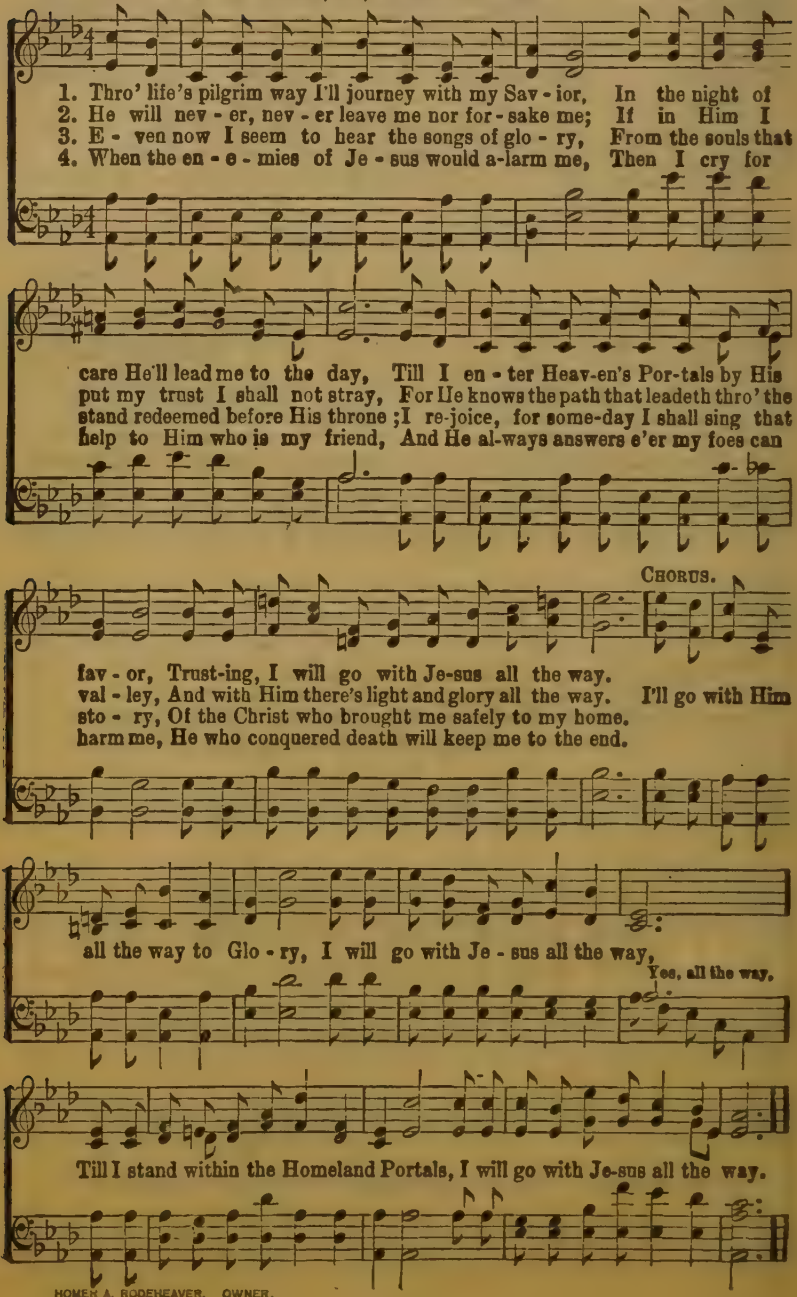
No. 74. The Broken Heart.

T. D. T. Dennis.


1. Have you read the sto - ry of the Cross, Where Je-sus bled and died;
2. Have you read how they placed the crown of thorns Up-on His brow for you,
3. Have you read how He saved the dy - ing thief, When hanging on the tree,
4. Have you read that He looked to Heav'n and said, "'T is finished"? 'T was for thee!
Where your debt was paid by His precious blood That flowed from His wounded side?
When He prayed, "Forgive them, oh, forgive; They know not what they do"?
When He looked with pleading eyes and said, "Dear Lord, re-mem - ber Me"?
Have you ev - er said, "I thank Thee, Lord, For giving Thy life for me"?
Chorus.
He died of a bro - ken heart for thee, He died of a bro-ken heart (for thee);
Oh, won-drous love! it was for thee He died of a bro - ken heart.

No. 75. All the Way With Jesus.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO. Lloyd Ten Eyck.


1. Thro' life's pilgrim way I'll journey with my Sav - ior, In the night of
2. He will nev - er, nev - er leave me nor for - sake me; If in Him I
3. E - ven now I seem to hear the songs of glo - ry, From the souls that
4. When the en - e - mies of Je - sus would a-larm me, Then I cry for
care He'll lead me to the day, Till I en - ter Heav-en's Por-tals by His
put my trust I shall not stray, For He knows the path that leadeth thro' the
stand redeemed before His throne ;I re-joice, for some-day I shall sing that
help to Him who is my friend, And He al-ways answers e'er my foes can
CHORUS.
fav - or, Trust-ing, I will go with Je-sus all the way.
val - ley, And with Him there's light and glory all the way. I'll go with Him
sto - ry, Of the Christ who brought me safely to my home.
harm me, He who conquered death will keep me to the end.
all the way to Glo - ry, I will go with Je - sus all the way,
Yes, all the way.
Till I stand within the Homeland Portals, I will go with Je-sus all the way.

HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

No. 76. Send the Power Again.

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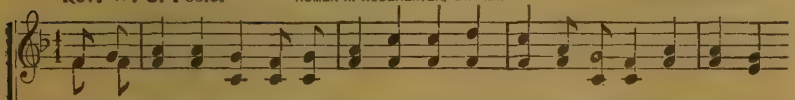
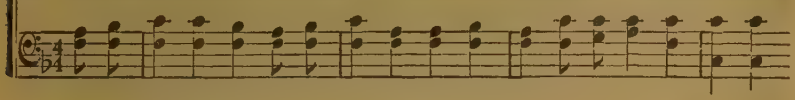
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

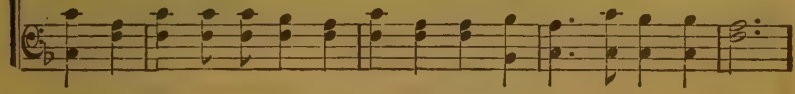
Rev. W. C. Poole. Chas. H. Gabriel.



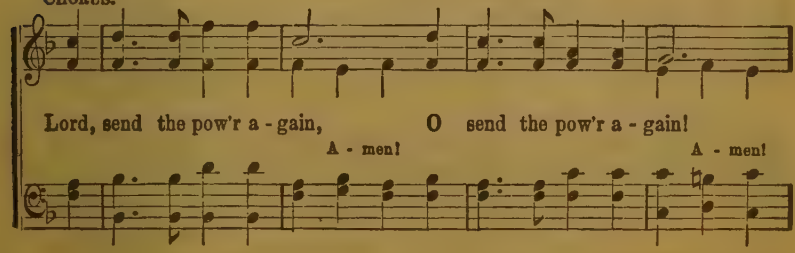
1. There was pow'r, O Lord, in the days of old, To kin - dle a fire in hearts grown
2. There was pow'r by which ev'ry tongue could speak, N w life-giving pow'r unto the
3. There was pow'r to set ev'ry cap-tive free And give to Thy servants lib - er-
4. There was pow'r, O Lord, in the old-time pray'r, It thrilled ev'ry heart and lingered



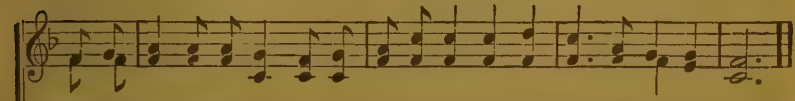
cold; That we on Thy word may now lay hold, Lord, send that pow'r a-gain.
weak, That sent them the wand'ring ones to seek—Lord, send that pow'r a-gain.
ty To speak and to pray and work for Thee—Lord, send that pow'r a-gain.
there, Till we in Thy glo - ry seemed to share—Lord, send that pow'r a-gain.



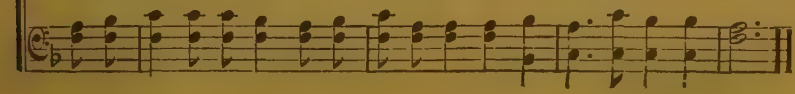
CHORUS.



Lord, send the pow'r a - gain, O send the pow'r a - gain!
A - men! A - men!



We believe on Thy name, And Thy promise we claim, Lord, send the pow'r a-gain.



No. 77. Memories of Galilee.

Robert Morris.

H. R. PALMER OWNER OF COPYRIGHT, USED BY PER.

H. R. Palmer.

1. Each coo - ing dove ..... and sigh - ing bough ..... That makes the
2. Each flow - 'ry glen ..... and moss-y dell,..... Where hap - py
3. And when I read ..... the thrill-ing lore ..... Of Him who

eve..... so blest to me, ... Has something far ..... di - vin - er
birds ..... in song a - gree, ... Thro' sun-ny morn ..... the prais - es
walked ... up - on the sea, ... I long, oh, how ..... I long once

now,..... It bears me back ..... to Gal - i - lee.....
tell ..... Of sights and sounds ..... in Gal - i - lee.....
more ..... To fol - low Him ..... in Gal - i - lee.....

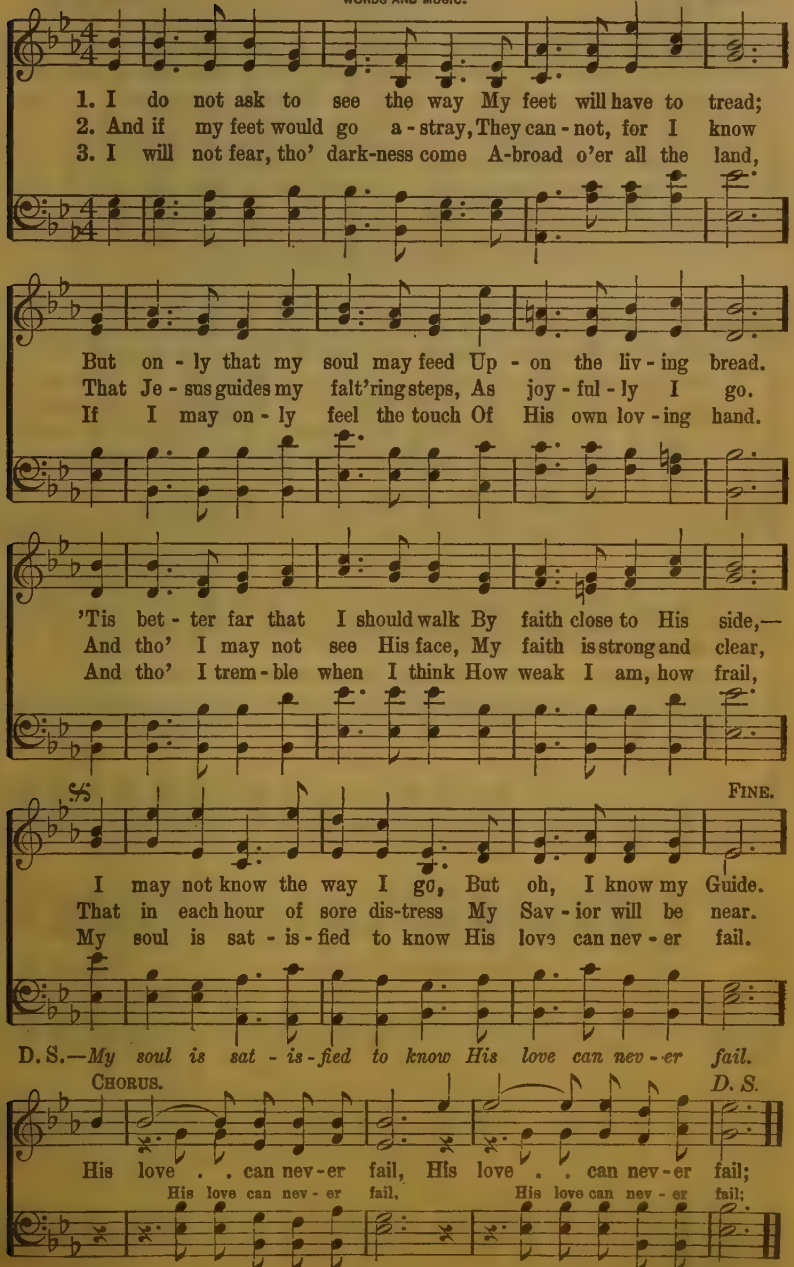
CHORUS.

O Gal - i - lee! sweet Gal - i - lee! Where Je-sus loved so much to be;

O Gal - i - lee! blue Gal - i - lee! Come, sing thy song a - gain to me!

No. 78. His Love Can Never Fail.

E. S. Hall. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.
WORDS AND MUSIC.


1. I do not ask to see the way My feet will have to tread;
2. And if my feet would go a-stray, They can-not, for I know
3. I will not fear, tho' dark-ness come A-broad o'er all the land,
But on-ly that my soul may feed Up-on the liv-ing bread.
That Je-sus guides my falt'ring steps, As joy-ful-ly I go.
If I may on-ly feel the touch Of His own lov-ing hand.
'Tis bet-ter far that I should walk By faith close to His side,—
And tho' I may not see His face, My faith is strong and clear,
And tho' I trem-ble when I think How weak I am, how frail,
FINE.
I may not know the way I go, But oh, I know my Guide.
That in each hour of sore dis-tress My Sav-ior will be near.
My soul is sat-is-fied to know His love can nev-er fail.
D. S.—My soul is sat-is-fied to know His love can nev-er fail.
CHORUS.
D. S.
His love . . can nev-er fail, His love . . can nev-er fail;
His love can nev-er fail, His love can nev-er fail;

No 79. Do Something For Others.

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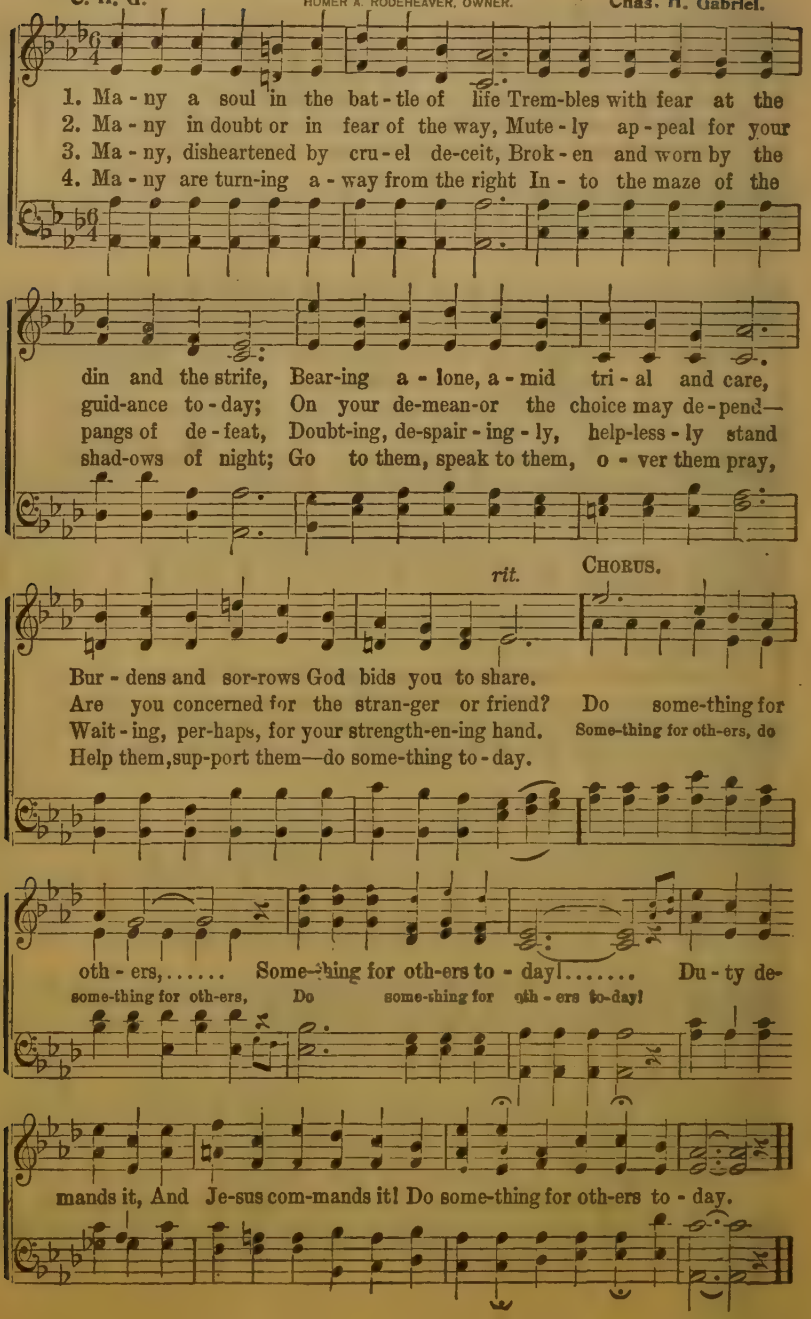
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Ma - ny a soul in the bat - tle of life Trem-bles with fear at the
2. Ma - ny in doubt or in fear of the way, Mute - ly ap - peal for your
3. Ma - ny, disheartened by cru - el de-ceit, Brok - en and worn by the
4. Ma - ny are turn-ing a - way from the right In - to the maze of the
din and the strife, Bear-ing a - lone, a - mid tri - al and care,
guid-ance to - day; On your de-mean-or the choice may de - pend—
pangs of de - feat, Doubt-ing, de-spair - ing - ly, help-less - ly stand
shad-ows of night; Go to them, speak to them, o - ver them pray,
rit.
CHORUS.
Bur - dens and sor-rows God bids you to share.
Are you concerned for the stran-ger or friend? Do some-thing for
Wait - ing, per-haps, for your strength-en-ing hand. Some-thing for oth-ers, do
Help them, sup-port them—do some-thing to - day.
oth - ers,..... Some-thing for oth-ers to - day!..... Du - ty de-
some-thing for oth-ers, Do some-thing for oth - ers to-day!
mands it, And Je-sus com-mands it! Do some-thing for oth-ers to - day.

No. 80. Is It the Crowning Day?

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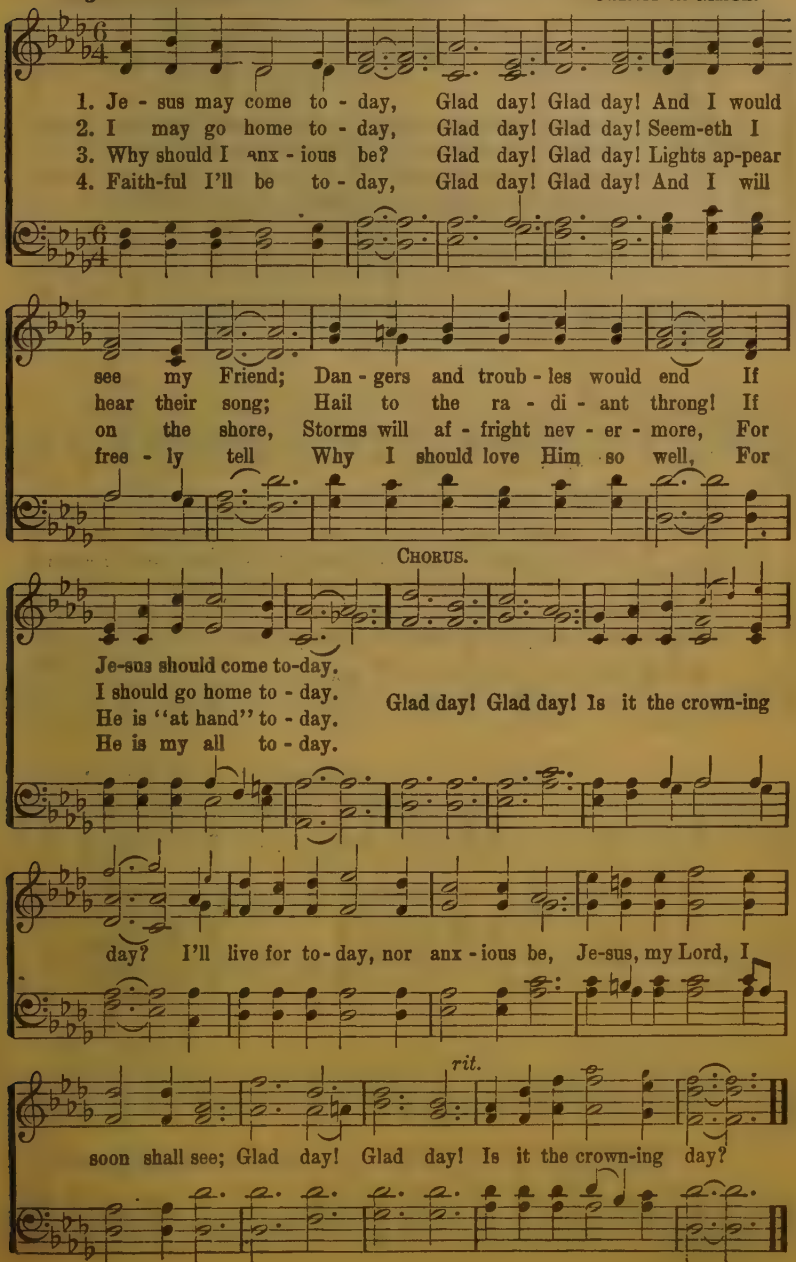
George Walker Whitcomb. Charles H. Marsh.


1. Je - sus may come to - day, Glad day! Glad day! And I would
2. I may go home to - day, Glad day! Glad day! Seem-eth I
3. Why should I anx - ious be? Glad day! Glad day! Lights ap-pear
4. Faith-ful I'll be to - day, Glad day! Glad day! And I will
see my Friend; Dan - gers and troub - les would end If
hear their song; Hail to the ra - di - ant throng! If
on the shore, Storms will af - fright nev - er - more, For
free - ly tell Why I should love Him so well, For
CHORUS.
Je-sus should come to-day.
I should go home to - day.
He is "at hand" to - day.
He is my all to - day.
Glad day! Glad day! Is it the crown-ing
day? I'll live for to - day, nor anx - ious be, Je-sus, my Lord, I
rit.
soon shall see; Glad day! Glad day! Is it the crown-ing day?

No. 81. Jesus Comes.

COPYRIGHT, 1882 AND 1910, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
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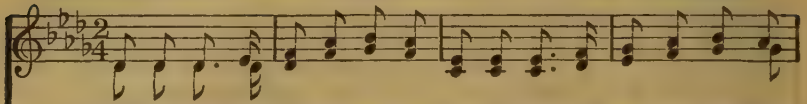
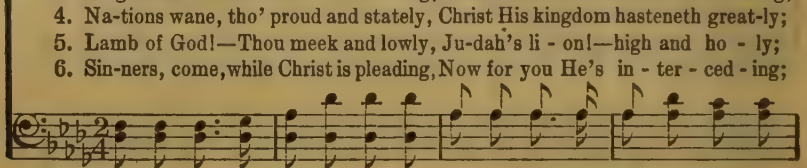
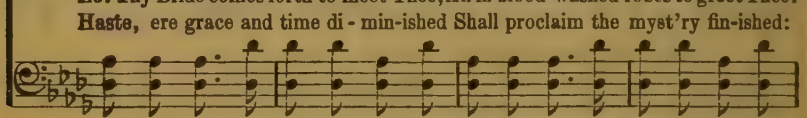
Mrs. Phœbe Palmer. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



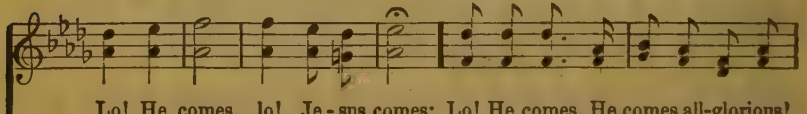
1. Watch, ye saints, with eyelids wak-ing, Lo, the pow'rs of heav'n are shaking;
2. Lo! the prom-ise of your Sav-ior: Pardoned sin and pur-chased fa-vor,
3. King-doms at their base are crumbling, Hark! His chariot wheels are rumbling;
4. Na-tions wane, tho' proud and stately, Christ His kingdom hasteneth great-ly;
5. Lamb of God!—Thou meek and lowly, Ju-dah's li-on!—high and ho-ly;
6. Sin-ners, come, while Christ is pleading, Now for you He's in-ter-ced-ing;



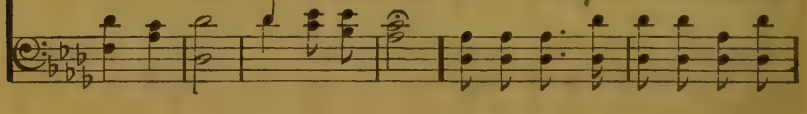
Keep your lamps all trimmed and burning, Ready for your Lord's re-turn-ing:
Blood-washed robes and crowns of glory; Haste to tell redemption's sto-ry:
Tell, O tell of grace a-bound-ing, Whilst the seventh trump is sounding:
Earth her la-test pangs is summing, Shout, ye saints, your Lord is coming:
Lo! Thy Bride comes forth to meet Thee, All in blood-washed robes to greet Thee:
Haste, ere grace and time di-min-ished Shall proclaim the myst'ry fin-ished:



CHORUS.



Lo! He comes, lo! Je-sus comes; Lo! He comes, He comes all-glorious!

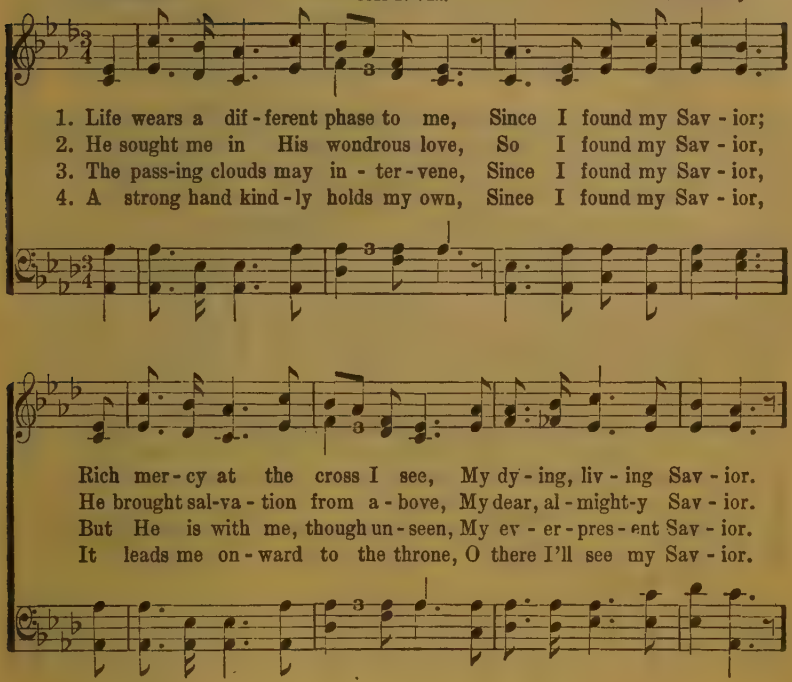


Je-sus comes to reign vic-torious, Lo! He comes, yes, Je-sus comes.

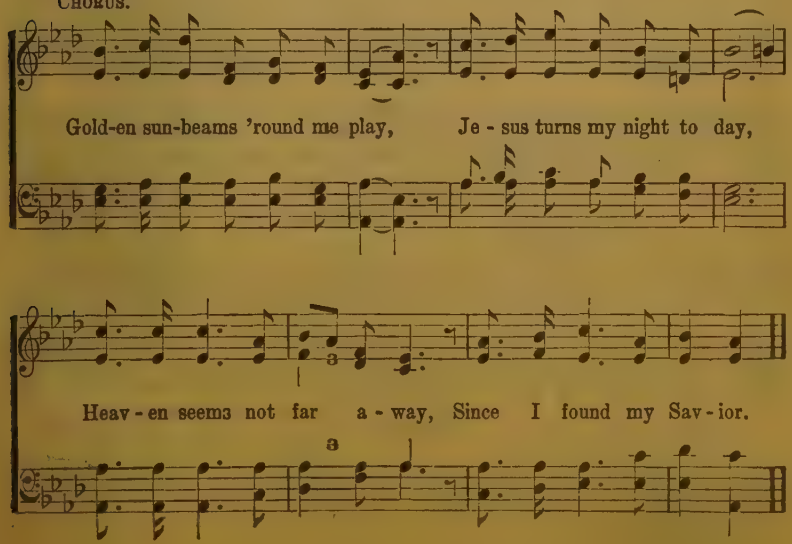
No. 82. Since I Found My Savior.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
USED BY PER.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. Life wears a dif - ferent phase to me, Since I found my Sav - ior;
2. He sought me in His wondrous love, So I found my Sav - ior,
3. The pass-ing clouds may in - ter - vene, Since I found my Sav - ior,
4. A strong hand kind - ly holds my own, Since I found my Sav - ior,
Rich mer - cy at the cross I see, My dy - ing, liv - ing Sav - ior.
He brought sal-va - tion from a - bove, My dear, al - might-y Sav - ior.
But He is with me, though un - seen, My ev - er - pres - ent Sav - ior.
It leads me on - ward to the throne, O there I'll see my Sav - ior.

CHORUS.



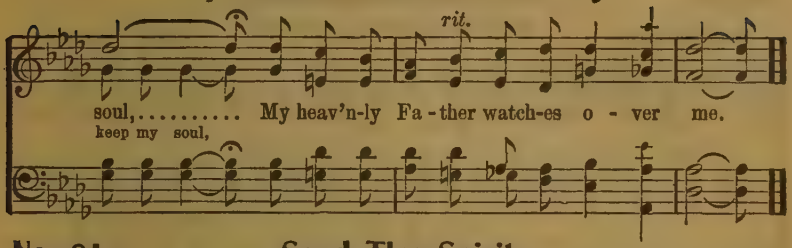
No. 83. My Father Watches Over Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Rev. W. C. Martin. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I trust in God wher-ev - er I may be, ... Up - on the land or
2. He makes the rose an ob - ject of His care, ... He guides the ea - gle
3. I trust in God, for, in the li - on's den, ... On bat - tle-field, or
4. The val - ley may be dark, the shadows deep, ... But O, the Shep-herd
on the roll-ing sea, For, come what may, From day to day, My heav'nly
thro' the pathless air, And surely He.... Remembers me,—My heav'nly
in the pris-on pen, Thro' praise or blame, Thro' flood or flame, My heav'nly
guards His lonely sheep; And thro' the gloom He'll lead me home, My heav'nly
rit.
CHORUS.
Fa-ther watches o - ver me. I trust in God,—I know He cares for
me, ... On mountain bleak or on the storm-y
He cares for me, On mount-ain bleak er on the
sea; ..... Tho' bil-lows roll, ... He keeps my
sea, the storm - y sea; tho' bil - lows roll. He

My Father Watches Over Me.

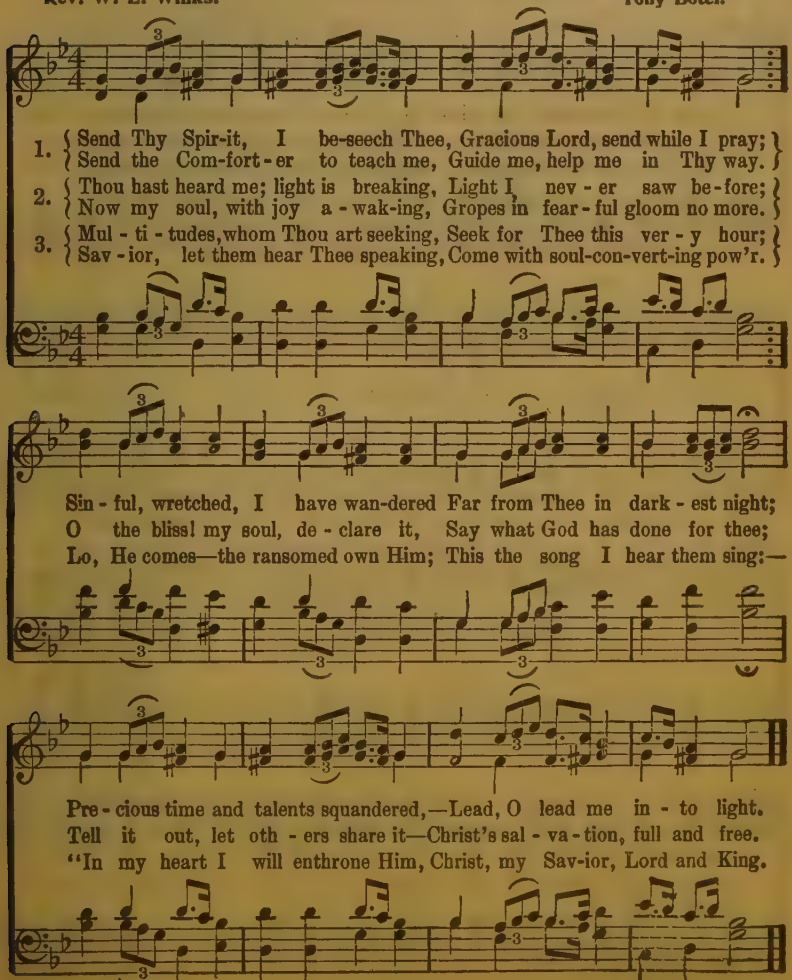


No. 84. Send Thy Spirit.

KINDNESS OF REV. H. J. ROBERTS, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

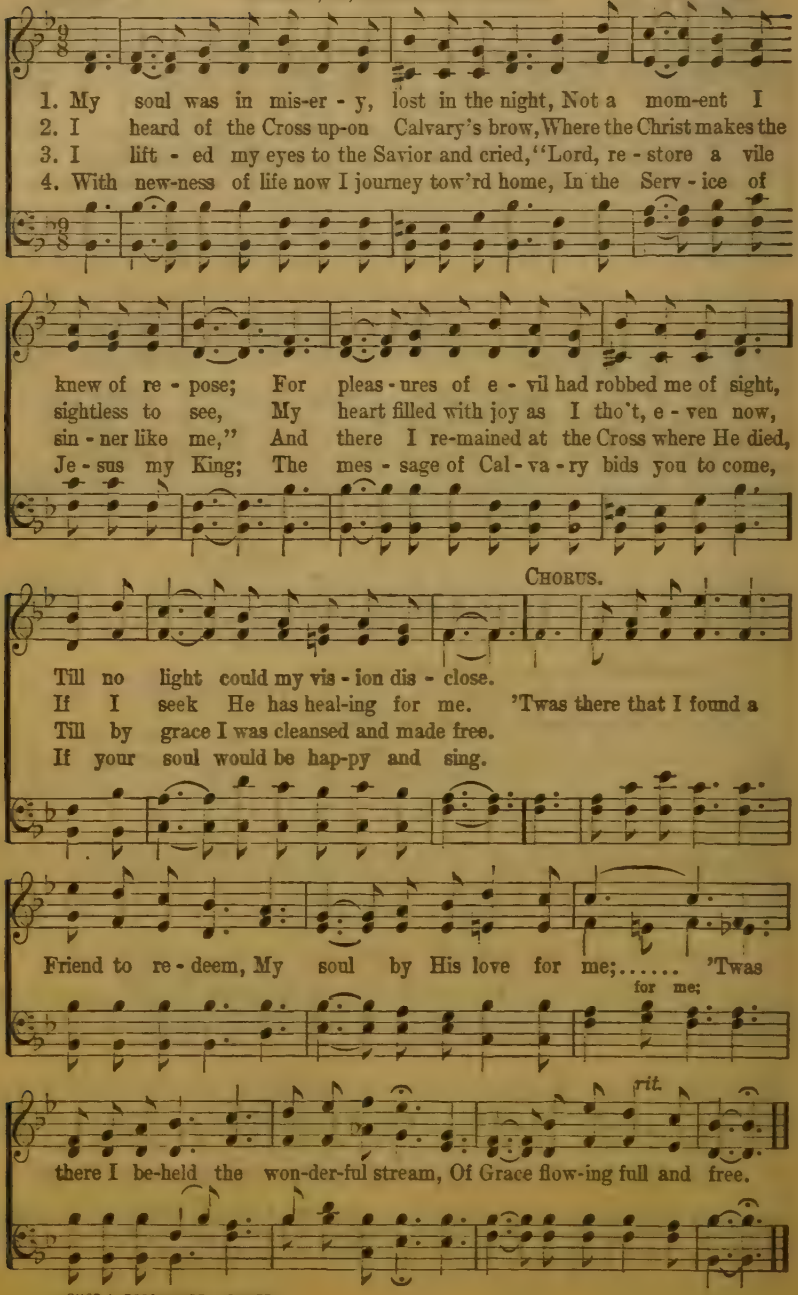
Rev. W. E. Winks.

Tune—"Ebenezer." "Tony Botel."


1. { Send Thy Spir-it, I be-seech Thee, Gracious Lord, send while I pray; Send the Com-fort-er to teach me, Guide me, help me in Thy way.
2. { Thou hast heard me; light is breaking, Light I nev-er saw be-fore; Now my soul, with joy a-wak-ing, Gropes in fear-ful gloom no more.
3. { Mul-ti-tudes, whom Thou art seeking, Seek for Thee this ver-y hour; Sav-ior, let them hear Thee speaking, Come with soul-con-vert-ing pow'r.
Sin-ful, wretched, I have wan-dered Far from Thee in dark-est night;
O the bliss! my soul, de-clare it, Say what God has done for thee;
Lo, He comes—the ransomed own Him; This the song I hear them sing:—
Pre-cious time and talents squandered,—Lead, O lead me in-to light.
Tell it out, let oth-ers share it—Christ's sal-va-tion, full and free.
"In my heart I will enthrone Him, Christ, my Sav-ior, Lord and King.

No. 87. "Where I Found Him."

A. H. A. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO. A. H. Ackley.

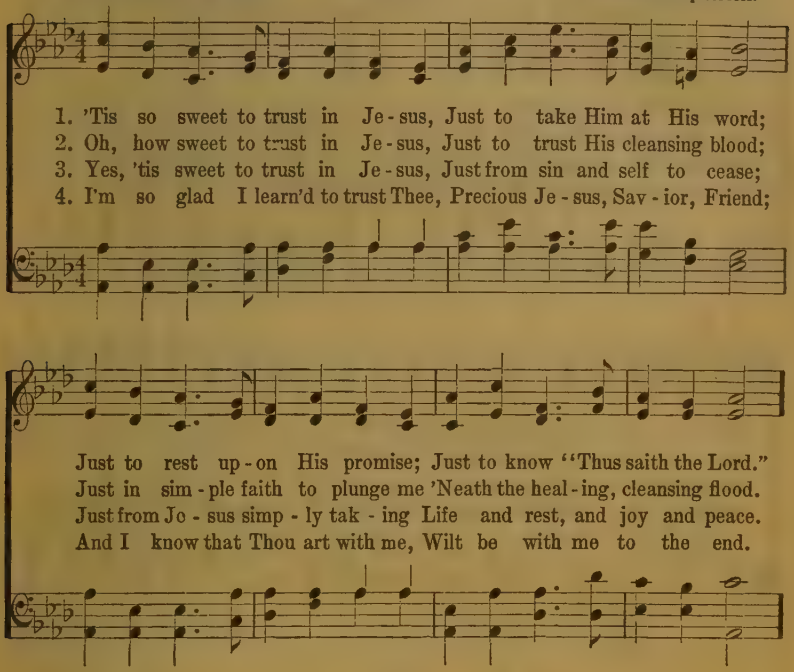

1. My soul was in mis-er - y, lost in the night, Not a mom-ent I
2. I heard of the Cross up-on Calvary's brow, Where the Christ makes the
3. I lift - ed my eyes to the Savior and cried, "Lord, re - store a vile
4. With new-ness of life now I journey tow'rd home, In the Serv - ice of
knew of re - pose; For pleas - ures of e - vil had robbed me of sight,
sightless to see, My heart filled with joy as I tho't, e - ven now,
sin - ner like me," And there I re-mained at the Cross where He died,
Je - sus my King; The mes - sage of Cal - va - ry bids you to come,
CHORUS.
Till no light could my vis - ion dis - close.
If I seek He has heal-ing for me. 'Twas there that I found a
Till by grace I was cleansed and made free.
If your soul would be hap-py and sing.
Friend to re - deem, My soul by His love for me;..... 'Twas
for me;
there I be-held the won-der-ful stream, Of Grace flow-ing full and free.
rit.

HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

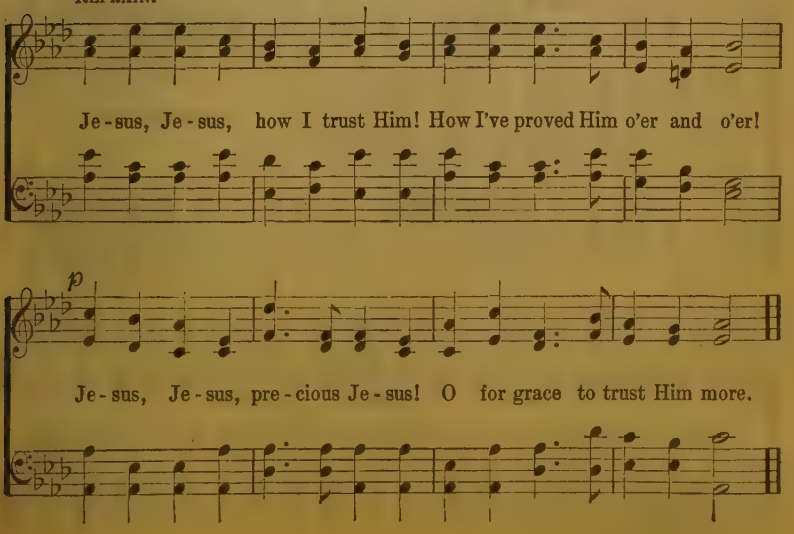
No. 88. 'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

COPYRIGHT 1882, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Mrs. Louisa M. R. Stead. USED BY PER. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take Him at His word;
2. Oh, how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His cleansing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learn'd to trust Thee, Precious Je - sus, Sav - ior, Friend;
Just to rest up - on His promise; Just to know "Thus saith the Lord."
Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal - ing, cleansing flood.
Just from Je - sus simp - ly tak - ing Life and rest, and joy and peace.
And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

REFRAIN.



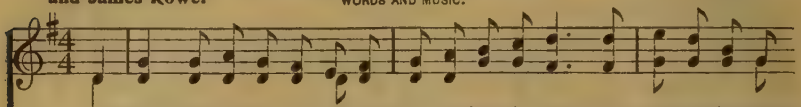
No. 89. Blasting at the Rock of Ages.

Rev. Johnson Oatman. and James Rowe.

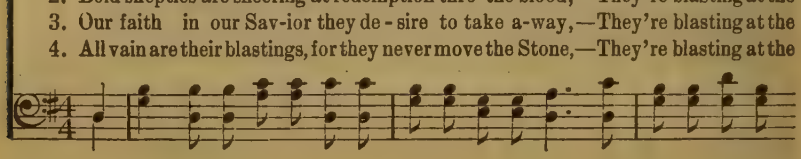
COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY RODEHEAVER AND ACKLEY.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

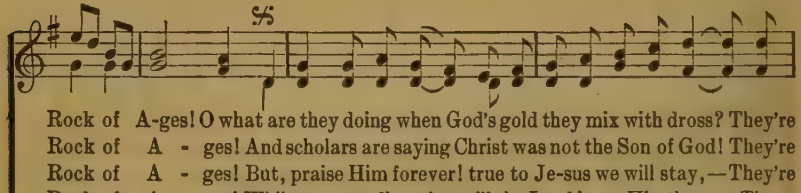
J. B. Herbert.



1. O what are they doing when they preach against the cross? They're blasting at the
2. Bold skeptics are sneering at redemption thro' the blood,—They're blasting at the
3. Our faith in our Sav-ior they de-sire to take a-way,—They're blasting at the
4. All vain are their blastings, for they never move the Stone,—They're blasting at the



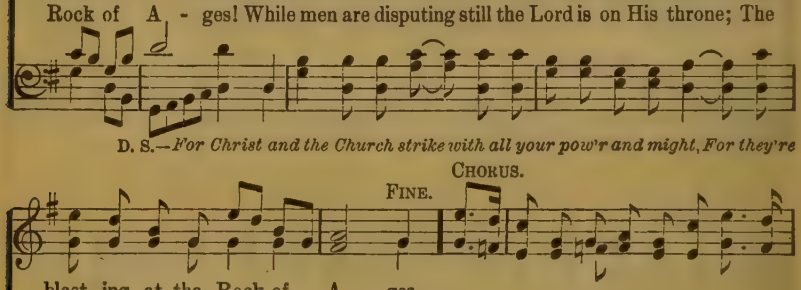
Rock of A-ges! O what are they doing when God's gold they mix with dross? They're
Rock of A - ges! And scholars are saying Christ was not the Son of God! They're
Rock of A - ges! But, praise Him forever! true to Je-sus we will stay,—They're
Rock of A - ges! While men are disputing still the Lord is on His throne; The



D. S.—*For Christ and the Church strike with all your pow'r and might, For they're*

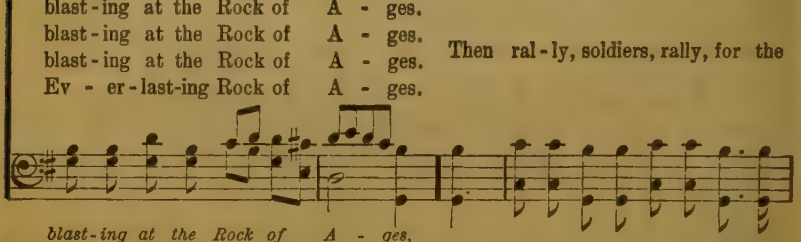
CHORUS.

FINE.



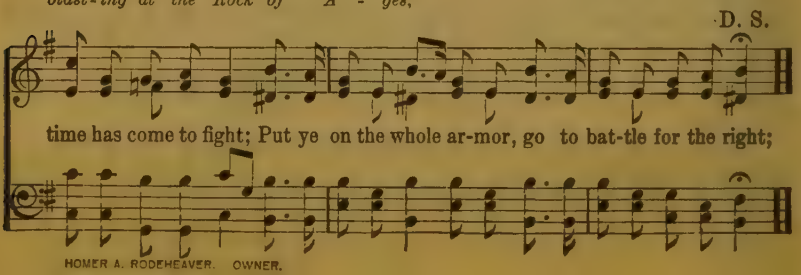
blast-ing at the Rock of A - ges.
blast-ing at the Rock of A - ges.
blast-ing at the Rock of A - ges.
Ev - er-last-ing Rock of A - ges.

Then ral-ly, soldiers, rally, for the



blast-ing at the Rock of A - ges,

D. S.



time has come to fight; Put ye on the whole ar-mor, go to bat-tle for the right;

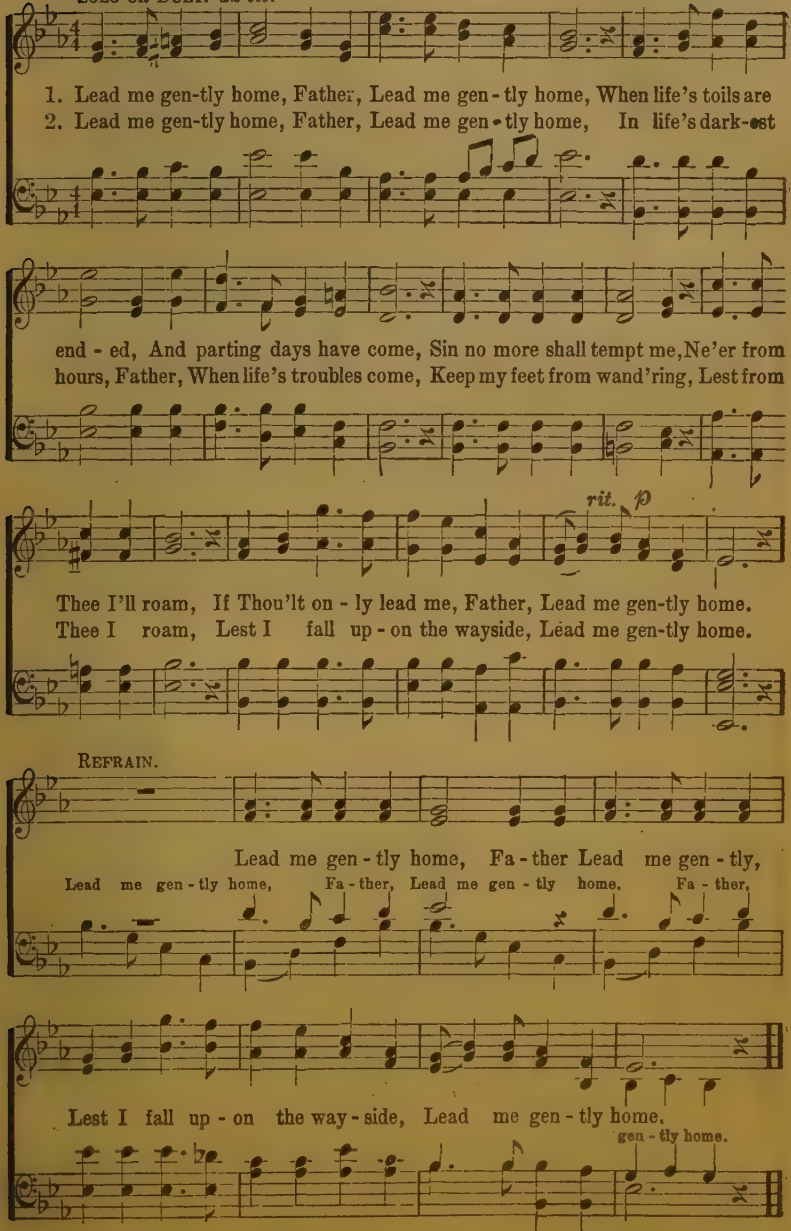
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

No. 90. Lead Me Gently Home, Father.

BY PER. OF WILL L. THOMPSON & CO., OWNERS OF COPYRIGHT.

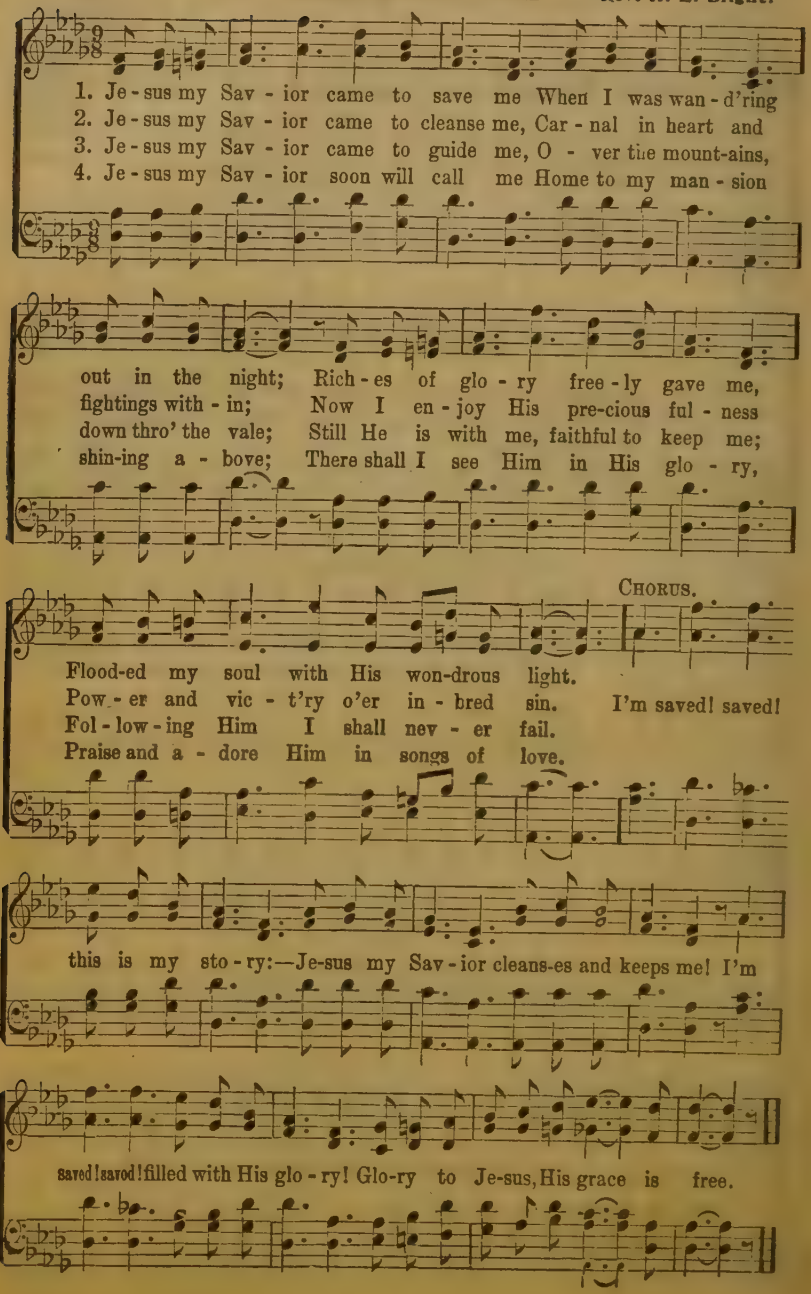
W. L. T. W. L. Thompson.

SOLO OR DUET. *ad lib.*


1. Lead me gen-tly home, Father, Lead me gen - tly home, When life's toils are
2. Lead me gen-tly home, Father, Lead me gen - tly home, In life's dark-est
end - ed, And parting days have come, Sin no more shall tempt me, Ne'er from
hours, Father, When life's troubles come, Keep my feet from wand'ring, Lest from
rit.
p
Thee I'll roam, If Thou'lt on - ly lead me, Father, Lead me gen-tly home.
Thee I roam, Lest I fall up - on the wayside, Lead me gen-tly home.
REFRAIN.
Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther Lead me gen - tly,
Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther, Lead me gen - tly home. Fa - ther,
Lest I fall up - on the way - side, Lead me gen - tly home.
gen - tly home.

No. 91. Saved! Saved!

H. E. B. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Rev. H. E. Bright.

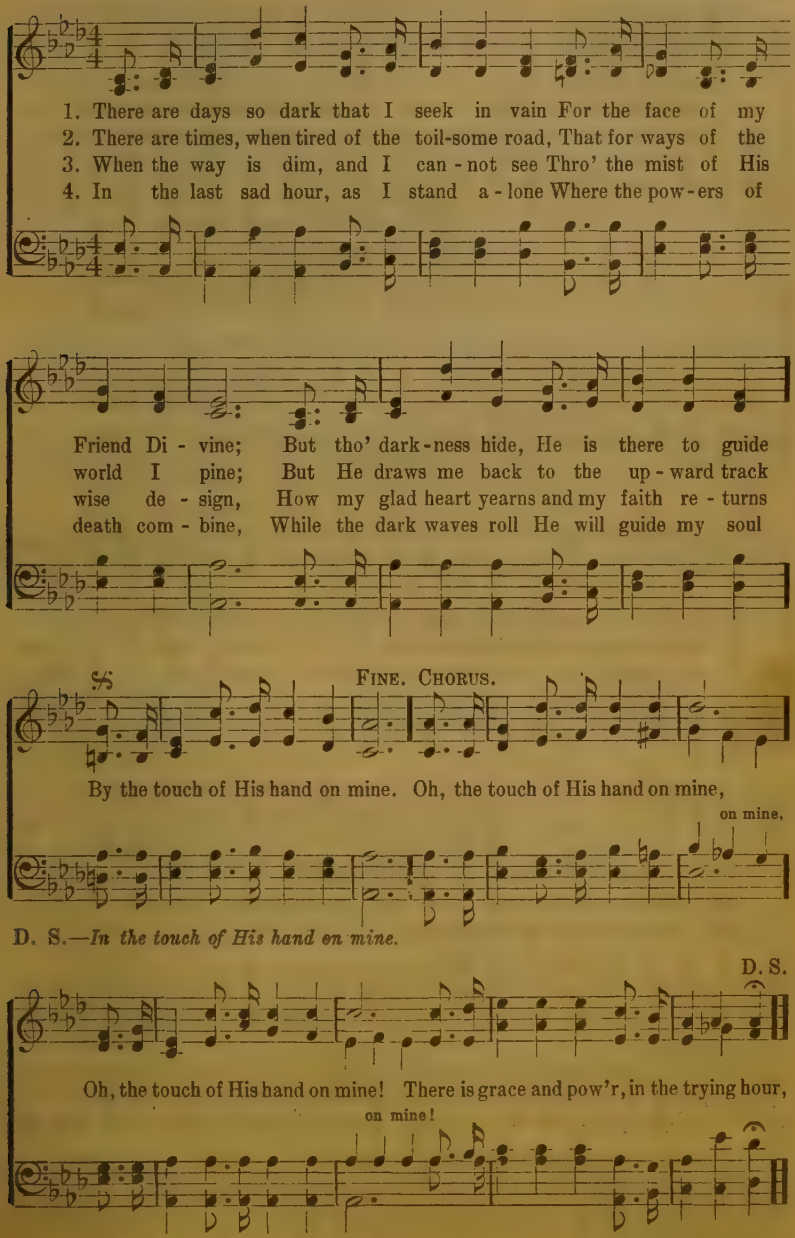

1. Je - sus my Sav - ior came to save me When I was wan - d'ring
2. Je - sus my Sav - ior came to cleanse me, Car - nal in heart and
3. Je - sus my Sav - ior came to guide me, O - ver the mount-ains,
4. Je - sus my Sav - ior soon will call me Home to my man - sion
out in the night; Rich - es of glo - ry free - ly gave me,
fightings with - in; Now I en - joy His pre-cious ful - ness
down thro' the vale; Still He is with me, faithful to keep me;
shin-ing a - bove; There shall I see Him in His glo - ry,
CHORUS.
Flood-ed my soul with His won-drous light.
Pow - er and vic - t'ry o'er in - bred sin. I'm saved! saved!
Fol - low - ing Him I shall nev - er fail.
Praise and a - dore Him in songs of love.
this is my sto - ry:—Je-sus my Sav - ior cleans-es and keeps me! I'm
saved! saved! filled with His glo - ry! Glo-ry to Je-sus, His grace is free.

No. 92. The Touch of His Hand on Mine.

Jessie Brown Pounds.

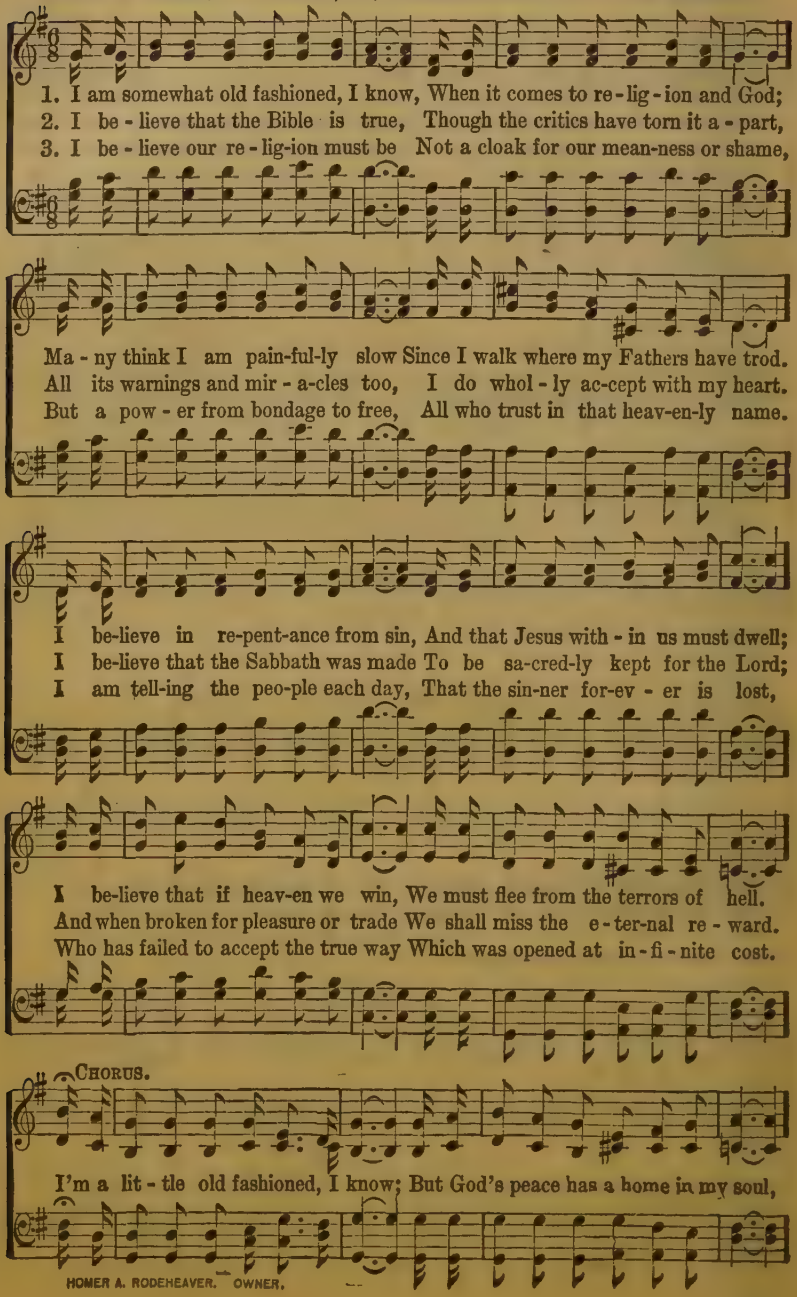
COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Henry P. Morton.


1. There are days so dark that I seek in vain For the face of my
2. There are times, when tired of the toil-some road, That for ways of the
3. When the way is dim, and I can-not see Thro' the mist of His
4. In the last sad hour, as I stand a-lone Where the pow-ers of
Friend Di-vine; But tho' dark-ness hide, He is there to guide
world I pine; But He draws me back to the up-ward track
wise de-sign, How my glad heart yearns and my faith re-turns
death com-bine, While the dark waves roll He will guide my soul
FINE. CHORUS.
By the touch of His hand on mine. Oh, the touch of His hand on mine,
on mine,
D. S.—In the touch of His hand on mine.
D. S.
Oh, the touch of His hand on mine! There is grace and pow'r, in the trying hour,
on mine!

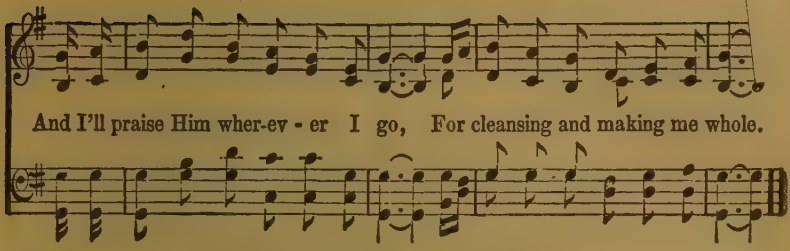
No. 93. The Old Fashioned Faith.

Rev. N. A. McAulay. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO. B. D. Ackley.


1. I am somewhat old fashioned, I know, When it comes to re-lig-ion and God;
2. I be-lieve that the Bible is true, Though the critics have torn it a-part,
3. I be-lieve our re-lig-ion must be Not a cloak for our mean-ness or shame,
Ma-ny think I am pain-ful-ly slow Since I walk where my Fathers have trod.
All its warnings and mir-a-cles too, I do whol-ly ac-cept with my heart.
But a pow-er from bondage to free, All who trust in that heav-en-ly name.
I be-lieve in re-pent-ance from sin, And that Jesus with-in us must dwell;
I be-lieve that the Sabbath was made To be sa-cred-ly kept for the Lord;
I am tell-ing the peo-ple each day, That the sin-ner for-ev-er is lost,
I be-lieve that if heav-en we win, We must flee from the terrors of hell.
And when broken for pleasure or trade We shall miss the e-ter-nal re-ward.
Who has failed to accept the true way Which was opened at in-fi-nite cost.
CHORUS.
I'm a lit-tle old fashioned, I know; But God's peace has a home in my soul,

HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

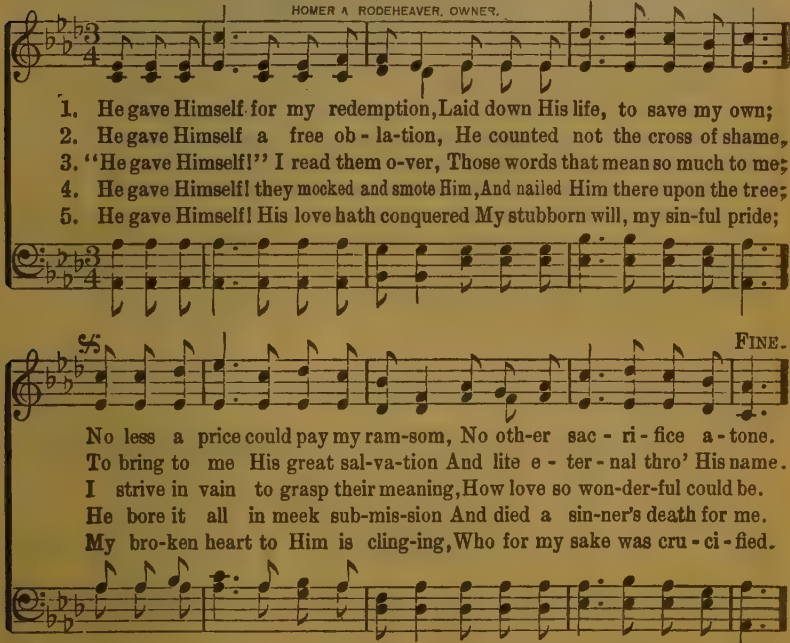
The Old Fashioned Faith.



No. 94. He Gave Himself.

"The Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me."—GAL. 2: 14.

T. O. Chisholm. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER. James Robinson.


1. He gave Himself for my redemption, Laid down His life, to save my own;
2. He gave Himself a free ob - la-tion, He counted not the cross of shame,
3. "He gave Himself!" I read them o-ver, Those words that mean so much to me;
4. He gave Himself! they mocked and smote Him, And nailed Him there upon the tree;
5. He gave Himself! His love hath conquered My stubborn will, my sin-ful pride;
FINE.
No less a price could pay my ram-som, No oth-er sac - ri - fice a - tone.
To bring to me His great sal-va-tion And life e - ter - nal thro' His name.
I strive in vain to grasp their meaning, How love so won-der-ful could be.
He bore it all in meek sub-mis-sion And died a sin-ner's death for me.
My bro-ken heart to Him is cling-ing, Who for my sake was cru - ci - fied.
D.S.—Now He is mine, yes, mine for - ev - er, And I am His for - ev - er-more!
CHORUS.
D. S.
He gave Himself, my pre-cious Sav-ior, I nev-er knew such love be-fore!

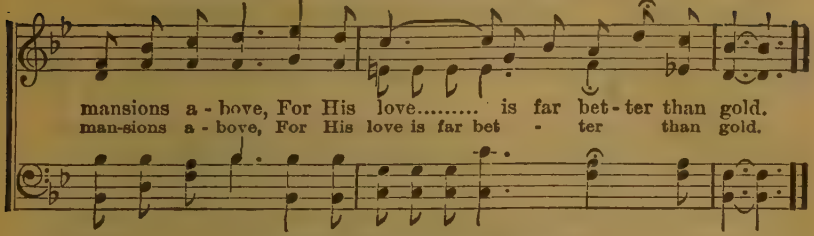
No. 95. His Love is Far Better Than Gold.

HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.
COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO.

A. H. A. Rev. A. H. Ackley.

1. The love of the Christ is so pre - cious, That no mor - tal its
2. He meets ev - 'ry need with the prom - ise, No good thing from His
3. My heart ev - er yearns with a long - ing, To be - hold the great
wealth can un - fold; His grace is a store-house of rich-es to me, His
own to with-hold; So dai - ly I trust in the Cru - ci - fied One, His
joy of my soul, For - ev - er to dwell in the presence of Him, Whose
Chorus.
love is far bet - ter than gold. His love..... is far
His love is far bet - -
bet - ter than gold, ... Its full - ness can nev - er be
ter, far bet-ter than gold, Its fullness can nev - er can
told,..... It makes..... me an heir to the
nev - er be told, It makes me an heir to the

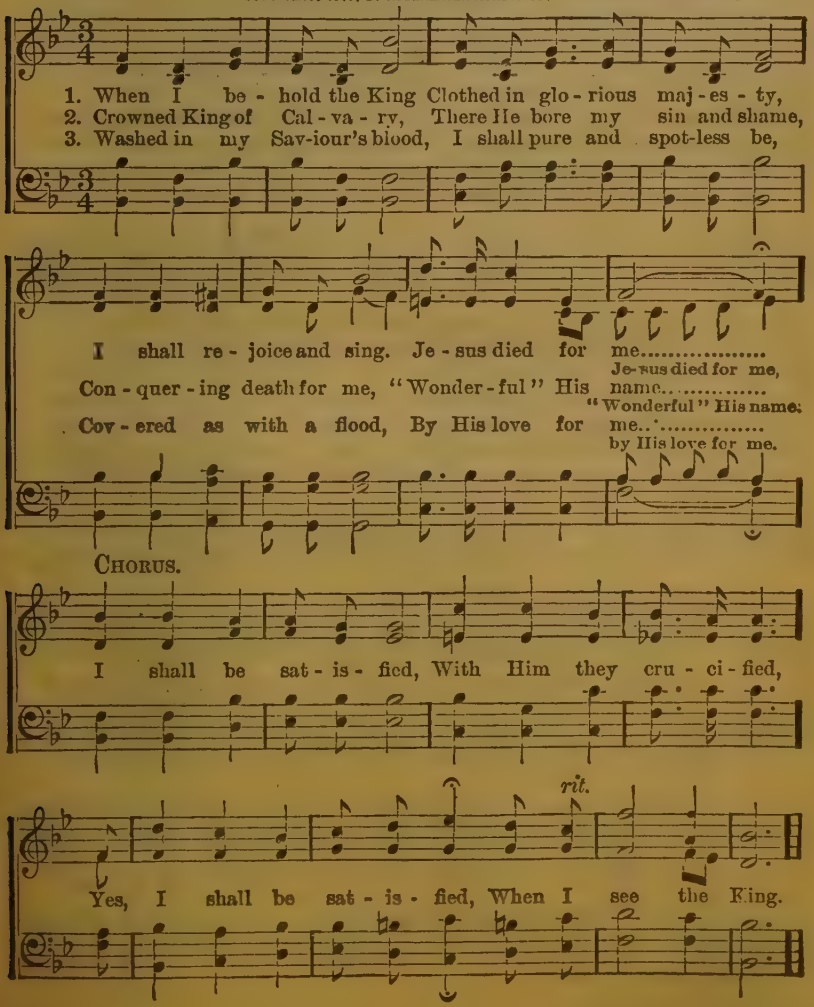
His Love is Far Better Than Gold.



No. 96. When I See the King.

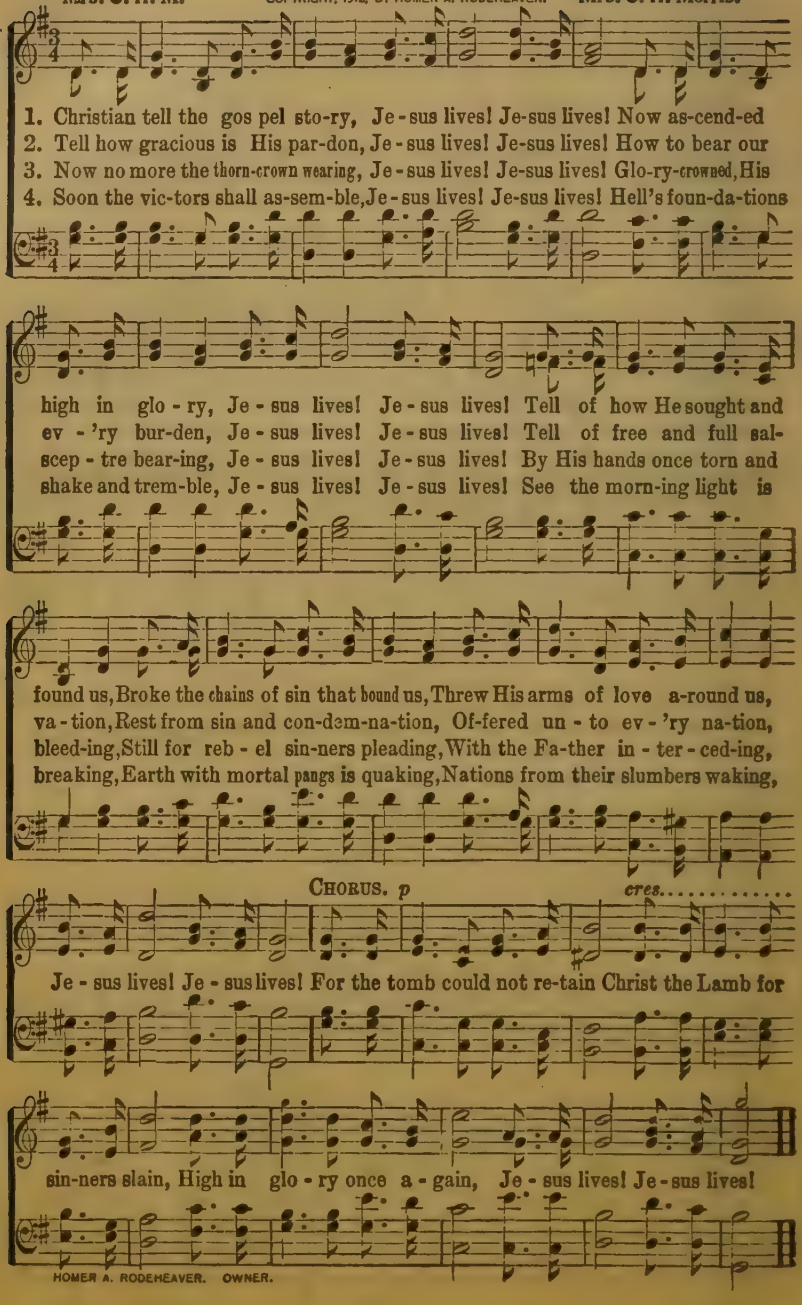
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER OWNER.

A. H. A. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO. Rev. A. H. Ackley.


1. When I be - hold the King Clothed in glo - rious maj - es - ty,
2. Crowned King of Cal - va - ry, There He bore my sin and shame,
3. Washed in my Sav-iour's blood, I shall pure and spot-less be,
I shall re - joice and sing. Je - sus died for me.....
Je-sus died for me,
Con - quer - ing death for me, "Wonder - ful" His name.....
"Wonderful" His name;
Cov - ered as with a flood, By His love for me.....
by His love for me.
CHORUS.
I shall be sat - is - fied, With Him they cru - ci - fied,
rit.
Yes, I shall be sat - is - fied, When I see the King.

No. 97. Jesus Lives!

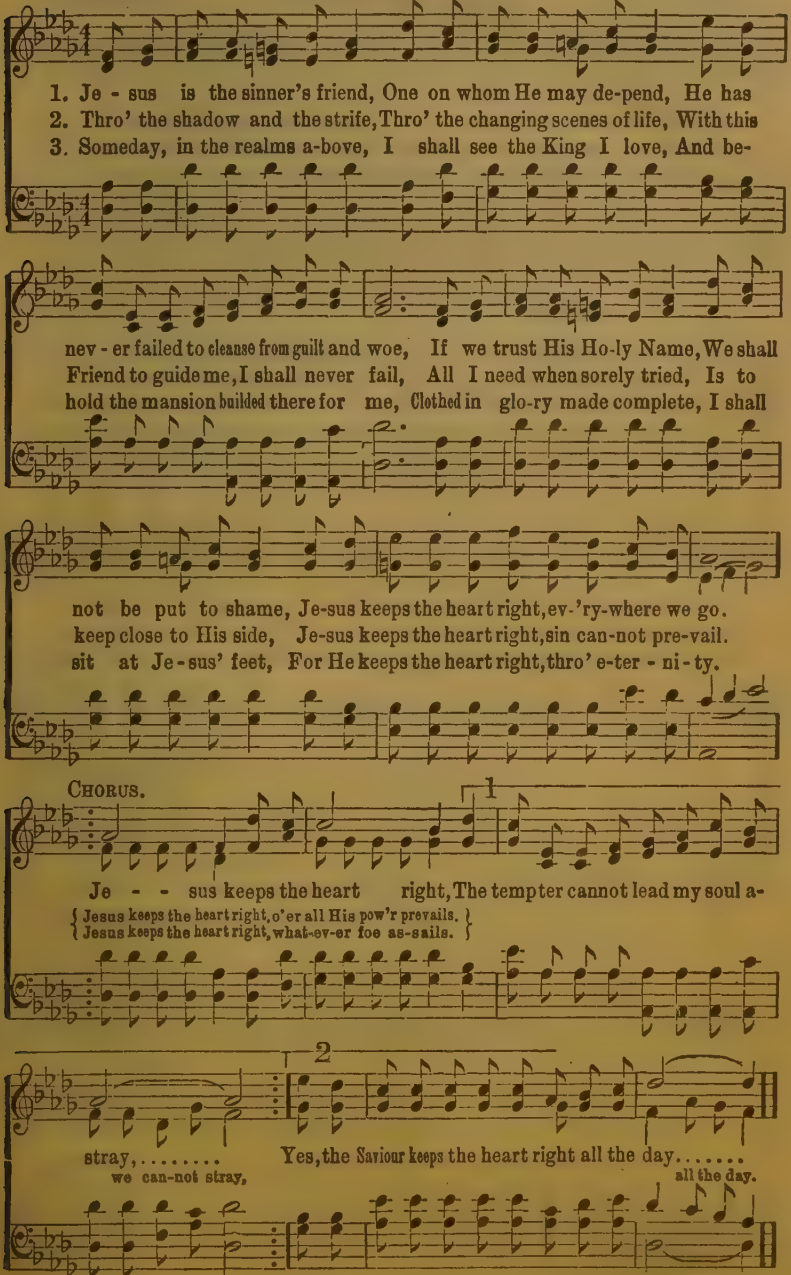
Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. Christian tell the gos pel sto-ry, Je - sus lives! Je-sus lives! Now as-cend-ed
2. Tell how gracious is His par-don, Je - sus lives! Je-sus lives! How to bear our
3. Now no more the thorn-crown wearing, Je - sus lives! Je-sus lives! Glo-ry-crowned, His
4. Soon the vic-tors shall as-sem-ble, Je - sus lives! Je-sus lives! Hell's foun-da-tions
high in glo - ry, Je - sus lives! Je - sus lives! Tell of how He sought and
ev - 'ry bur-den, Je - sus lives! Je - sus lives! Tell of free and full sal-
scep - tre bear-ing, Je - sus lives! Je - sus lives! By His hands once torn and
shake and trem-ble, Je - sus lives! Je - sus lives! See the morn-ing light is
found us, Broke the chains of sin that bound us, Threw His arms of love a-round us,
va - tion, Rest from sin and con-dem-na-tion, Of-fered un - to ev - 'ry na-tion,
bleed-ing, Still for reb - el sin-ners pleading, With the Fa-ther in - ter - ced-ing,
breaking, Earth with mortal pangs is quaking, Nations from their slumbers waking,
CHORUS. p
cres.
Je - sus lives! Je - sus lives! For the tomb could not re-tain Christ the Lamb for
sin-ners slain, High in glo - ry once a - gain, Je - sus lives! Je - sus lives!

HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. OWNER.

No. 98. Jesus Keeps the Heart Right.

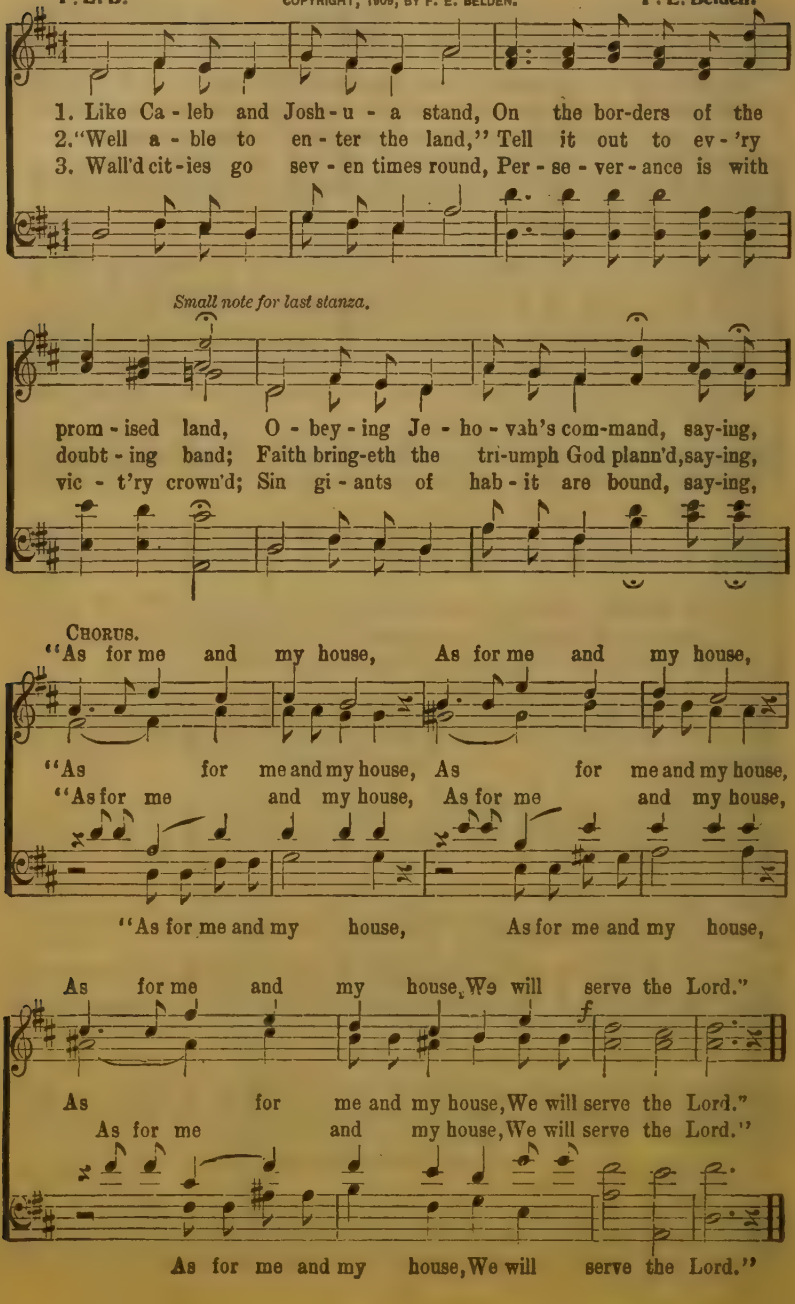
Richard Henry. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. Rev. A. H. Ackley


1. Je - sus is the sinner's friend, One on whom He may de-pend, He has
2. Thro' the shadow and the strife, Thro' the changing scenes of life, With this
3. Someday, in the realms a-bove, I shall see the King I love, And be-
nev - er failed to cleanse from guilt and woe, If we trust His Ho-ly Name, We shall
Friend to guide me, I shall never fail, All I need when sorely tried, Is to
hold the mansion builded there for me, Clothed in glo-ry made complete, I shall
not be put to shame, Je-sus keeps the heart right, ev-'ry-where we go.
keep close to His side, Je-sus keeps the heart right, sin can-not pre-vail.
sit at Je-sus' feet, For He keeps the heart right, thro' e-ter - ni - ty.
CHORUS.
1
Je - - sus keeps the heart right, The tempter cannot lead my soul a-
{ Jesus keeps the heart right, o'er all His pow'r prevails.
Jesus keeps the heart right, what-ev-er foe as-sails. }
2
stray, ...
we can-not stray,
Yes, the Saviour keeps the heart right all the day.....
all the day.

No. 99. "As for Me and My House."

Inscribed to Mrs. F. E. Belden.

F. E. B. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY F. E. BELDEN. F. E. Belden.


1. Like Ca - leb and Josh - u - a stand, On the bor-ders of the
2. "Well a - ble to en - ter the land," Tell it out to ev - 'ry
3. Wall'd cit - ies go sev - en times round, Per - se - ver - ance is with
Small note for last stanza.
prom - ised land, O - bey - ing Je - ho - vah's com-mand, say-ing,
doubt - ing band; Faith bring-eth the tri-umph God plann'd, say-ing,
vic - t'ry crown'd; Sin gi - ants of hab - it are bound, say-ing,
Chorus.
"As for me and my house, As for me and my house,
"As for me and my house, As for me and my house,
"As for me and my house, As for me and my house,
"As for me and my house, As for me and my house,
As for me and my house, We will serve the Lord."
f
As for me and my house, We will serve the Lord."
As for me and my house, We will serve the Lord."
As for me and my house, We will serve the Lord."

No. 100. We Have an Anchor.

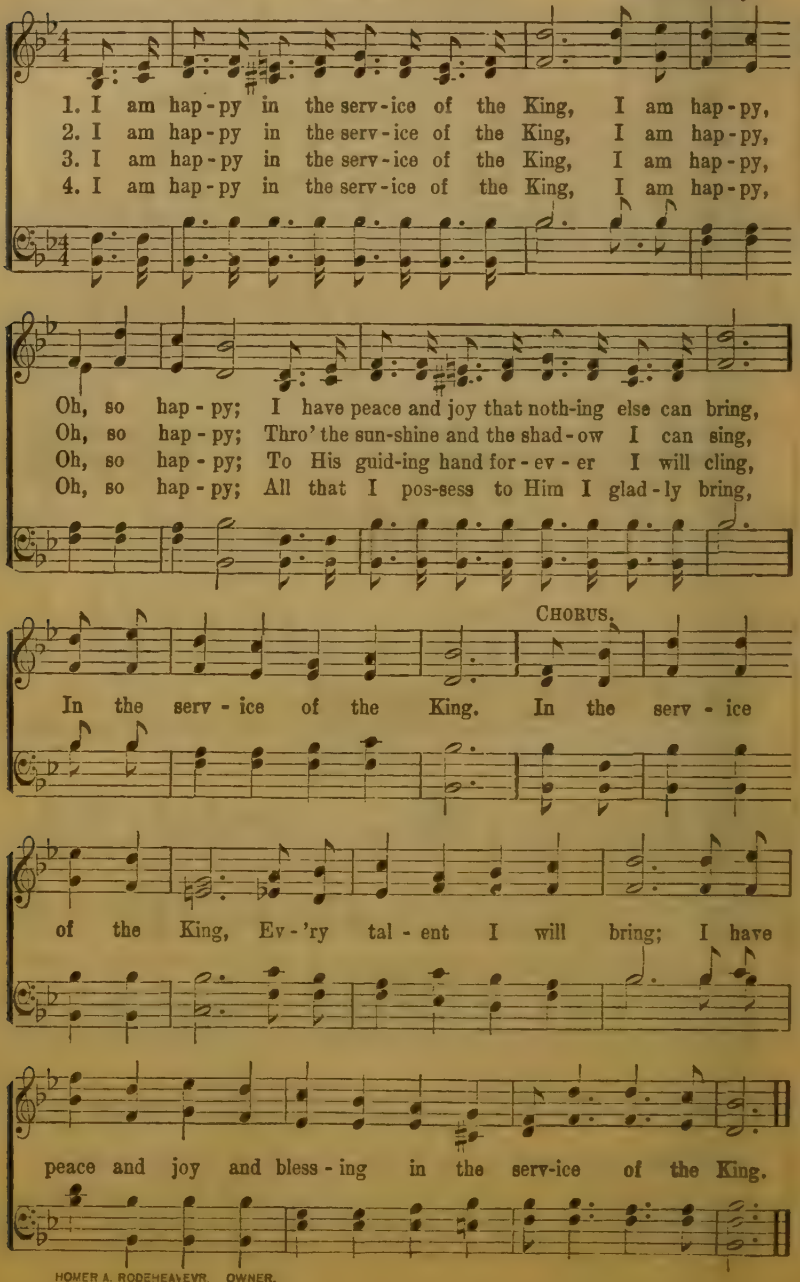
COPYRIGHT, 1882 AND 1910, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Priscilla J. Owens. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Will your an - chor hold in the storms of life, When the clouds un-
2. It is safe - ly moored, 'twill the storm withstand, For 'tis well se-
3. It will firm - ly hold in the straits of fear, When the break-ers
4. It will sure - ly hold in the floods of death, When the wa - ters
5. When our eyes be - hold thro' the gath - 'ring night The cit - y of
fold their wings of strife? When the strong tides lift, and the ca - bles strain,
cured by the Sav-ior's hand; And the ca-bles, passed from His heart to mine,
have told the reef is near, Tho' the tempest rave and the wild winds blow,
cold chill our la - test breath, On the ris - ing tide it can nev - er fail,
gold, our har - bor bright, We shall an - chor fast by the heav'nly shore,
REFRAIN.
Will your an - chor drift, or firm re - main?
Can de - fy the blast, thro' strength di-vine.
Not an an - gry wave shall our bark o'erflow. We have an an - chor that
While our hopes a - bide with - in the veil.
With the storms all past for - ev - er - more.
keeps the soul Steadfast and sure while the bil - lows roll, Fastened to the
Rock which can-not move, Grounded firm and deep in the Sav - ior's love.

No. 101. In the Service of the King.

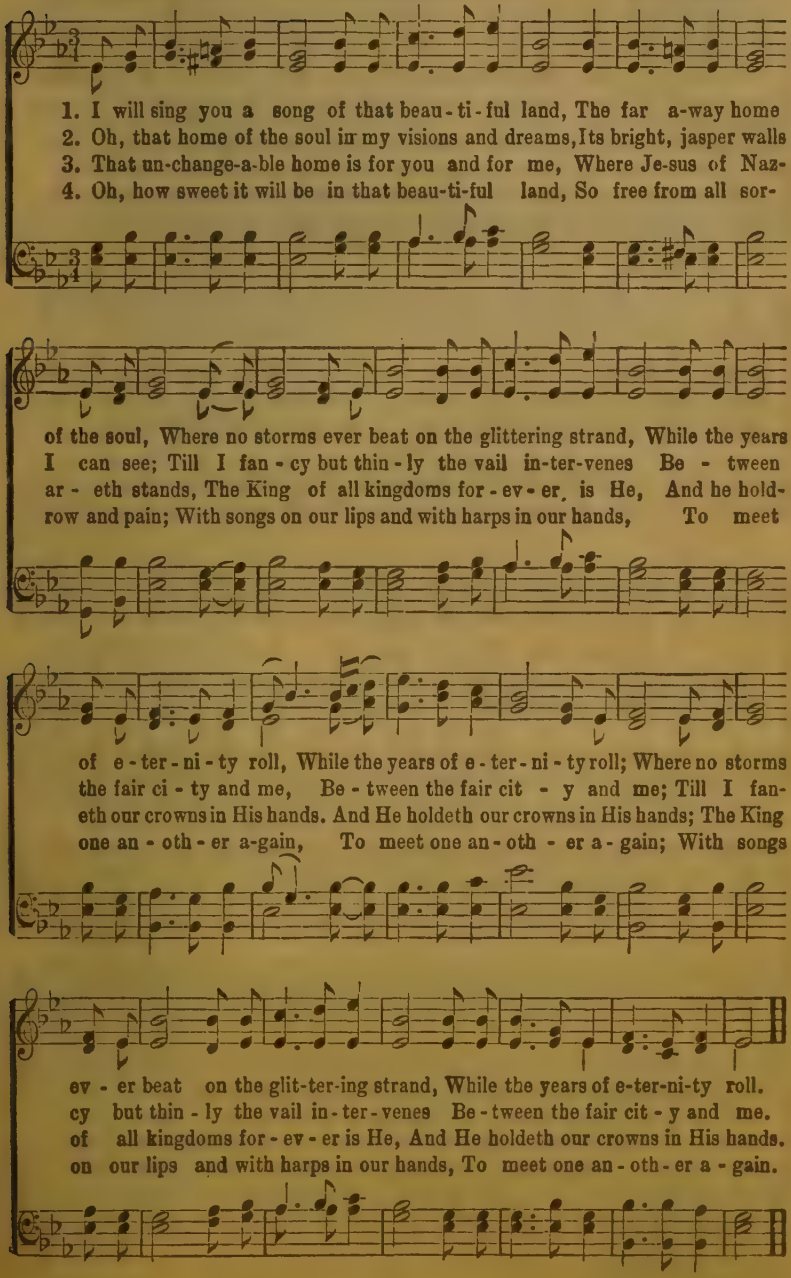
Rev. A. H. Ackley. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY B. D. ACKLEY. B. D. Ackley.


1. I am hap-py in the serv-ice of the King, I am hap-py,
2. I am hap-py in the serv-ice of the King, I am hap-py,
3. I am hap-py in the serv-ice of the King, I am hap-py,
4. I am hap-py in the serv-ice of the King, I am hap-py,
Oh, so hap-py; I have peace and joy that noth-ing else can bring,
Oh, so hap-py; Thro' the sun-shine and the shad-ow I can sing,
Oh, so hap-py; To His guid-ing hand for-ev-er I will cling,
Oh, so hap-py; All that I pos-sess to Him I glad-ly bring,
CHORUS.
In the serv-ice of the King. In the serv-ice
of the King, Ev-'ry tal-ent I will bring; I have
peace and joy and bless-ing in the serv-ice of the King.

HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. OWNER.

No. 102. Home of the Soul.

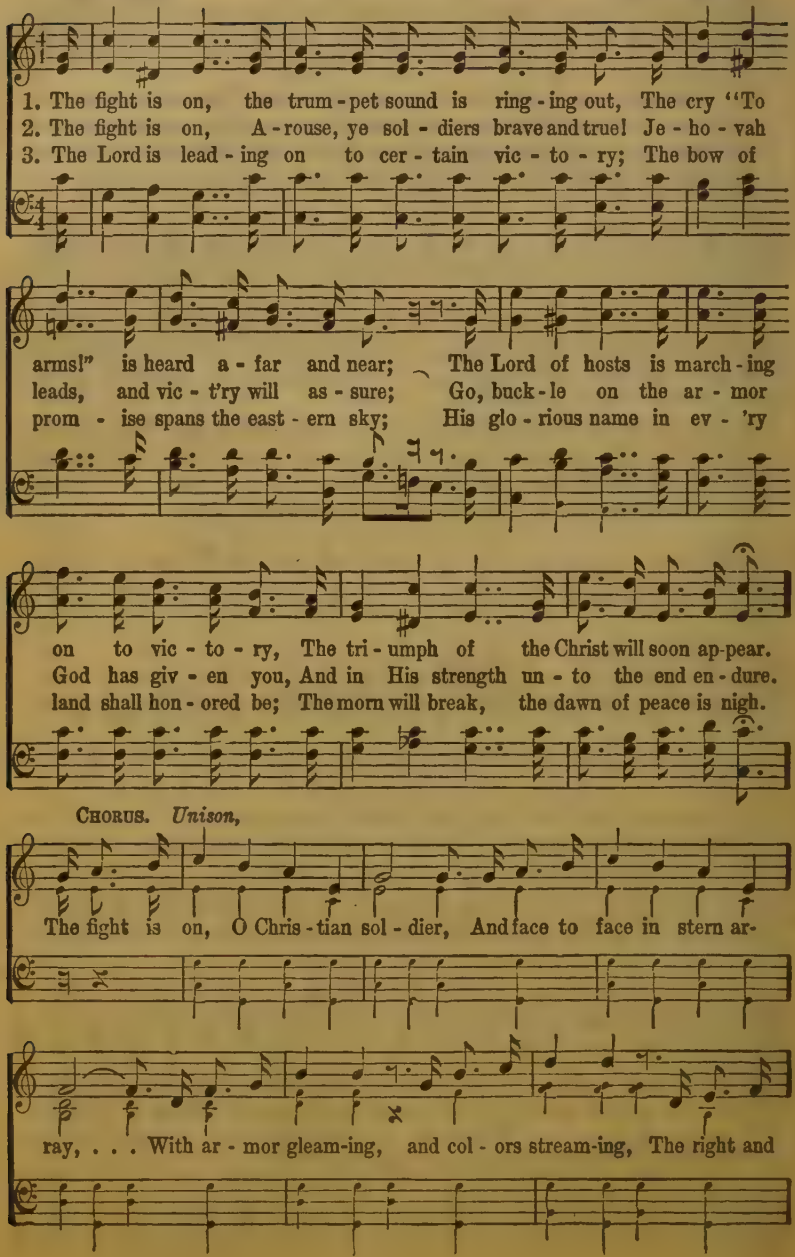
Mrs. Ellen H. Gates. BY PERMISSION. Philip Phillips.


1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti-ful land, The far a-way home
2. Oh, that home of the soul in my visions and dreams, Its bright, jasper walls
3. That un-change-a-ble home is for you and for me, Where Je-sus of Naz-
4. Oh, how sweet it will be in that beau-ti-ful land, So free from all sor-
of the soul, Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand, While the years
I can see; Till I fan-cy but thin-ly the vail in-ter-venes Be-tween
ar-eth stands, The King of all kingdoms for-ev-er is He, And he hold-
row and pain; With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet
of e-ter-ni-ty roll, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll; Where no storms
the fair ci-ty and me, Be-tween the fair cit-y and me; Till I fan-
eth our crowns in His hands. And He holdeth our crowns in His hands; The King
one an-oth-er a-gain, To meet one an-oth-er a-gain; With songs
ev-er beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll.
cy but thin-ly the vail in-ter-venes Be-tween the fair cit-y and me.
of all kingdoms for-ev-er is He, And He holdeth our crowns in His hands.
on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an-oth-er a-gain.

No. 103. The Fight is On.

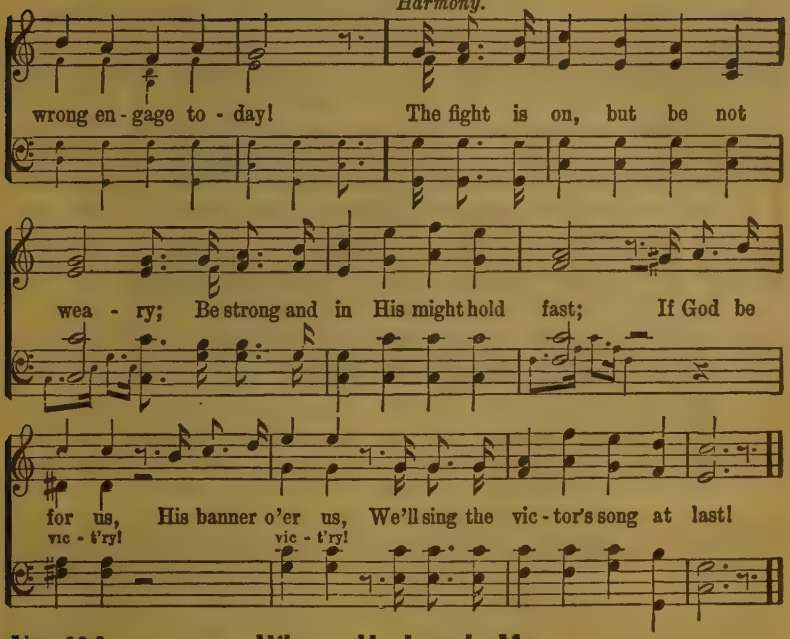
COPYRIGHR, 1905, BY J. WM. KIRKPATRICK.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. The fight is on, the trum - pet sound is ring - ing out, The cry "To
2. The fight is on, A - rouse, ye sol - diers brave and true! Je - ho - vah
3. The Lord is lead - ing on to cer - tain vic - to - ry; The bow of
arms!" is heard a - far and near; The Lord of hosts is march - ing
leads, and vic - t'ry will as - sure; Go, buck - le on the ar - mor
prom - ise spans the east - ern sky; His glo - rious name in ev - 'ry
on to vic - to - ry, The tri - umph of the Christ will soon ap - pear.
God has giv - en you, And in His strength un - to the end en - dure.
land shall hon - ored be; The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.
CHORUS. Unison,
The fight is on, O Chris - tian sol - dier, And face to face in stern ar-
ray, . . . With ar - mor gleam - ing, and col - ors stream - ing, The right and

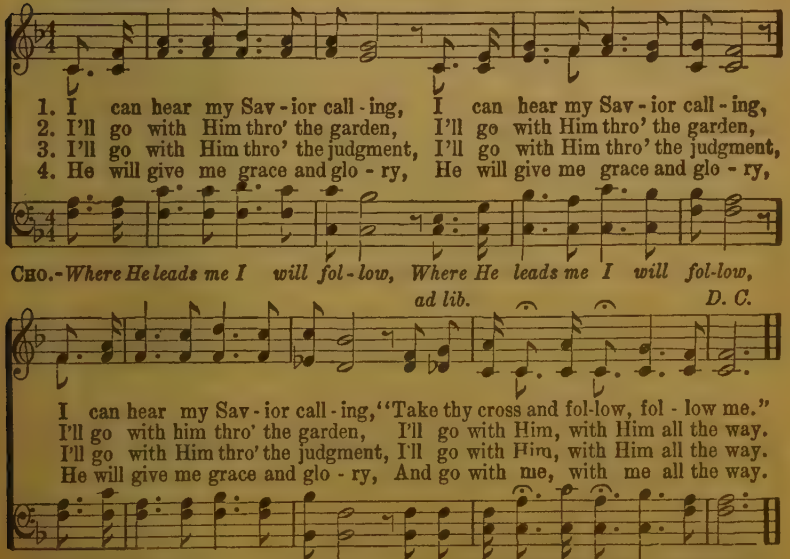
The Fight is On.

Harmony.


wrong en - gage to - day! The fight is on, but be not
wea - ry; Be strong and in His might hold fast; If God be
for us, His banner o'er us, We'll sing the vic - tor's song at last!
vic - t'ry! vic - t'ry!

No. 104. Where He Leads Me.

E. W. Blandly. **Arr.**


1. I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him thro' the garden,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,
CHO.-*Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,*
ad lib. *D. C.*
I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol - low me."
I'll go with him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.
Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

No. 105. The Hallelujah Song.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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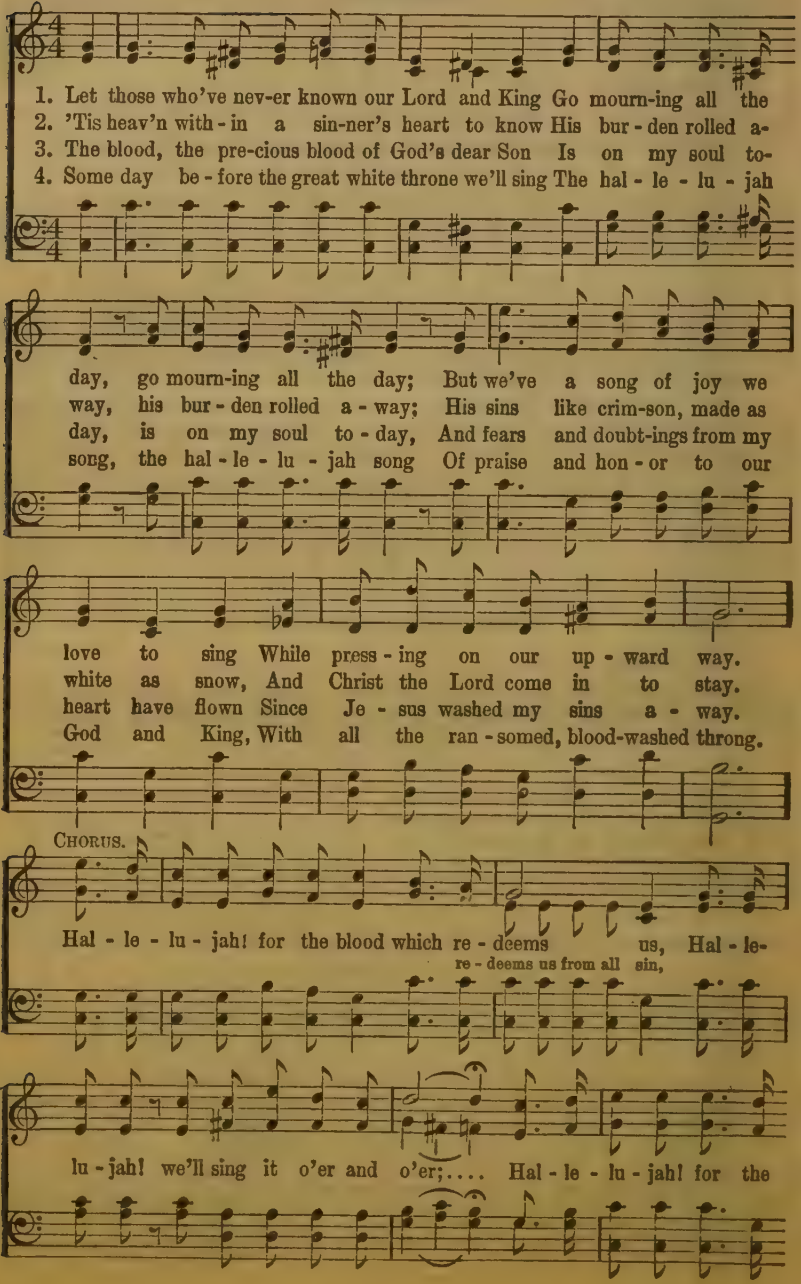
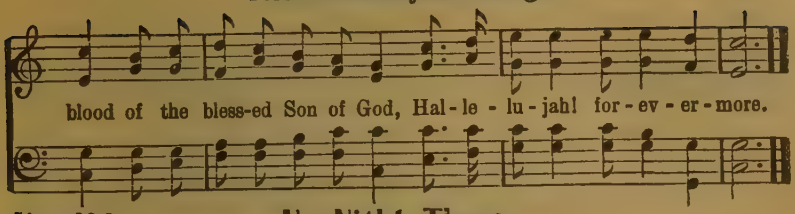
Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. Let those who've nev-er known our Lord and King Go mourn-ing all the day, go mourn-ing all the day; But we've a song of joy we
2. 'Tis heav'n with-in a sin-ner's heart to know His bur-den rolled a-way, his bur-den rolled a-way; His sins like crim-son, made as
3. The blood, the pre-cious blood of God's dear Son Is on my soul to-day, is on my soul to-day, And fears and doubt-ings from my
4. Some day be-fore the great white throne we'll sing The hal-le-lu-jah song, the hal-le-lu-jah song Of praise and hon-or to our
love to sing While press-ing on our up-ward way.
white as snow, And Christ the Lord come in to stay.
heart have flown Since Je-sus washed my sins a-way.
God and King, With all the ran-somed, blood-washed throng.
CHORUS.
Hal-le-lu-jah! for the blood which re-deems us, Hal-le-
re-deems us from all sin,
lu-jah! we'll sing it o'er and o'er;.... Hal-le-lu-jah! for the

The Hallelujah Song.

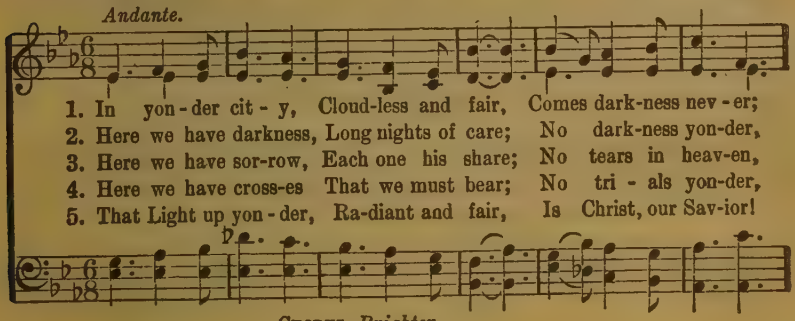


No. 106. No Night There.

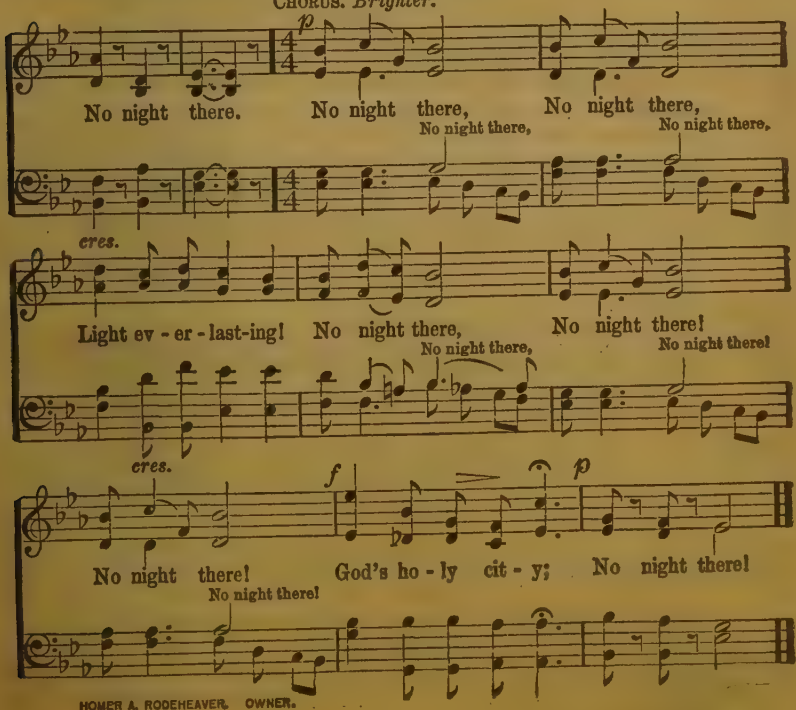
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY J. B. HERBERT.

Johnson Oatman, Jr. J. B. Herbert.

Andante.


1. In yon-der cit-y, Cloud-less and fair, Comes dark-ness nev-er;
2. Here we have darkness, Long nights of care; No dark-ness yon-der,
3. Here we have sor-row, Each one his share; No tears in heav-en,
4. Here we have cross-es That we must bear; No tri-als yon-der,
5. That Light up yon-der, Ra-diant and fair, Is Christ, our Sav-ior!

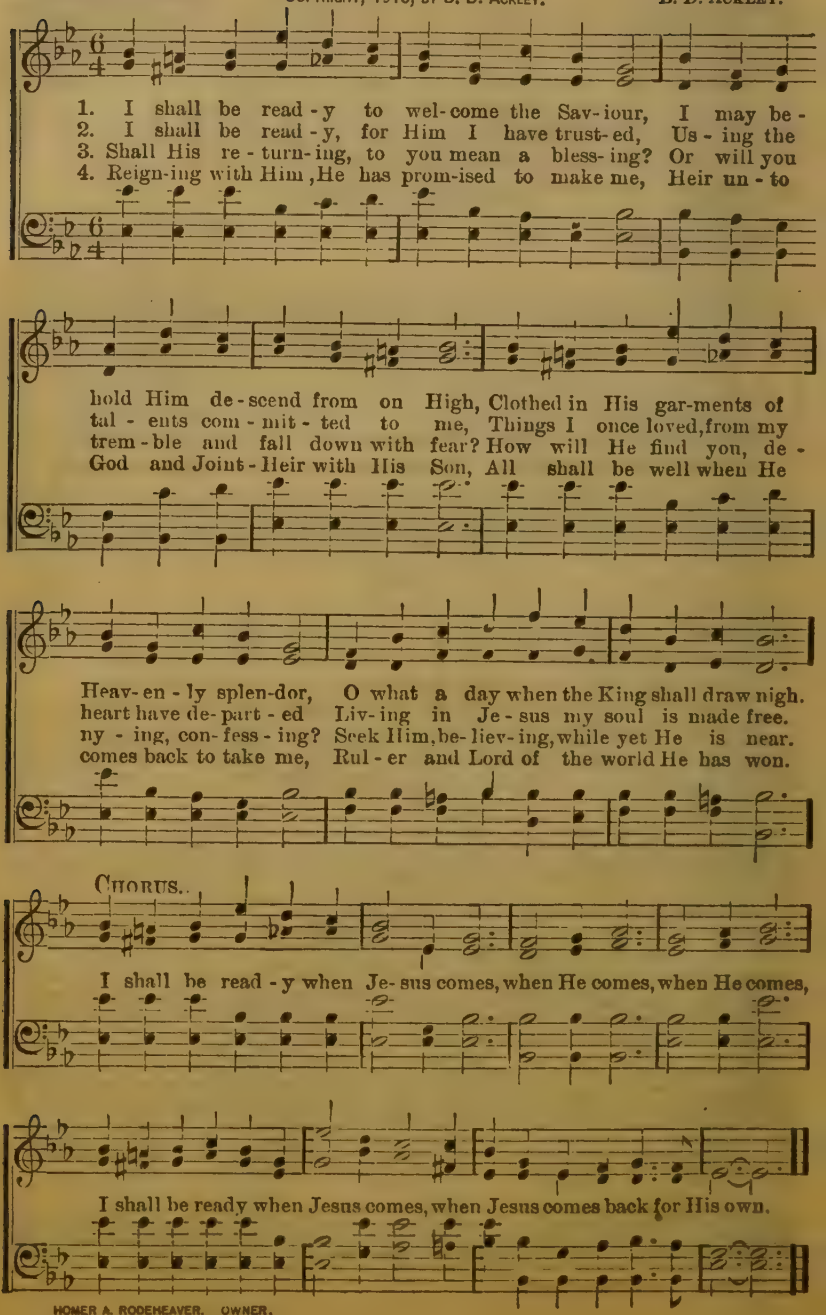
CHORUS. *Brighter.*


No night there. No night there, No night there,
No night there, No night there,
Light ev-er-last-ing! No night there, No night there!
No night there, No night there!
No night there! God's ho-ly cit-y; No night there!
No night there!

HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

107. I Shall Be Ready.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. Copyright, 1913, by B. D. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.


1. I shall be read - y to wel-come the Sav-iour, I may be -
2. I shall be read - y, for Him I have trust-ed, Us - ing the
3. Shall His re - turn-ing, to you mean a bless-ing? Or will you
4. Reign-ing with Him, He has prom-ised to make me, Heir un - to
hold Him de-scend from on High, Clothed in His gar-ments of
tal - ents com - mit - ted to me, Things I once loved, from my
trem-ble and fall down with fear? How will He find you, de -
God and Joint-Heir with His Son, All shall be well when He
Heav-en - ly splen-dor, O what a day when the King shall draw nigh.
heart have de-part - ed Liv-ing in Je - sus my soul is made free.
ny - ing, con-fess - ing? Seek Him, be-liev-ing, while yet He is near.
comes back to take me, Rul - er and Lord of the world He has won.
Chorus.
I shall be read - y when Je-sus comes, when He comes, when He comes,
I shall be ready when Jesus comes, when Jesus comes back for His own.

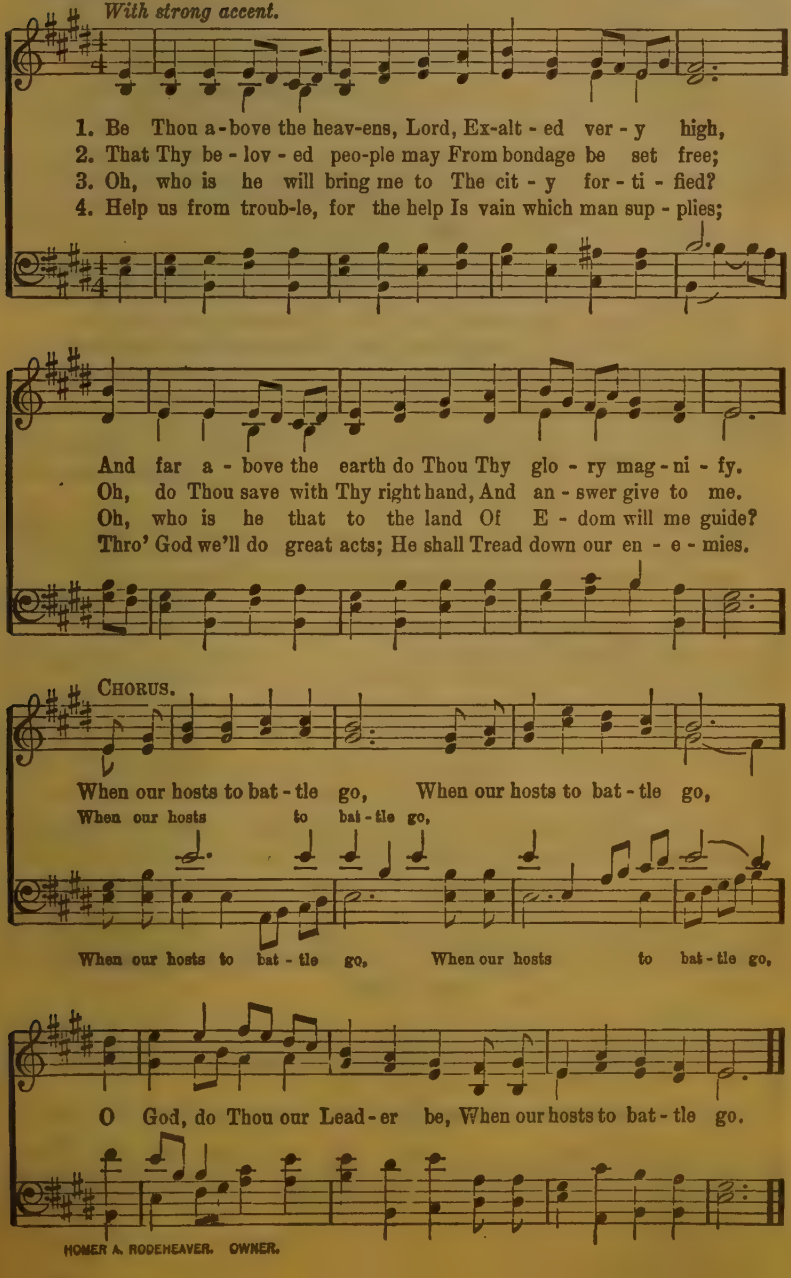
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

No. 108. When Our Hosts to Battle Go.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY J. B. HERBERT.

Psalm 108. J. B. Herbert.

With strong accent.


1. Be Thou a-bove the heav-ens, Lord, Ex-alt-ed ver-y high,
2. That Thy be-lov-ed peo-ple may From bondage be set free;
3. Oh, who is he will bring me to The cit-y for-ti-fied?
4. Help us from troub-le, for the help Is vain which man sup-plies;
And far a-bove the earth do Thou Thy glo-ry mag-ni-fy.
Oh, do Thou save with Thy right hand, And an-swer give to me.
Oh, who is he that to the land Of E-dom will me guide?
Thro' God we'll do great acts; He shall Tread down our en-e-mies.
CHORUS.
When our hosts to bat-tle go, When our hosts to bat-tle go,
When our hosts to bat-tle go,
When our hosts to bat-tle go, When our hosts to bat-tle go,
O God, do Thou our Lead-er be, When our hosts to bat-tle go.

HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. OWNER.

No. 109. At the Place of Prayer.

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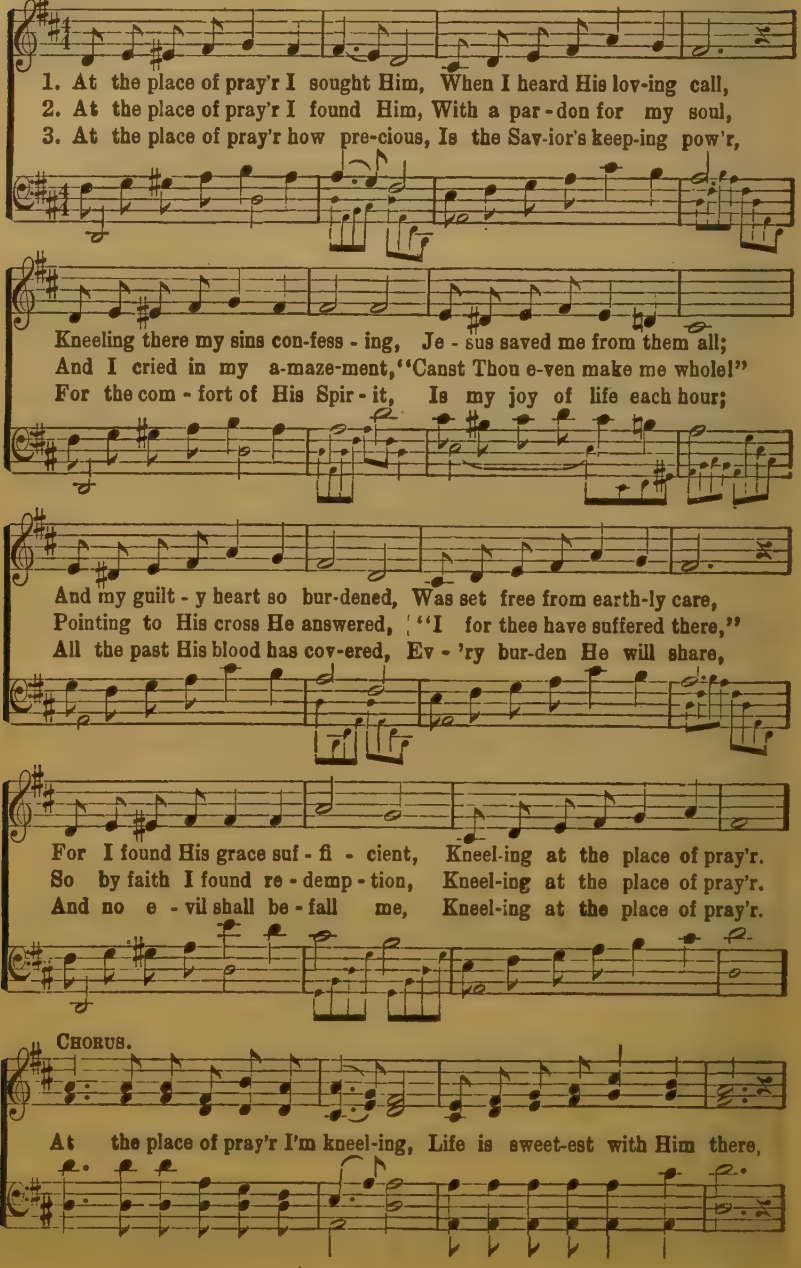
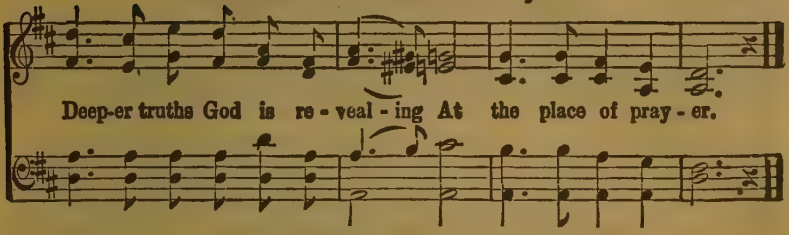
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.


1. At the place of pray'r I sought Him, When I heard His lov-ing call,
2. At the place of pray'r I found Him, With a par-don for my soul,
3. At the place of pray'r how pre-cious, Is the Sav-ior's keep-ing pow'r,
Kneeling there my sins con-fess-ing, Je-sus saved me from them all;
And I cried in my a-maze-ment, "Canst Thou e-ven make me whole!"
For the com-fort of His Spir-it, Is my joy of life each hour;
And my guilt-y heart so bur-dened, Was set free from earth-ly care,
Pointing to His cross He answered, "I for thee have suffered there,"
All the past His blood has cov-ered, Ev-'ry bur-den He will share,
For I found His grace suf-fi-cient, Kneel-ing at the place of pray'r.
So by faith I found re-demp-tion, Kneel-ing at the place of pray'r.
And no e-vil shall be-fall me, Kneel-ing at the place of pray'r.
CHORUS.
At the place of pray'r I'm kneel-ing, Life is sweet-est with Him there,

At the Place of Prayer.



No. 110. Open My Eyes, That I May See.

C. H. S.

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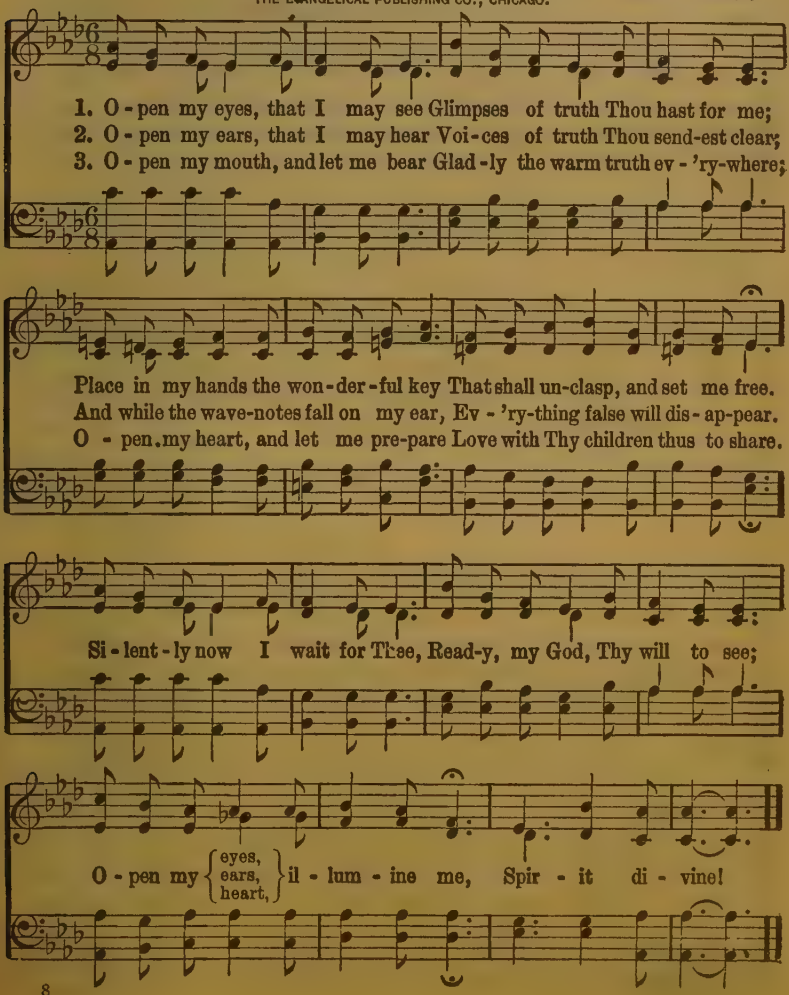
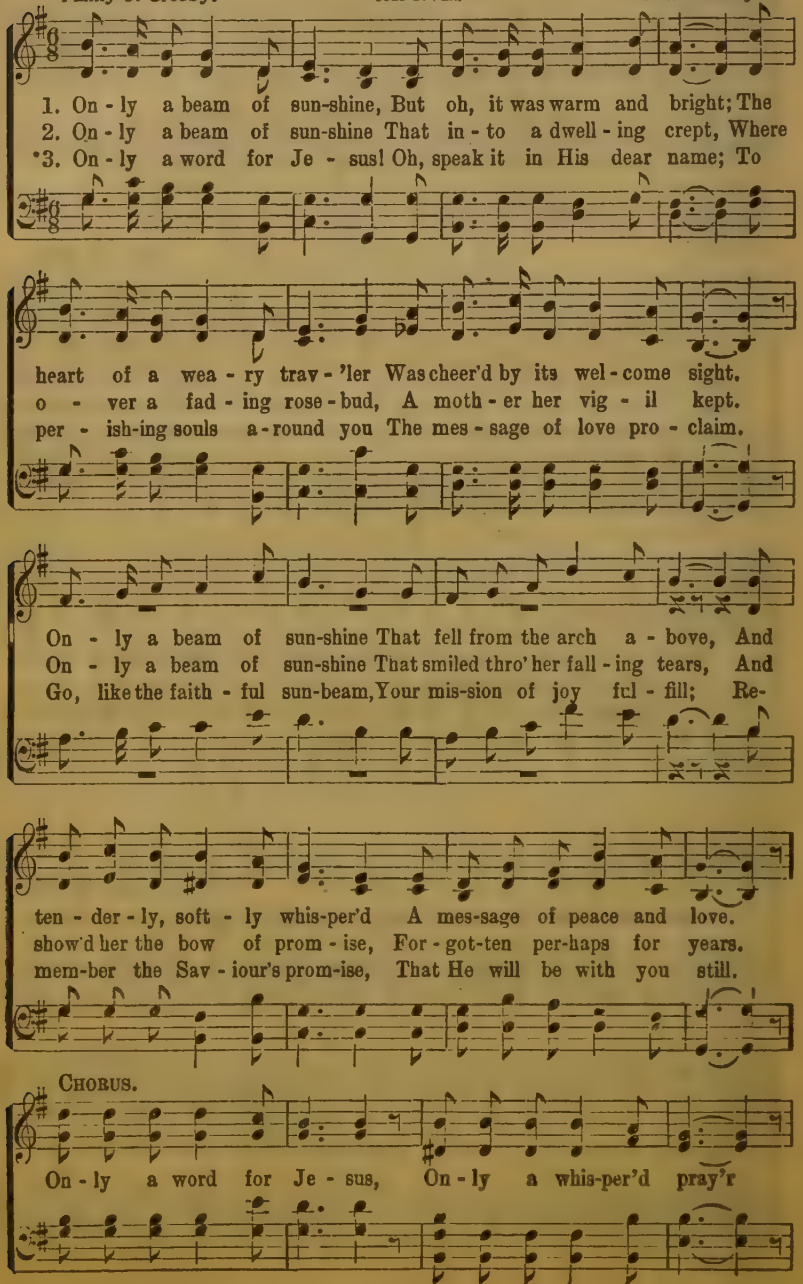
Chas. H. Scott.

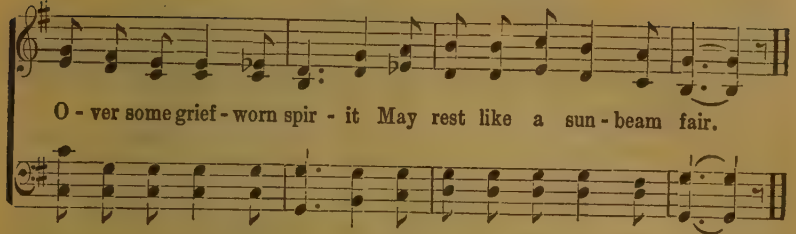

1. O - pen my eyes, that I may see Glimpses of truth Thou hast for me;
2. O - pen my ears, that I may hear Voi - ces of truth Thou send-est clear;
3. O - pen my mouth, and let me bear Glad - ly the warm truth ev - 'ry-where;
Place in my hands the won - der - ful key That shall un-clasp, and set me free.
And while the wave-notes fall on my ear, Ev - 'ry-thing false will dis - ap-pear.
O - pen my heart, and let me pre-pare Love with Thy children thus to share.
Si - lent - ly now I wait for Thee, Read-y, my God, Thy will to see;
O - pen my { eyes, ears, heart, } il - lum - ine me, Spir - it di - vine!

No. 111. Only a Beam of Sunshine.

Fanny J. Crosby. USED BY PER. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. On - ly a beam of sun-shine, But oh, it was warm and bright; The
2. On - ly a beam of sun-shine That in - to a dwell - ing crept, Where
3. On - ly a word for Je - sus! Oh, speak it in His dear name; To
heart of a wea - ry trav - 'ler Was cheer'd by its wel - come sight.
o - ver a fad - ing rose - bud, A moth - er her vig - il kept.
per - ish-ing souls a - round you The mes - sage of love pro - claim.
On - ly a beam of sun-shine That fell from the arch a - bove, And
On - ly a beam of sun-shine That smiled thro' her fall - ing tears, And
Go, like the faith - ful sun-beam, Your mis-sion of joy ful - fill; Re-
ten - der - ly, soft - ly whis-per'd A mes-sage of peace and love.
show'd her the bow of prom - ise, For - got-ten per-haps for years.
mem-ber the Sav - iour's prom-ise, That He will be with you still.
CHORUS.
On - ly a word for Je - sus, On - ly a whis-per'd pray'r

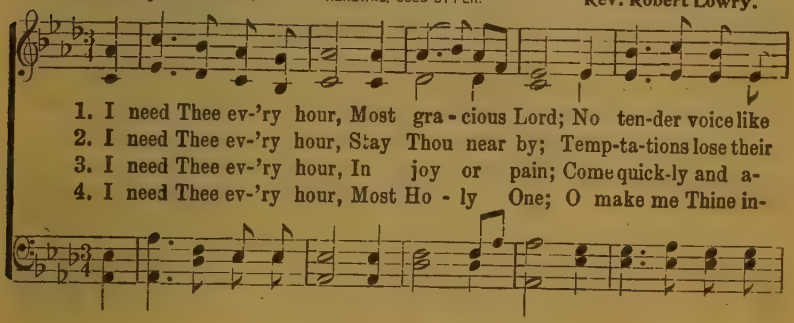
Only a Beam of Sunshine.



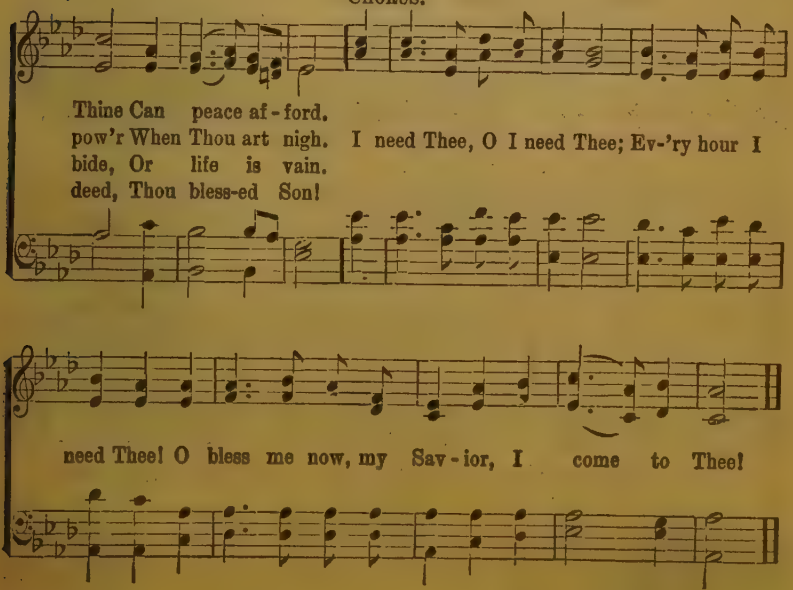
No. 112. I Need Thee Every Hour.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY.
RENEWAL, USED BY PER.

Mrs. Mary S. Hawks. Rev. Robert Lowry.


1. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten-der voice like
2. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp-ta-tions lose their
3. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick-ly and a-
4. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me Thine in-

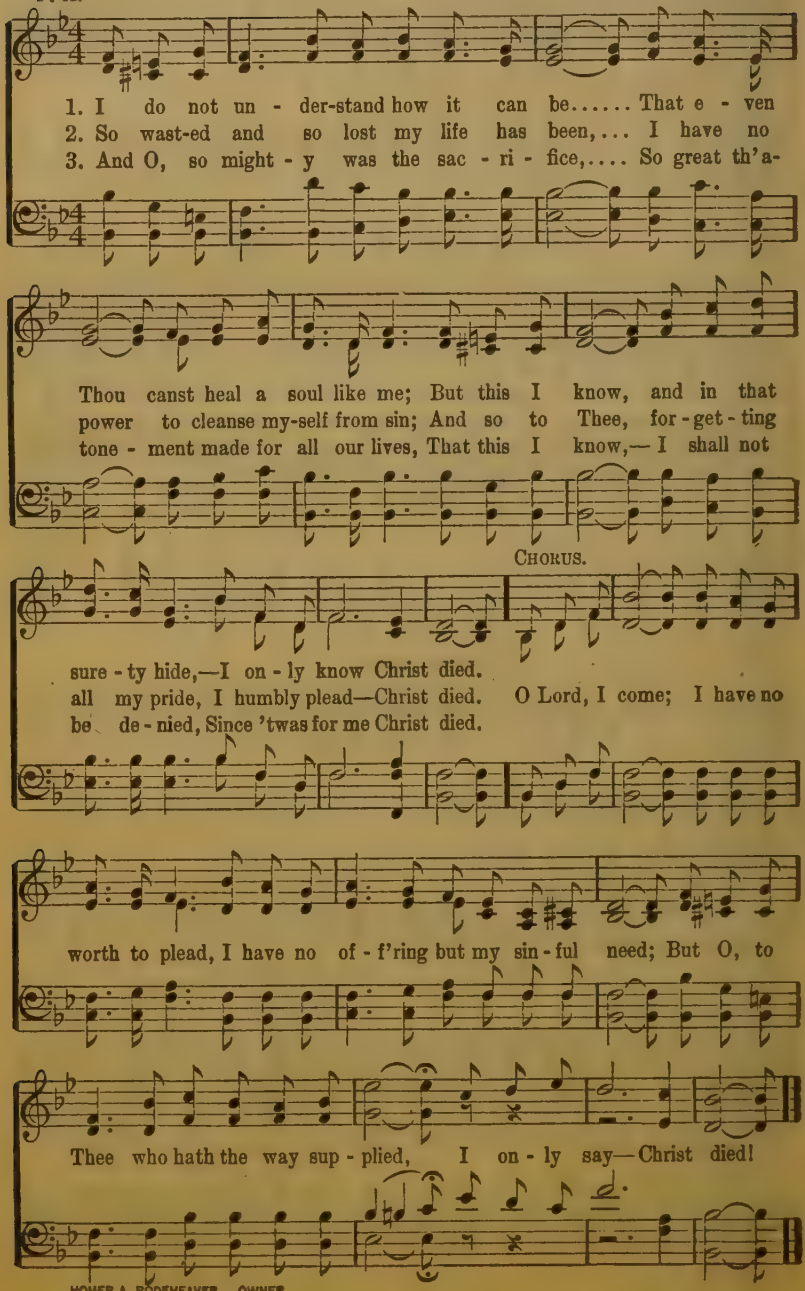
CHORUS.


Thine Can peace af - ford.
pow'r When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, O I need Thee; Ev-'ry hour I
bide, Or life is vain.
deed, Thou bless-ed Son!
need Thee! O bless me now, my Sav - ior, I come to Thee!

No. 113 Christ Died.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY HOMER RODEHEAVER.

F. A. Frances Abernethy.


1. I do not un - der-stand how it can be..... That e - ven
2. So wast-ed and so lost my life has been,... I have no
3. And O, so might - y was the sac - ri - fice,.... So great th'a-
Thou canst heal a soul like me; But this I know, and in that
power to cleanse my-self from sin; And so to Thee, for - get - ting
tone - ment made for all our lives, That this I know,— I shall not
CHORUS.
sure - ty hide,—I on - ly know Christ died.
all my pride, I humbly plead—Christ died. O Lord, I come; I have no
be de - nied, Since 'twas for me Christ died.
worth to plead, I have no of - f'ring but my sin - ful need; But O, to
Thee who hath the way sup - plied, I on - ly say—Christ died!

HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

No. 114. Because I Love Jesus.

James Rowe.

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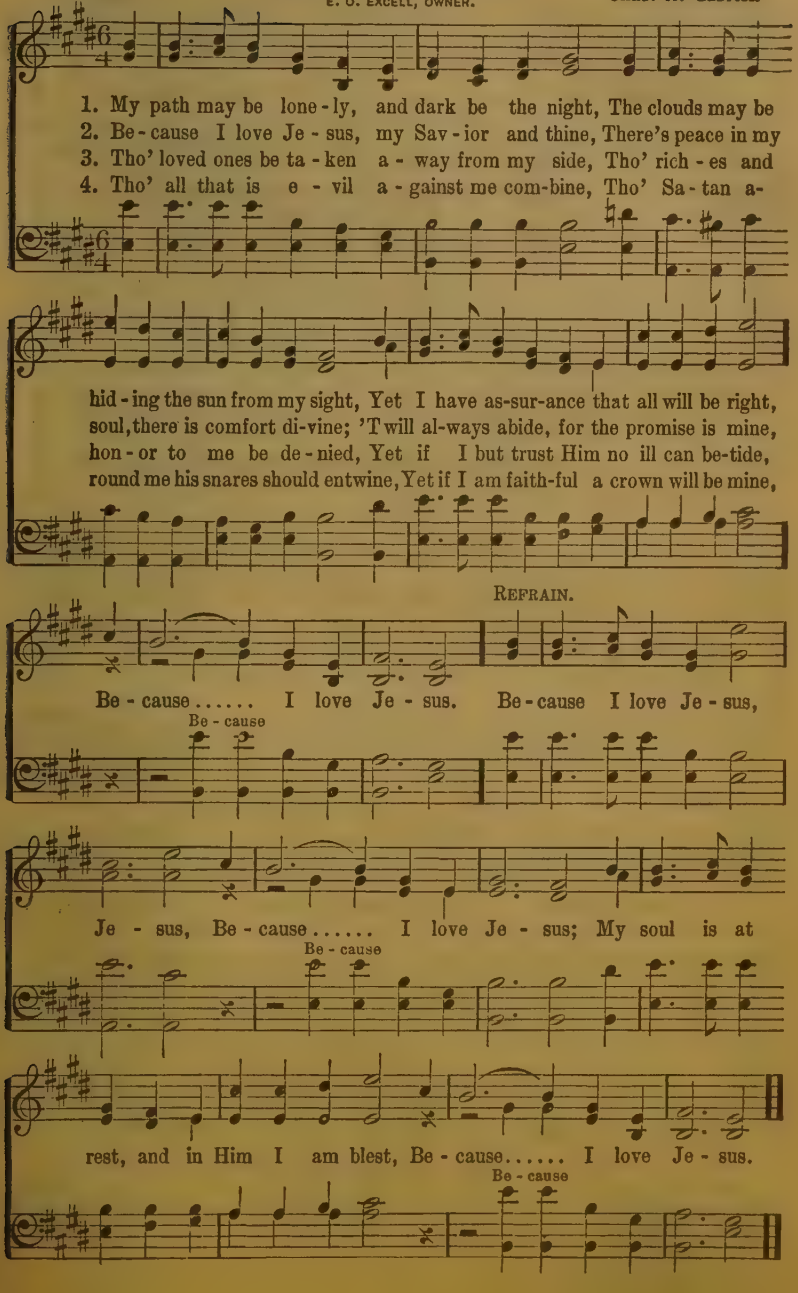
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. My path may be lone-ly, and dark be the night, The clouds may be
2. Be-cause I love Je-sus, my Sav-ior and thine, There's peace in my
3. Tho' loved ones be ta-ken a-way from my side, Tho' rich-es and
4. Tho' all that is e-vil a-gainst me com-bine, Tho' Sa-tan a-
hid-ing the sun from my sight, Yet I have as-sur-ance that all will be right,
soul, there is comfort di-vine; 'T will al-ways abide, for the promise is mine,
hon-or to me be de-nied, Yet if I but trust Him no ill can be-tide,
round me his snares should entwine, Yet if I am faith-ful a crown will be mine,
REFRAIN.
Be-cause..... I love Je-sus. Be-cause I love Je-sus,
Be-cause
Je-sus, Be-cause..... I love Je-sus; My soul is at
Be-cause
rest, and in Him I am blest, Be-cause..... I love Je-sus.
Be-cause

No. 115. The Earth is the Lord's.

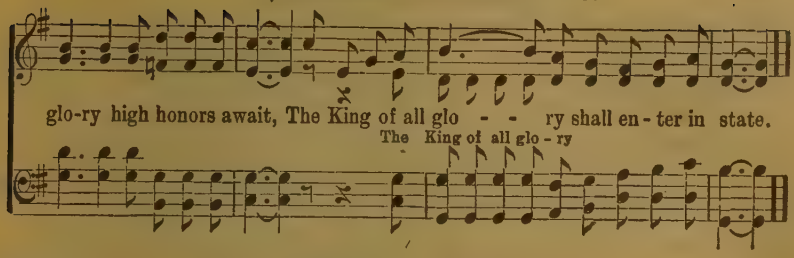
Psalm 24.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY R. A. WALTON, OWINGSVILLE, KY.
W. E. BIEDERWOLF, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. The earth and the ful - ness with which it is stored, The world and its
dwell - ers be - long to the Lord; For He on the seas its foun-
da - tion hath laid, And firm on the wa - ters its pil - lars hath laid.
2. Oh, who shall the hill of Je - ho - vah as - cend, Or who in the
place of His ho - li - ness stand? The man of pure heart and of
hands with-out stain, Who swears not to false-hood, nor loves what is vain.
3. He shall from Je - ho - vah the bless-ing re - ceive, The God of sal-
va - tion shall right-eous-ness give; Ye gates, lift your heads, and an
en-trance dis - play; Ye doors ev - er - last - ing, wide o - pen the way.
CHORUS.
Be lift-ed, ye gates, ... to the beau-ti-ful way; . . . . . Ye doors ev-er-
Be lift-ed, ye gates, to the beau-ti-ful way; Ye
last - - - ing, an en-trance dis - play; . . . . . The King of all
doors ev - er - last - ing, an en - trance dis-play;

The Earth is the Lord's.



No. 116. The Shadow of Thy Wing.

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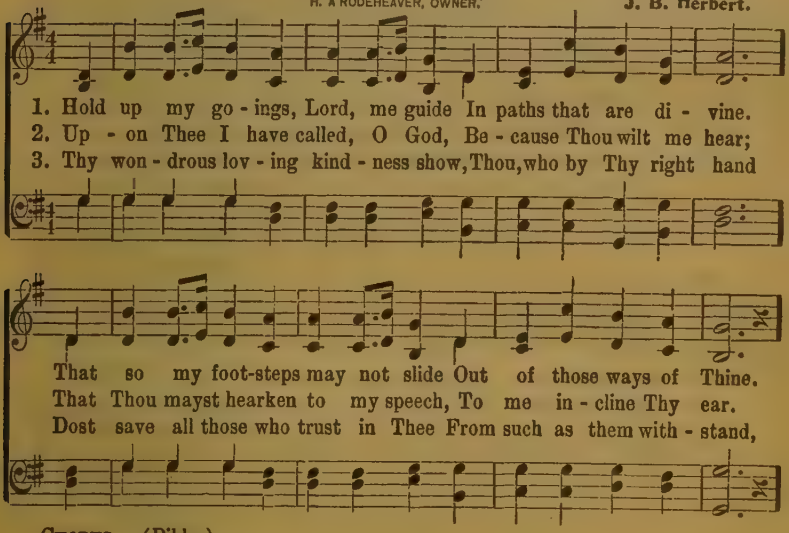
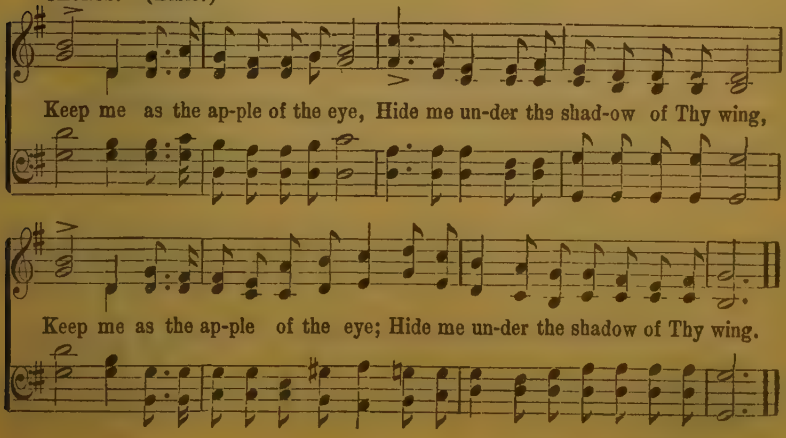
H. A RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

C. M. Psalm 17: 5-7.
J. B. Herbert.


1. Hold up my go - ings, Lord, me guide In paths that are di - vine.
2. Up - on Thee I have called, O God, Be - cause Thou wilt me hear;
3. Thy won - drous lov - ing kind - ness show, Thou, who by Thy right hand
That so my foot-steps may not slide Out of those ways of Thine.
That Thou mayst hearken to my speech, To me in - cline Thy ear.
Dost save all those who trust in Thee From such as them with - stand,

CHORUS. (Bible.)


Keep me as the ap-ple of the eye, Hide me un-der the shad-ow of Thy wing,
Keep me as the ap-ple of the eye; Hide me un-der the shadow of Thy wing.

117. Jesus is Coming.

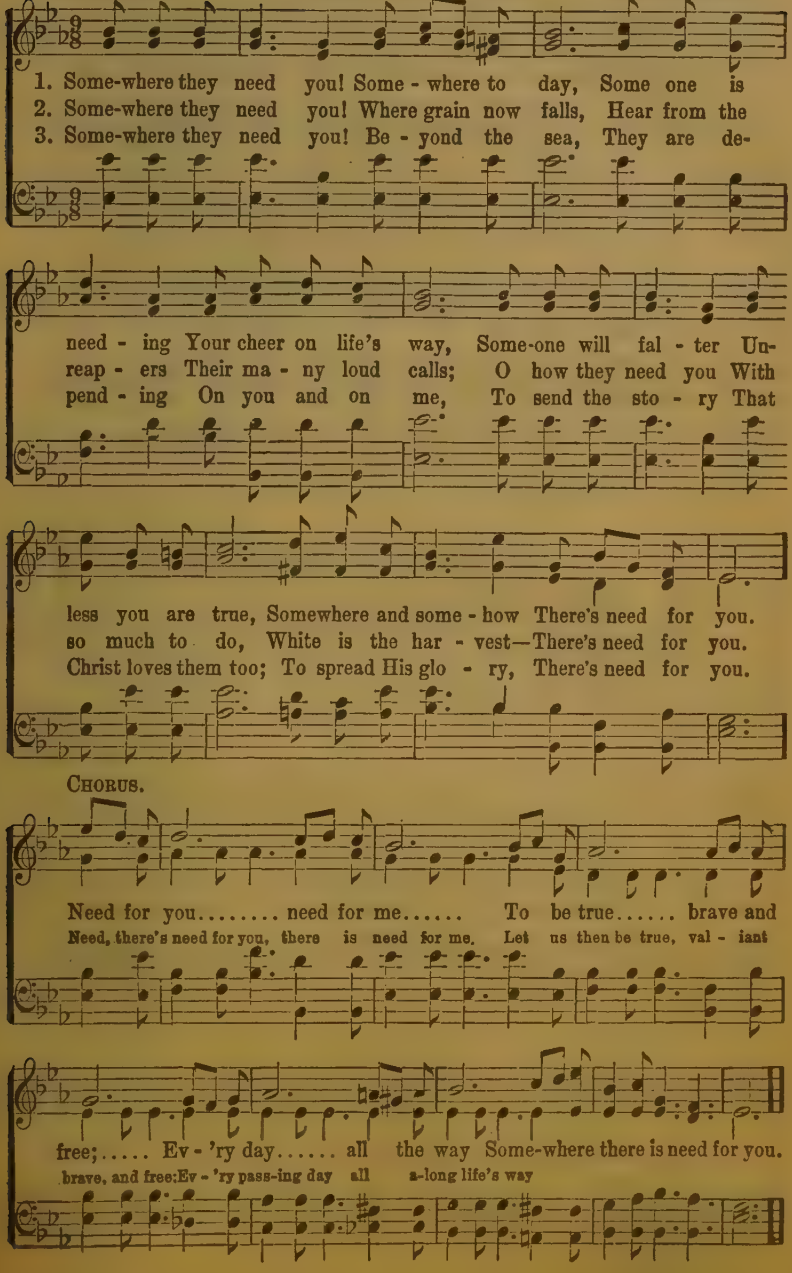
Rev. Ford C. Ottman. Copyright, 1913, by B. D. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.

1. Hear the glad tidings, O Bride of the Bridegroom! Rouse ye from slumber, the
2. Loins should be girded and lights should be burning, Watchmen are sounding the
3. Cloudless the morning for which we have waited, Wait-ed so wea-ri-ly
4. Sleep-ing or wak-ing, redeem'd ones to-geth-er, Caught up, the King in His
night is far gone; Mys-tic in splen-dor, the morn-ing star shin-eth,
Jub-i-lee horn; Zi-on, her head from the dust is now lift-ing,
wait-ed so long! Now it is com-ing, O sing Hal-le-lu-jah!
beau-ty shall see; Death with its sting, shall a-gain threaten nev-er;
Chorus.
Her-ald-ing ev-er the near-ing of dawn.
Hail-ing the break of that glo-ri-ous morn.
Sing it! For this is the true glo-ry song.
We, like our Lord shall for-ev-er-more be.
Je-sus is com-ing, O
sing Hal-le-lu-jah! Je-sus is com-ing, in glo-ry to reign; Yes, He is
com-ing, O sing Hal-le-lu-jah, Je-sus is com-ing a-gain . . .
is coming a-gain.

HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. OWNER.

No. 118. Need for You.

W. C. Poole. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Some-where they need you! Some - where to day, Some one is
2. Some-where they need you! Where grain now falls, Hear from the
3. Some-where they need you! Be - yond the sea, They are de-
need - ing Your cheer on life's way, Some-one will fal - ter Un-
reap - ers Their ma - ny loud calls; O how they need you With
pend - ing On you and on me, To send the sto - ry That
less you are true, Somewhere and some - how There's need for you.
so much to do, White is the har - vest—There's need for you.
Christ loves them too; To spread His glo - ry, There's need for you.
CHORUS.
Need for you..... need for me..... To be true..... brave and
Need, there's need for you, there is need for me. Let us then be true, val - iant
free;..... Ev - 'ry day..... all the way Some-where there is need for you.
brave, and free: Ev - 'ry pass-ing day all a-long life's way

No. 119. Elijah's God Still Lives.

Rev. W. G.

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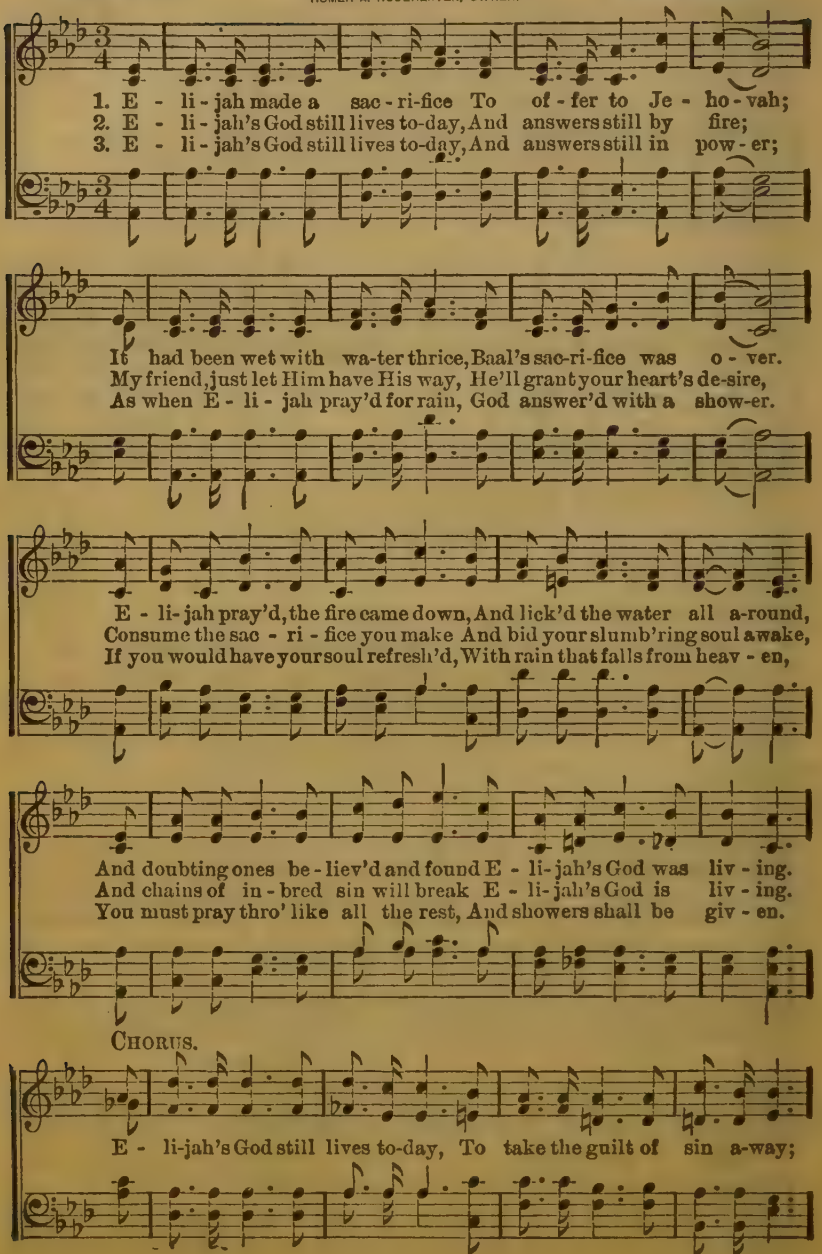
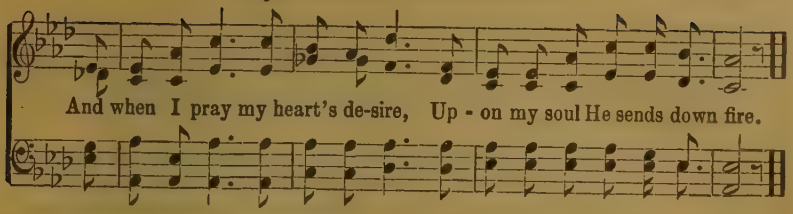
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Rev. W. Grum.


1. E - li - jah made a sac - ri-fice To of - fer to Je - ho - vah;
2. E - li - jah's God still lives to-day, And answers still by fire;
3. E - li - jah's God still lives to-day, And answers still in pow - er;
It had been wet with wa-ter thrice, Baal's sac-ri-fice was o - ver.
My friend, just let Him have His way, He'll grant your heart's de-sire,
As when E - li - jah pray'd for rain, God answer'd with a show-er.
E - li-jah pray'd, the fire came down, And lick'd the water all a-round,
Consume the sac - ri - fice you make And bid your slumb'ring soul awake,
If you would have your soul refresh'd, With rain that falls from heav - en,
And doubting ones be - liev'd and found E - li-jah's God was liv - ing.
And chains of in - bred sin will break E - li-jah's God is liv - ing.
You must pray thro' like all the rest, And showers shall be giv - en.
CHORUS.
E - li-jah's God still lives to-day, To take the guilt of sin a-way;

Elijah's God Still Lives.



No. 120. - Trusting Jesus, That is All.

COPYRIGHT, 1876, BY BIGLOW & MAIN.
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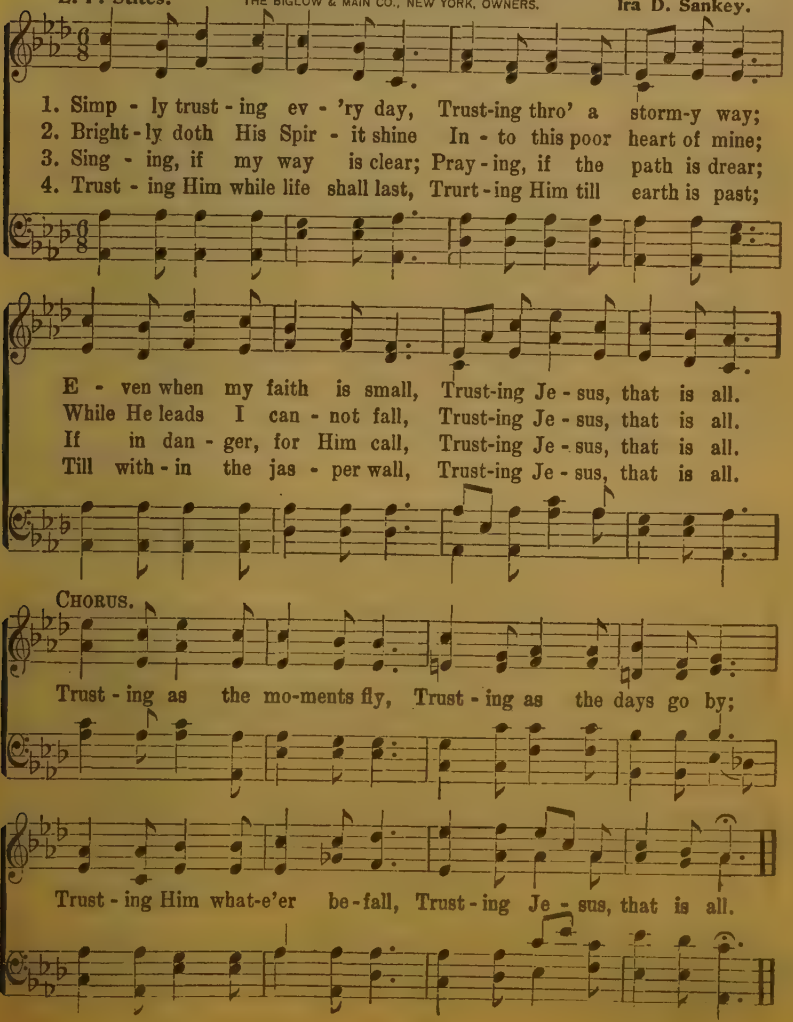
E. P. Stites. Ira D. Sankey.

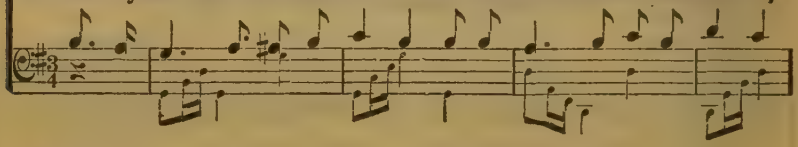

1. Simp - ly trust - ing ev - 'ry day, Trust-ing thro' a storm-y way;
2. Bright - ly doth His Spir - it shine In - to this poor heart of mine;
3. Sing - ing, if my way is clear; Pray - ing, if the path is drear;
4. Trust - ing Him while life shall last, Trurt - ing Him till earth is past;
E - ven when my faith is small, Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.
While He leads I can - not fall, Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.
If in dan - ger, for Him call, Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.
Till with - in the jas - per wall, Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.
CHORUS.
Trust - ing as the mo-ments fly, Trust - ing as the days go by;
Trust - ing Him what-e'er be - fall, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.

No. 121. Jesus Thinks of Me.

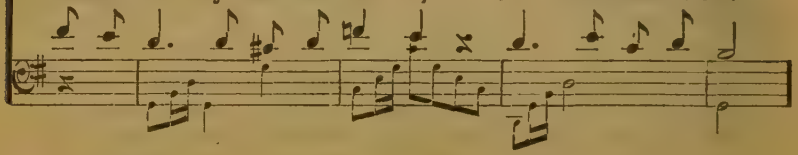
James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. B. D. Ackley.

DUET.

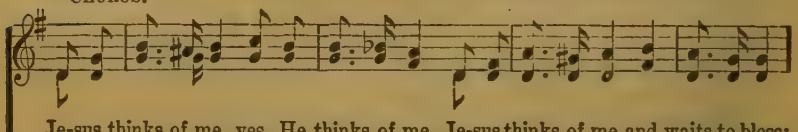
1. This I know, when storms are sweeping, This I know, when worn by reap-ing,
2. When sweet com-fort I would borrow, Strength and cour - age for the mor-row,
3. This I know, when foes as - sail me, Or when e - vil pleasures hail me,
4. When my soul shall reach the riv - er And from loved ones I must sev - er,



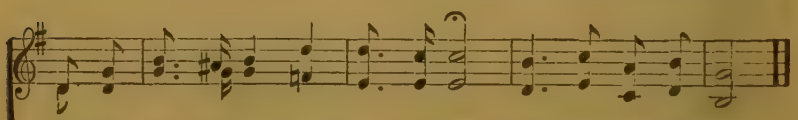
I am in my Sav-ior's keep - ing, And He thinks of me.
Read-y to re - lieve my sor - row, Je - sus thinks of me.
Grace di - vine will nev - er fail me, Je - sus thinks of me.
This will be my com - fort ev - er, Je - sus thinks of me.



CHORUS.



Je-sus thinks of me, yes, He thinks of me, Je-sus thinks of me and waits to bless;



This will be my com - fort ev - er - more, Je - sus thinks of me.

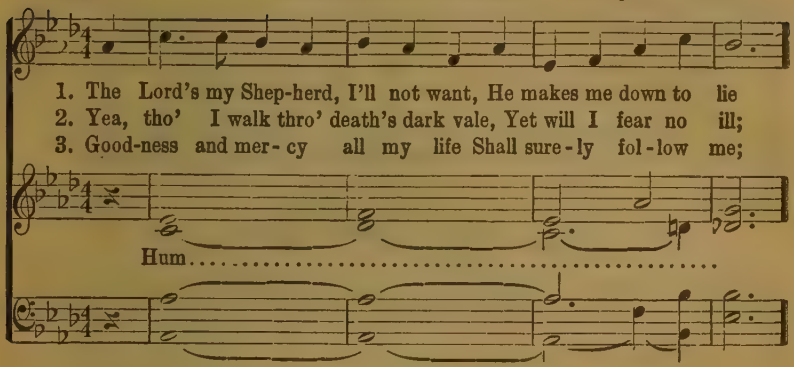
No. 122.

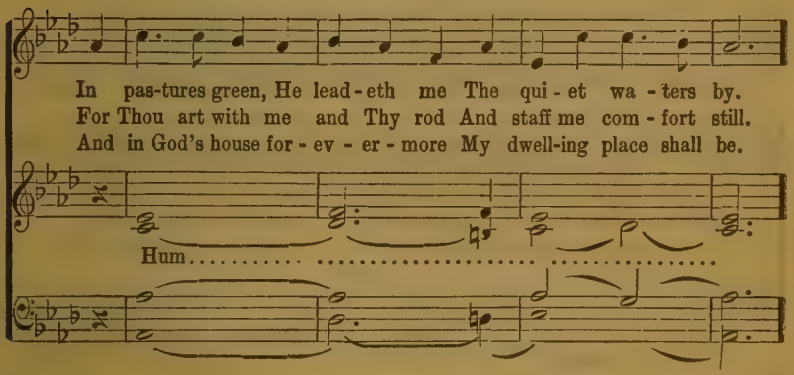
That Old Song.

SOLO.

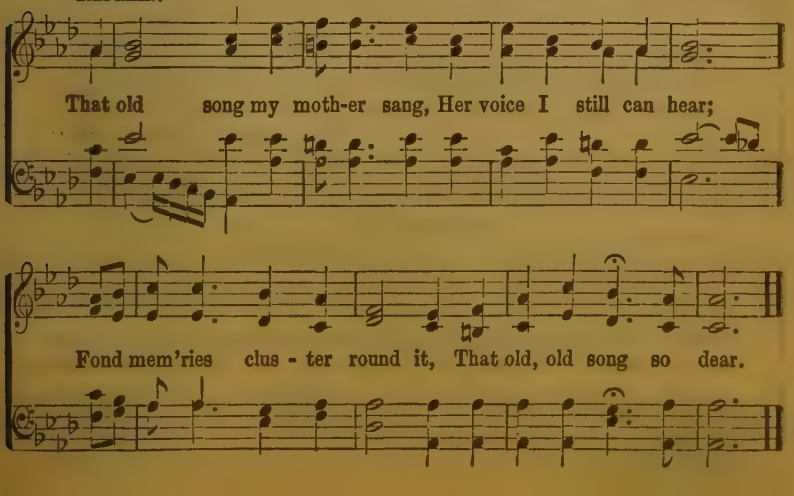
COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY H. A. RODEHEAVER.

Arr. by J. B. Herbert.


1. The Lord's my Shep-herd, I'll not want, He makes me down to lie
2. Yea, tho' I walk thro' death's dark vale, Yet will I fear no ill;
3. Good-ness and mer-cy all my life Shall sure-ly fol-low me;
Hum.....


In pas-tures green, He lead-eth me The qui-et wa-ters by.
For Thou art with me and Thy rod And staff me com-fort still.
And in God's house for-ev-er-more My dwell-ing place shall be.
Hum.....

REFRAIN.



No. 123. I Know He Keeps His Promise.

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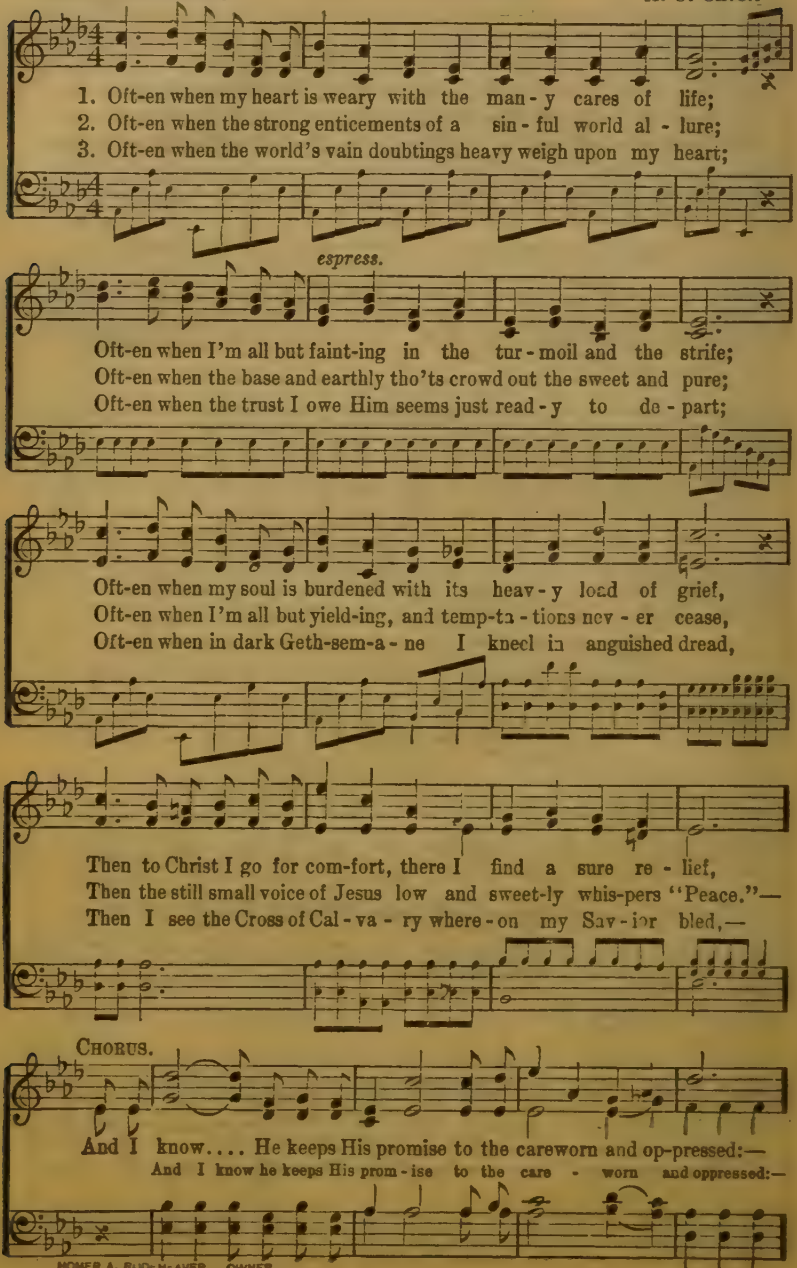
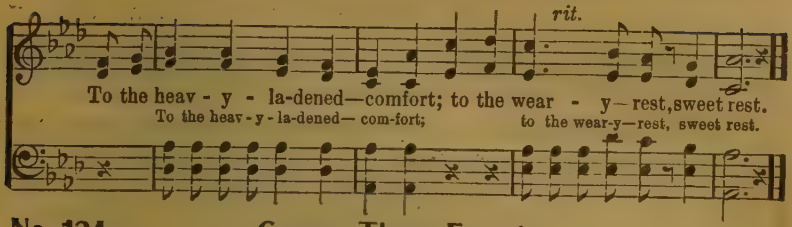
Dr. M. Victor Staley. A. O. Oliver.


1. Oft-en when my heart is weary with the man - y cares of life;
2. Oft-en when the strong enticements of a sin - ful world al - lure;
3. Oft-en when the world's vain doubtings heavy weigh upon my heart;
espress.
Oft-en when I'm all but faint-ing in the tur - moil and the strife;
Oft-en when the base and earthly tho'ts crowd out the sweet and pure;
Oft-en when the trust I owe Him seems just read - y to de - part;
Oft-en when my soul is burdened with its heav - y load of grief,
Oft-en when I'm all but yield-ing, and temp-ta - tions nev - er cease,
Oft-en when in dark Geth-sem-a - ne I kneel in anguished dread,
Then to Christ I go for com-fort, there I find a sure re - lief,
Then the still small voice of Jesus low and sweet-ly whis-pers "Peace."—
Then I see the Cross of Cal - va - ry where - on my Sav - ior bled,—
CHORUS.
And I know.... He keeps His promise to the careworn and op-pressed:—
And I know he keeps His prom - ise to the care - worn and oppressed:—

HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

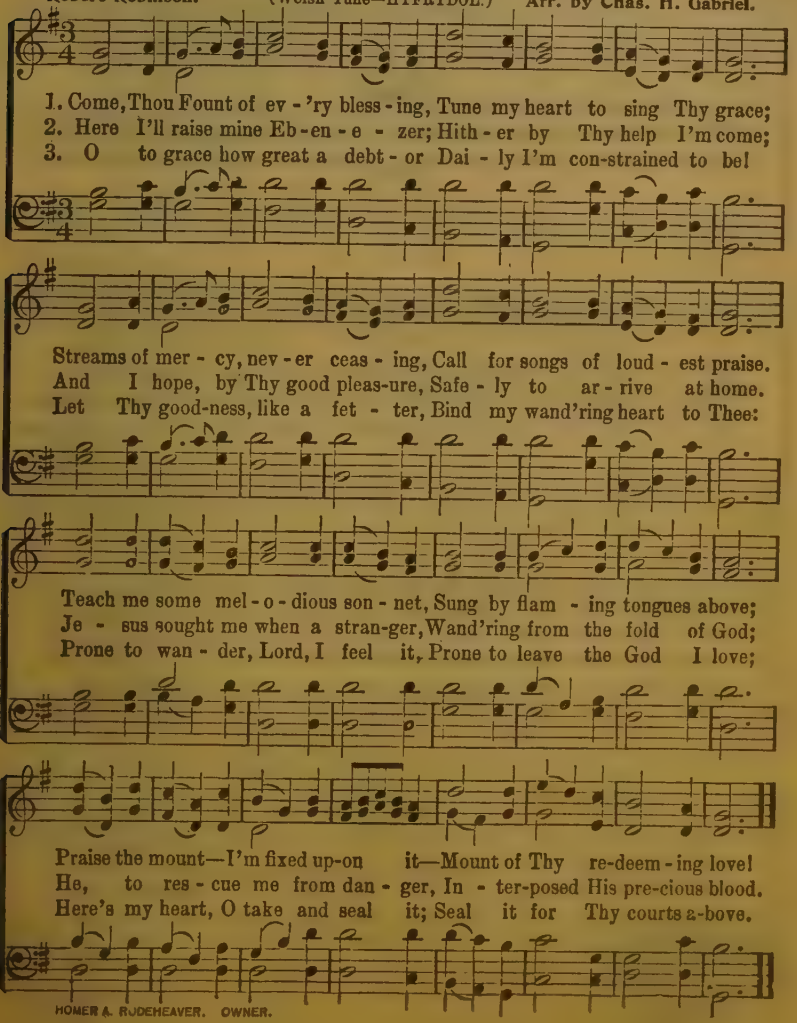
I Know He Keeps His Promise.



No. 124. Come, Thou Fount.

ARRANGEMENT COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Robert Robinson. (Welsh Tune—HYFRYDOL.) Arr. by Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
2. Here I'll raise mine Eb - en - e - zer; Hith - er by Thy help I'm come;
3. O to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm con-strained to be!
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.
And I hope, by Thy good pleas-ure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home.
Let Thy good-ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee:
Teach me some mel - o - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues above;
Je - sus sought me when a stran-ger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed up-on it—Mount of Thy re-deem - ing love!
He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter-posed His pre-cious blood.
Here's my heart, O take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts a-bove.

HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

No. 125. My Mother.

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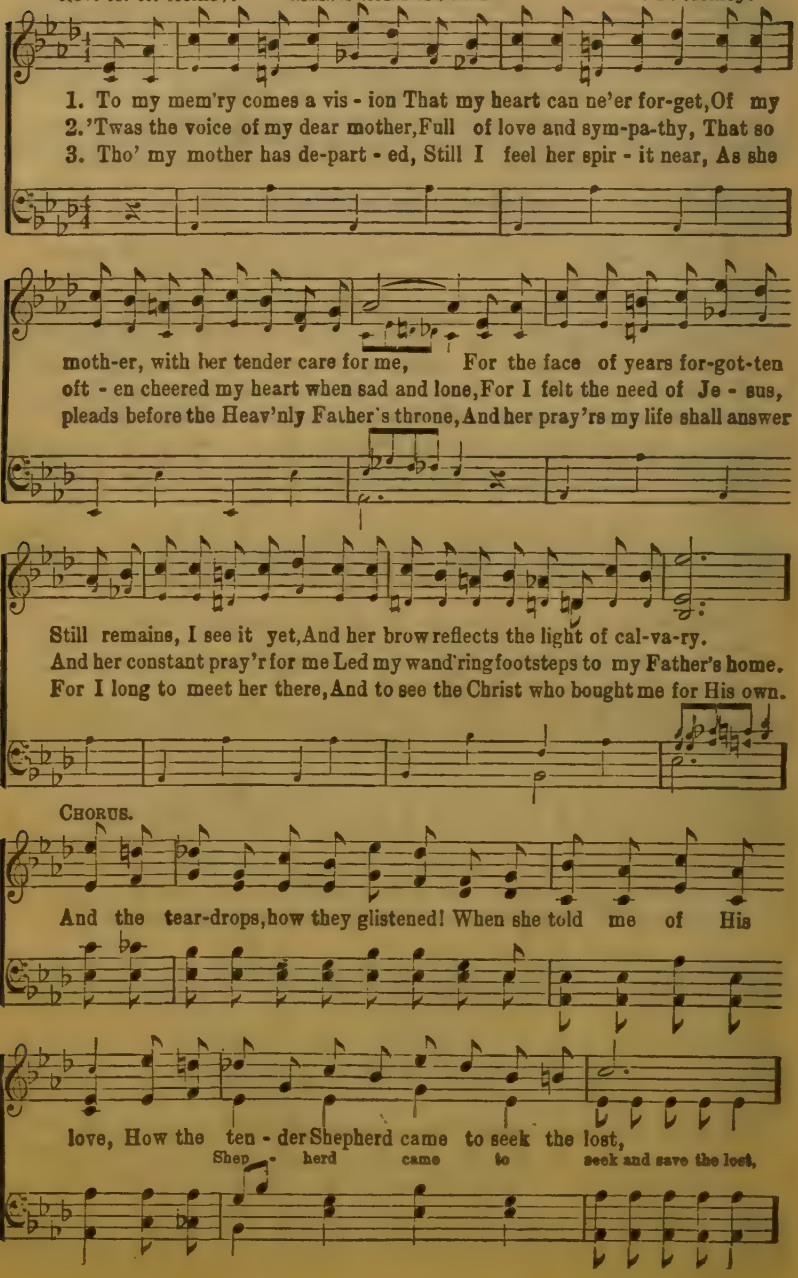
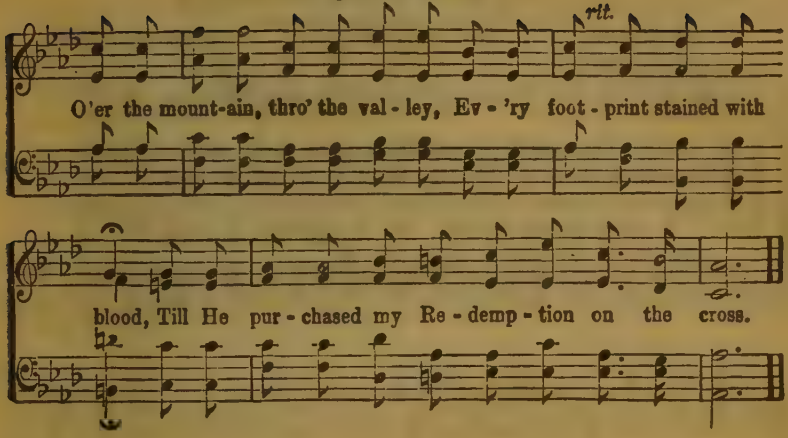
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.

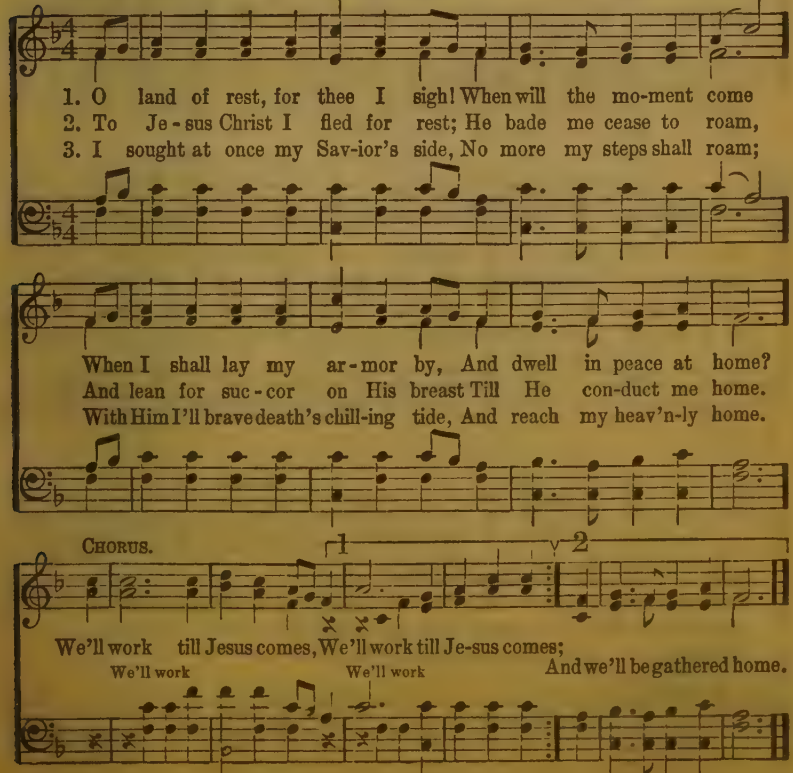

1. To my mem'ry comes a vis - ion That my heart can ne'er for-get, Of my
2. 'Twas the voice of my dear mother, Full of love and sym-pa-thy, That so
3. Tho' my mother has de-part - ed, Still I feel her spir - it near, As she
moth-er, with her tender care for me, For the face of years for-got-ten
oft - en cheered my heart when sad and lone, For I felt the need of Je - sus,
pleads before the Heav'nly Father's throne, And her pray'rs my life shall answer
Still remains, I see it yet, And her brow reflects the light of cal-va-ry.
And her constant pray'r for me Led my wand'ring footsteps to my Father's home.
For I long to meet her there, And to see the Christ who bought me for His own.
CHORUS.
And the tear-drops, how they glistened! When she told me of His
love, How the ten - der Shepherd came to seek the lost,
Shep - herd came to seek and save the lost,

My Mother.



No. 126. We'll Work till Jesus Comes.

Elizabeth Mills. USED BY PERMISSION. William Miller.


1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the mo-ment come
2. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
3. I sought at once my Sav-ior's side, No more my steps shall roam;
When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
And lean for suc - cor on His breast Till He con-duct me home.
With Him I'll brave death's chill-ing tide, And reach my heav'n-ly home.
Chorus.
1
2
We'll work till Jesus comes, We'll work till Je-sus comes;
We'll work
We'll work
And we'll be gathered home.

No. 127. It's Just Like His Great Love.

Edna R. Worrell.

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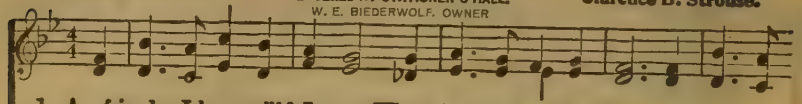
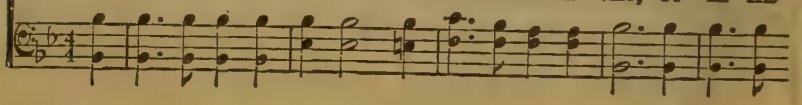
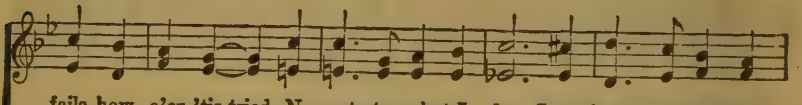
Clarence B. Strouse.



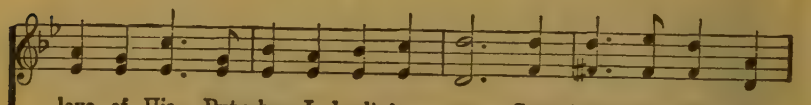
1. A friend I have call'd Je - sus Whose love is strong and true, And nev - er fails how - e'er 'tis tried, No mat - ter what I do; I've sinn'd a-gainst this
2. Sometimes the clouds of trou - ble Be - dim the sky a - bove, I can - not see my Sav - ior's face, I doubt His wondrous love; But He, from heaven's
3. When sorrow's clouds o'ertake me, And break up-on my head, When life seems worse than use - less, And I were bet - ter dead; I take my grief to
4. O I could sing for - ev - er Of Je - sus' love di - vine, Of all His care and ten - der - ness For this poor life of mine; His love is in and



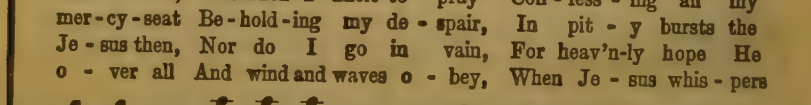


love of His, But when I knelt to pray Con - fess - ing all my
mer - cy - seat Be - hold - ing my de - spair, In pit - y bursts the
Je - sus then, Nor do I go in vain, For heav'n-ly hope He
o - ver all And wind and waves o - bey, When Je - sus whis - pers

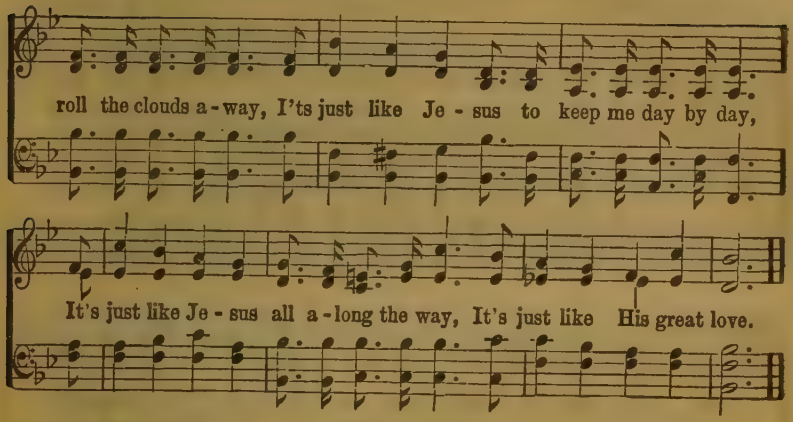
CHORUS.



guilt to Him, The sin-clouds roll'd a - way.
clouds between, And shows me He is there. I'ts just like Je - sus to
gives that cheers, Like sunshine af - ter rain.
"Peace be still" And rolls the clouds a - way.

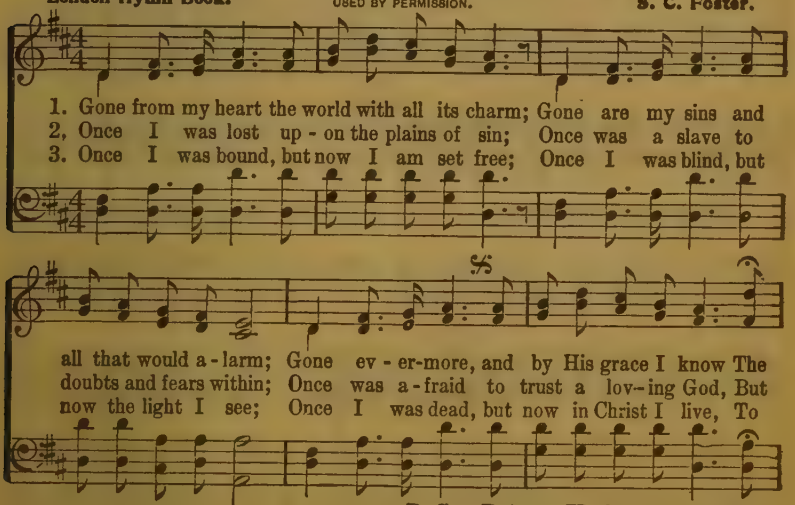


It's Just Like His Great Love.


roll the clouds a - way, I'ts just like Je - sus to keep me day by day,
It's just like Je - sus all a - long the way, It's just like His great love.

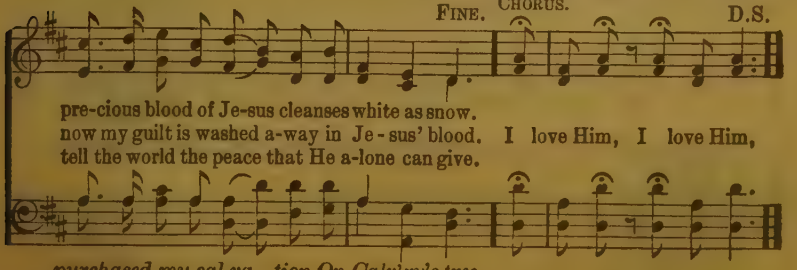
No. 128. I Love Him.

London Hymn Book. USED BY PERMISSION. **S. C. Foster.**


1. Gone from my heart the world with all its charm; Gone are my sins and
2, Once I was lost up - on the plains of sin; Once was a slave to
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but
all that would a - larm; Gone ev - er-more, and by His grace I know The
doubts and fears within; Once was a - fraid to trust a lov-ing God, But
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To

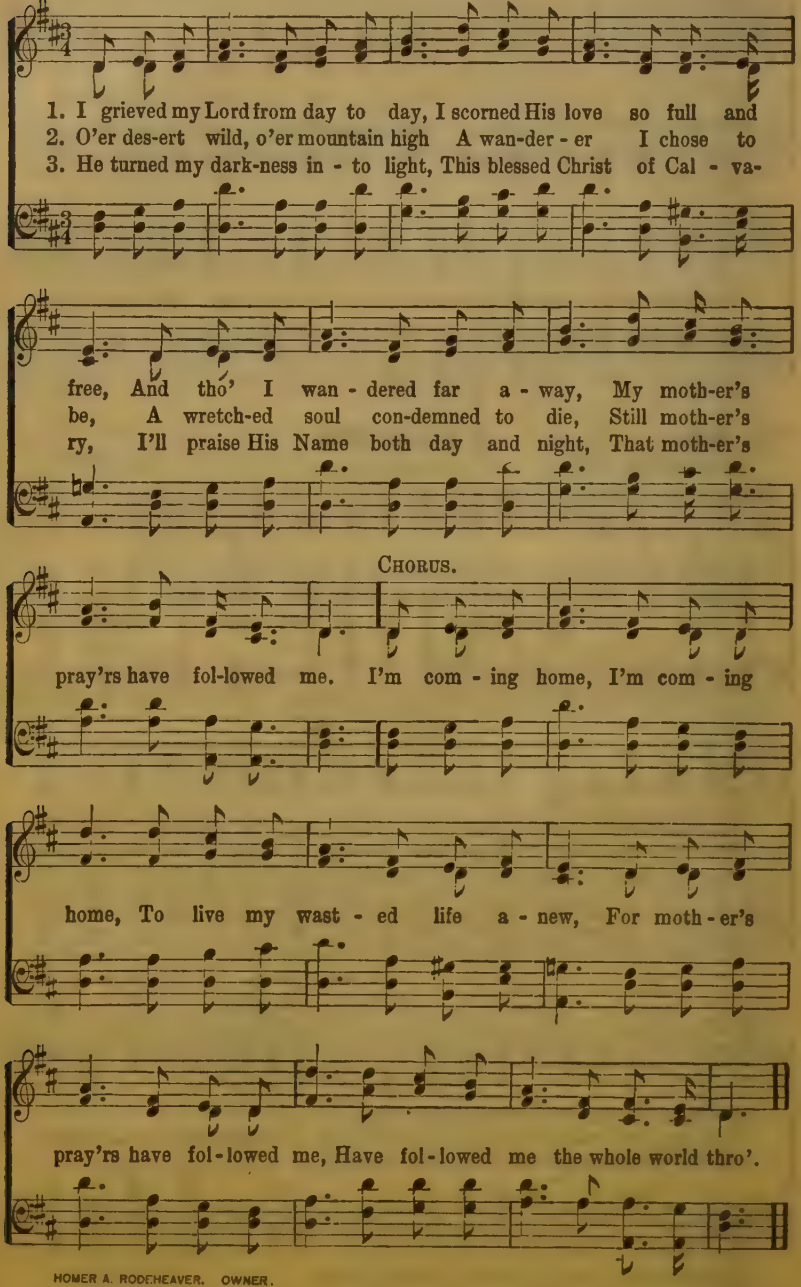
D. S.—*Because He first loved me, And*

FINE. CHORUS. D.S.


pre-cious blood of Je-sus cleanses white as snow.
now my guilt is washed a-way in Je - sus' blood. I love Him, I love Him,
tell the world the peace that He a-lone can give.
purchased my sal-va - tion On Calv'ry's tree.

No. 129. Mother's Prayers Have Followed Me.

Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY B. D. ACKLEY. B. D. Ackley.

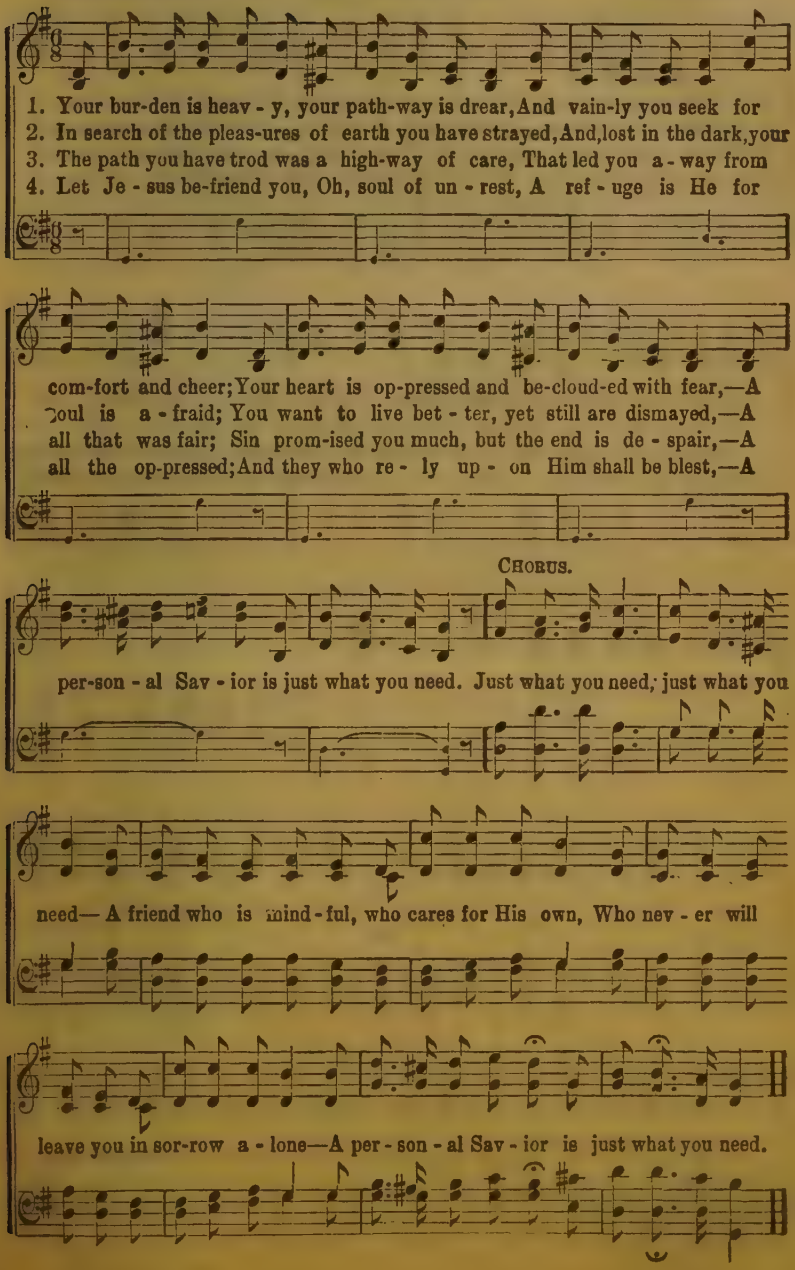

1. I grieved my Lord from day to day, I scorned His love so full and
2. O'er des-ert wild, o'er mountain high A wan-der-er I chose to
3. He turned my dark-ness in-to light, This blessed Christ of Cal-va-
free, And tho' I wan-dered far a-way, My moth-er's
be, A wretch-ed soul con-demned to die, Still moth-er's
ry, I'll praise His Name both day and night, That moth-er's
CHORUS.
pray'rs have fol-lowed me. I'm com-ing home, I'm com-ing
home, To live my wast-ed life a-new, For moth-er's
pray'rs have fol-lowed me, Have fol-lowed me the whole world thro'.

HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

No. 130. A Personal Savior.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

James Rowe and C. H. G. De Loss Smith.


1. Your bur-den is heav - y, your path-way is drear, And vain-ly you seek for
2. In search of the pleas-ures of earth you have strayed, And, lost in the dark, your
3. The path you have trod was a high-way of care, That led you a - way from
4. Let Je - sus be-friend you, Oh, soul of un - rest, A ref - uge is He for
com-fort and cheer; Your heart is op-pressed and be-cloud-ed with fear,—A
soul is a - fraid; You want to live bet - ter, yet still are dismayed,—A
all that was fair; Sin prom-ised you much, but the end is de - spair,—A
all the op-pressed; And they who re - ly up - on Him shall be blest,—A
CHORUS.
per-son - al Sav - ior is just what you need. Just what you need, just what you
need— A friend who is mind - ful, who cares for His own, Who nev - er will
leave you in sor-row a - lone—A per - son - al Sav - ior is just what you need.

No. 131. Thou Hast Been a Shelter for Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY J. B. HERBERT.
HOMER RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Prayerfully. **J. B. Herbert.**

1. O God, give ear un-to my cry, And to my pray'r at-tend; Thou hast been a
2. And when my heart is overwhelmed, And in per-plex - i - ty— Thou hast been a
3. For Thou hast for my ref-uge been A shel-ter by Thy pow'r; Thou hast been a
4. With-in Thy tab-er-nac - le I For - ev - er will a - bide; Thou hast been a

shel-ter for me. From th'utmost cor-ner of the land My cry to Thee I send;
shel-ter for me. Do Thou me lead un-to the Rock That high-er is than I—
shel-ter for me. And for de-fence against my foes Thou hast been my strong tow'r;
shel-ter for me. And un - der cov-ert of Thy wings With con-fi-dence will hide;

CHORUS.

Thou hast been a shel-ter for me. Oh, lead me to the Rock that is

m *mf*

high-er than I, Lead me to the Rock, lead me to the Rock, Oh, lead me

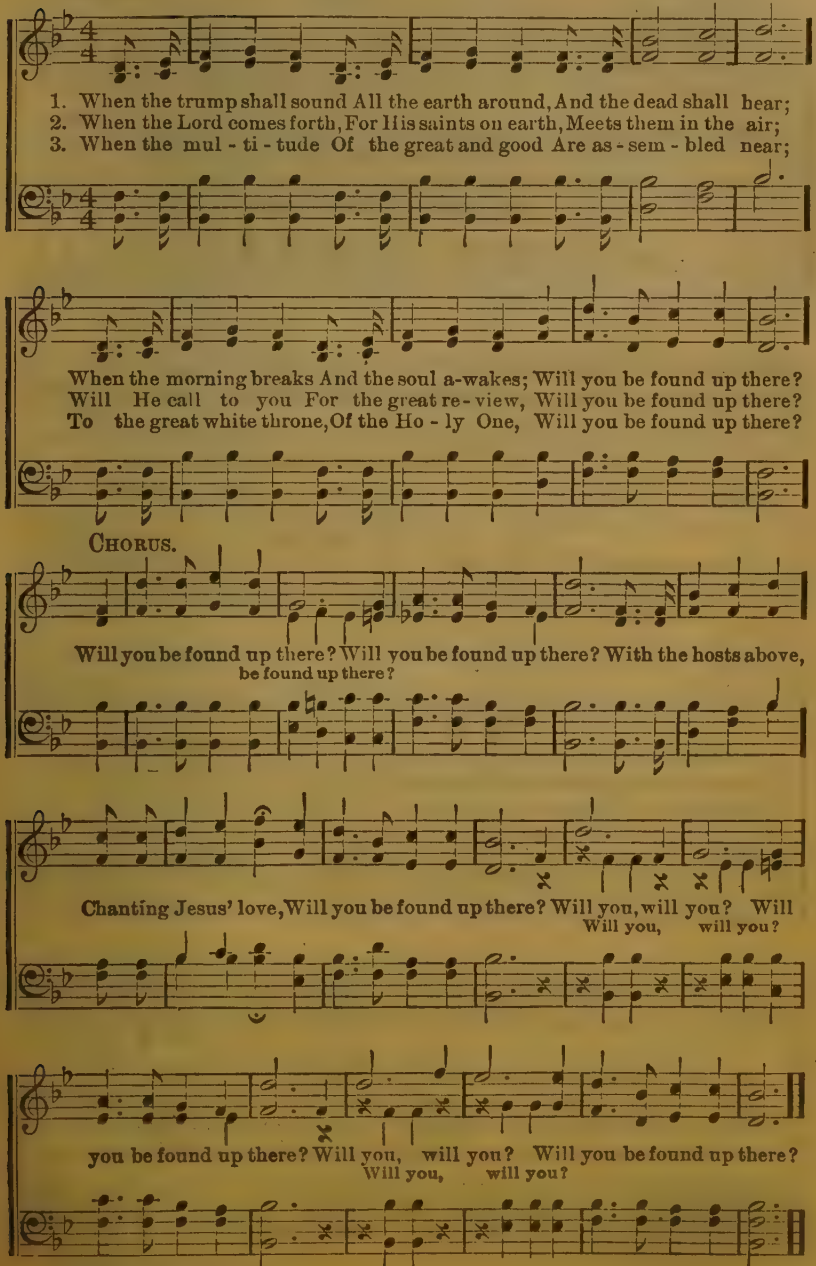
Oh,

mp

to the Rock that is high-er than I, Thou hast been a shel-ter for me.

132. Will You Be Found Up There?

S. F. A. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY B. D. ACKLEY. Rev. S. F. ACKLEY.

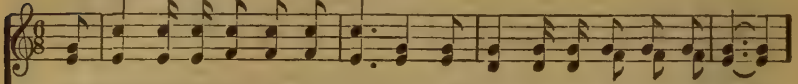

1. When the trump shall sound All the earth around, And the dead shall hear;
2. When the Lord comes forth, For His saints on earth, Meets them in the air;
3. When the mul - ti - tude Of the great and good Are as - sem - bled near;
When the morning breaks And the soul a-wakes; Will you be found up there?
Will He call to you For the great re - view, Will you be found up there?
To the great white throne, Of the Ho - ly One, Will you be found up there?
CHORUS.
Will you be found up there? Will you be found up there? With the hosts above,
be found up there?
Chanting Jesus' love, Will you be found up there? Will you, will you? Will
Will you, will you?
you be found up there? Will you, will you? Will you be found up there?
Will you, will you?

HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. OWNER.

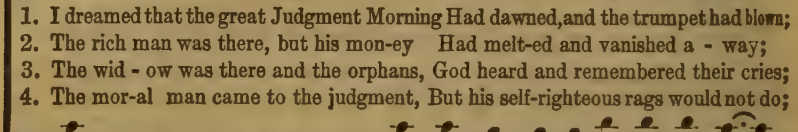
No. 133. The Great Judgment Morning.

War Cry. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY L. L. PICKETT. L. L. Pickett.

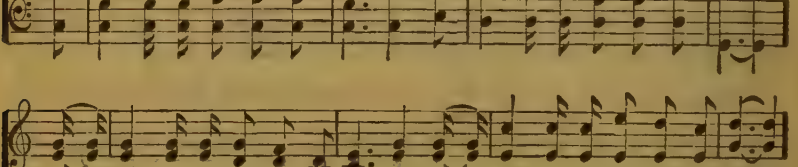
Slow and solemn. *Effective as a solo.*



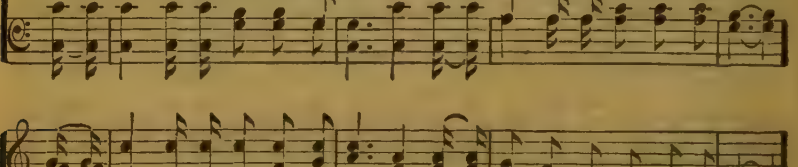
1. I dreamed that the great Judgment Morning Had dawned, and the trumpet had blown;
2. The rich man was there, but his mon-ey Had melt-ed and vanished a - way;
3. The wid - ow was there and the orphans, God heard and remembered their cries;
4. The mor-al man came to the judgment, But his self-righteous rags would not do;



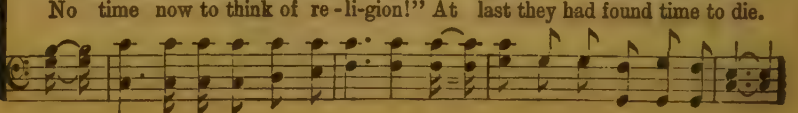
I dreamed that the nations had gathered To judg-ment before the white throne.
A pau - per he stood in the judg-ment, His debts were too heav-y to pay.
No sor - row in heav-en for - ev - er, God wiped all the tears from their eyes.
The men who had cru-ci-fied Je - sus Had passed off as mor-al men too,



From the throne came a bright shining angel And stood on the land and the sea,
The great man was there, but his greatness When death came was left far behind,
The gambler was there and the drunkard, And the man who had sold them the drink;
The souls that had put off salvation—"Not to-night; I'll get saved by-and-bye;

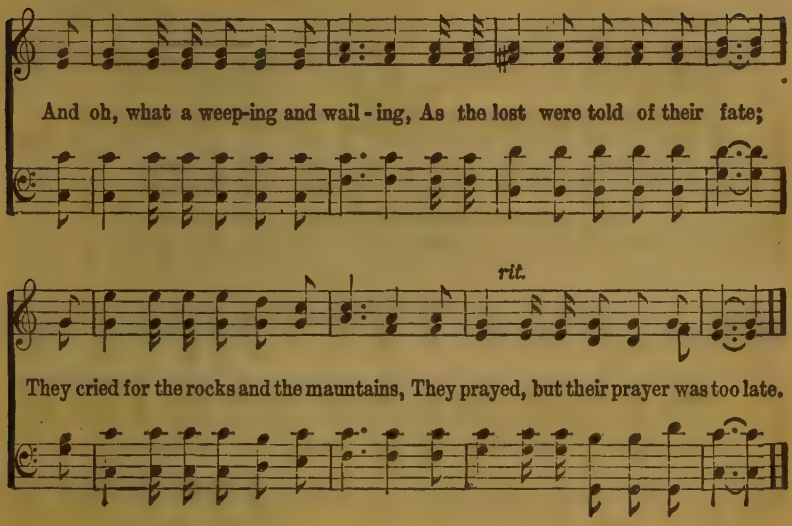


And swore with his hand raised to heaven, That time was no long-er to be.
The an - gel that opened the re-cords, Not a trace of his greatness could find.
With the people who gave him the license— To - geth - er in hell they did sink.
No time now to think of re - li-gion!" At last they had found time to die.



The Great Judgment Morning.

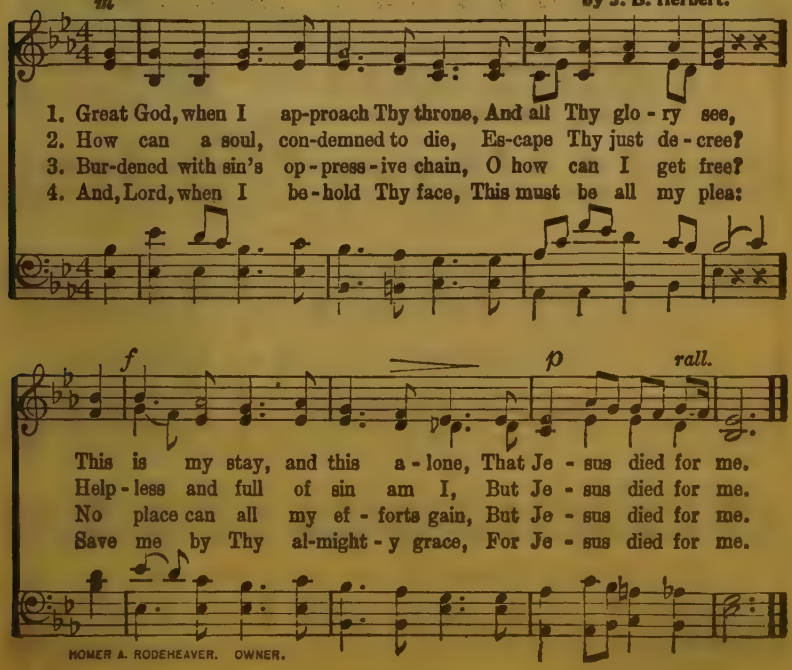
CHORUS.


And oh, what a weep-ing and wail - ing, As the lost were told of their fate;
rit.
They cried for the rocks and the mauntains, They prayed, but their prayer was too late.

No. 134. Jesus Died for Me.

Bathurst.

Arr. from the German by J. B. Herbert.


1. Great God, when I ap-proach Thy throne, And all Thy glo - ry see,
2. How can a soul, con-demned to die, Es-cape Thy just de - cree?
3. Bur-dened with sin's op - press - ive chain, O how can I get free?
4. And, Lord, when I be - hold Thy face, This must be all my plea:
f
p
rall.
This is my stay, and this a - lone, That Je - sus died for me.
Help - less and full of sin am I, But Je - sus died for me.
No place can all my ef - forts gain, But Je - sus died for me.
Save me by Thy al-might - y grace, For Je - sus died for me.

HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. OWNER.

No. 135. Nothing Held Back.

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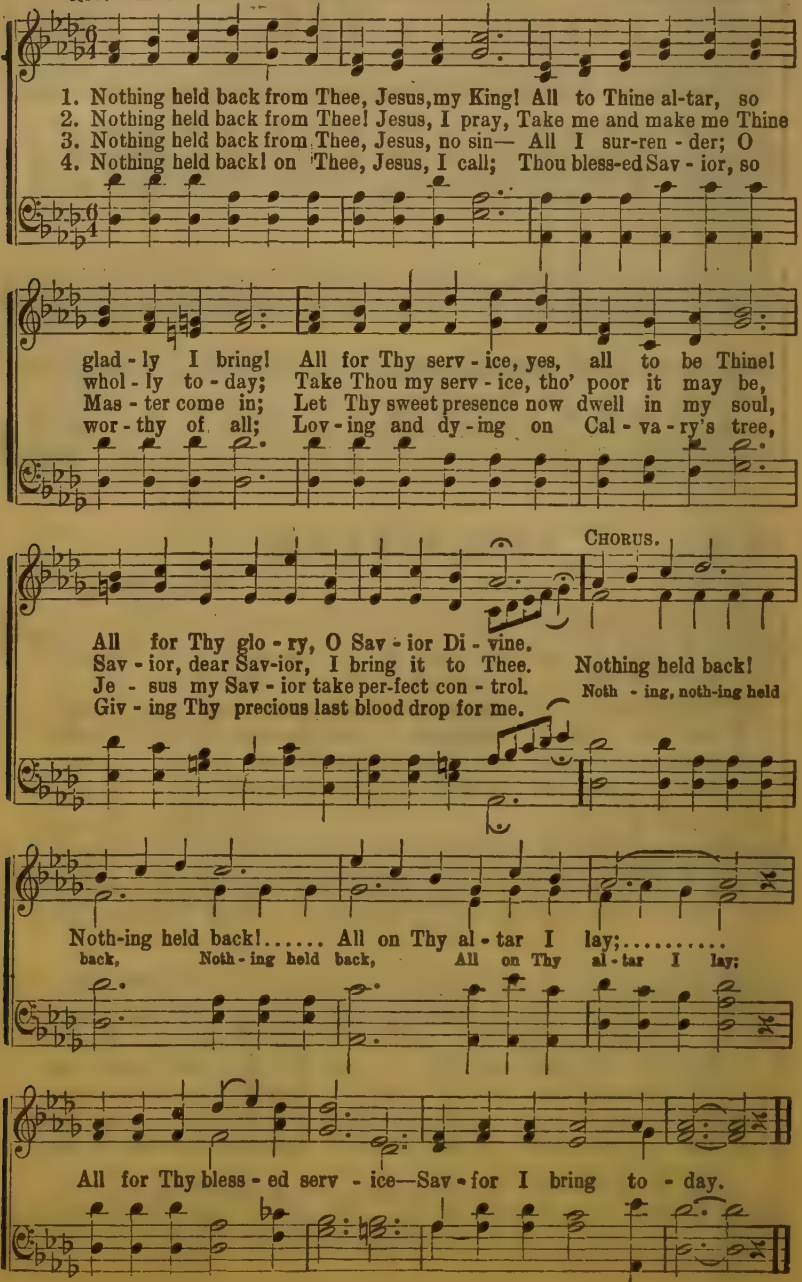
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

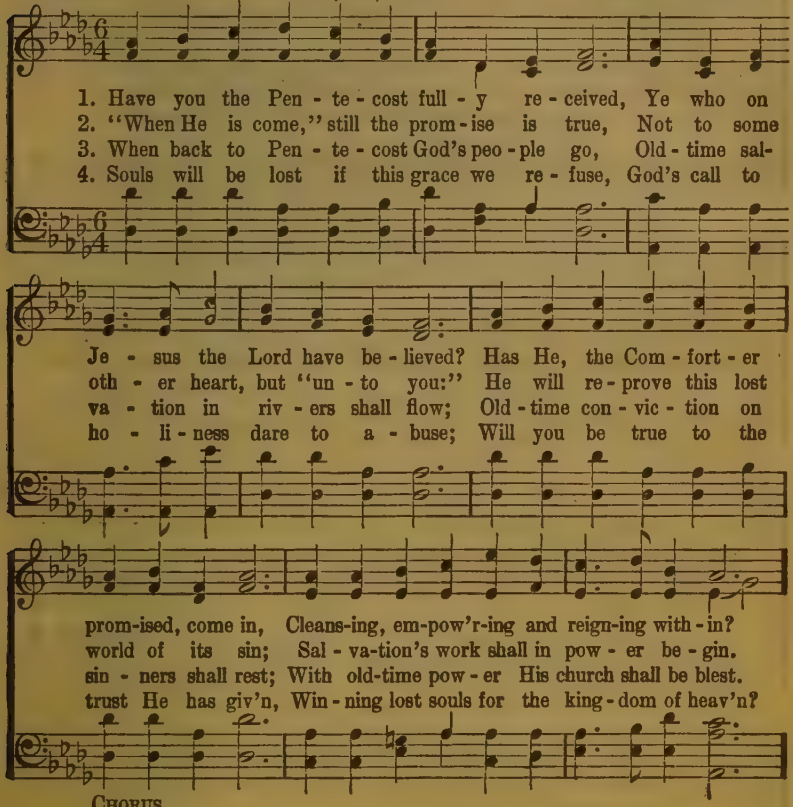
Rev. Wm. C. Poole. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Nothing held back from Thee, Jesus, my King! All to Thine al-tar, so
2. Nothing held back from Thee! Jesus, I pray, Take me and make me Thine
3. Nothing held back from Thee, Jesus, no sin— All I sur-ren-der; O
4. Nothing held back! on Thee, Jesus, I call; Thou bless-ed Sav-ior, so
glad-ly I bring! All for Thy serv-ice, yes, all to be Thine!
whol-ly to-day; Take Thou my serv-ice, tho' poor it may be,
Mas-ter come in; Let Thy sweet presence now dwell in my soul,
wor-thy of all; Lov-ing and dy-ing on Cal-va-ry's tree,
CHORUS.
All for Thy glo-ry, O Sav-ior Di-vine.
Sav-ior, dear Sav-ior, I bring it to Thee.
Je-sus my Sav-ior take per-fect con-trol.
Giv-ing Thy precious last blood drop for me.
Nothing held back!
Noth-ing, noth-ing held
Noth-ing held back!..... All on Thy al-tar I lay;.....
back, Noth-ing held back, All on Thy al-tar I lay;
All for Thy bless-ed serv-ice—Sav-for I bring to-day.

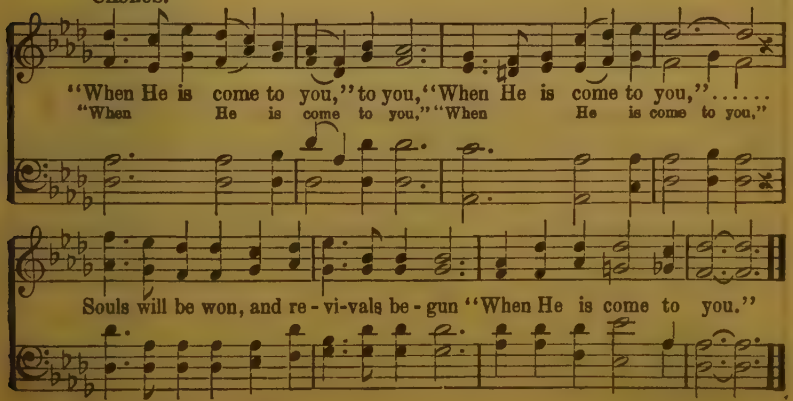
No. 136. When He is Come to You

"When he is come . . . unto you"—to you, pastor; to you, Sunday-school teacher; to you, member of the official board; to you, father or mother—you will become a storm-center of a new and mighty evangelism, and all the forces of evil cannot keep back the incoming tides of saving grace."—*Bishop J. F. Berry.*

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H GABRIEL. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. Have you the Pen - te - cost full - y re - ceived, Ye who on
2. "When He is come," still the prom - ise is true, Not to some
3. When back to Pen - te - cost God's peo - ple go, Old - time sal-
4. Souls will be lost if this grace we re - fuse, God's call to
Je - sus the Lord have be - lieved? Has He, the Com - fort - er
oth - er heart, but "un - to you:" He will re - prove this lost
va - tion in riv - ers shall flow; Old - time con - vic - tion on
ho - li - ness dare to a - buse; Will you be true to the
prom-ised, come in, Cleans-ing, em-pow'r-ing and reign-ing with - in?
world of its sin; Sal - va-tion's work shall in pow - er be - gin.
sin - ners shall rest; With old-time pow - er His church shall be blest.
trust He has giv'n, Win - ning lost souls for the king - dom of heav'n?

CHORUS.


"When He is come to you," to you, "When He is come to you,".....
"When He is come to you," "When He is come to you,"
Souls will be won, and re - vi-vals be - gun "When He is come to you."

HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. OWNER.

No. 137. His Name Forever.

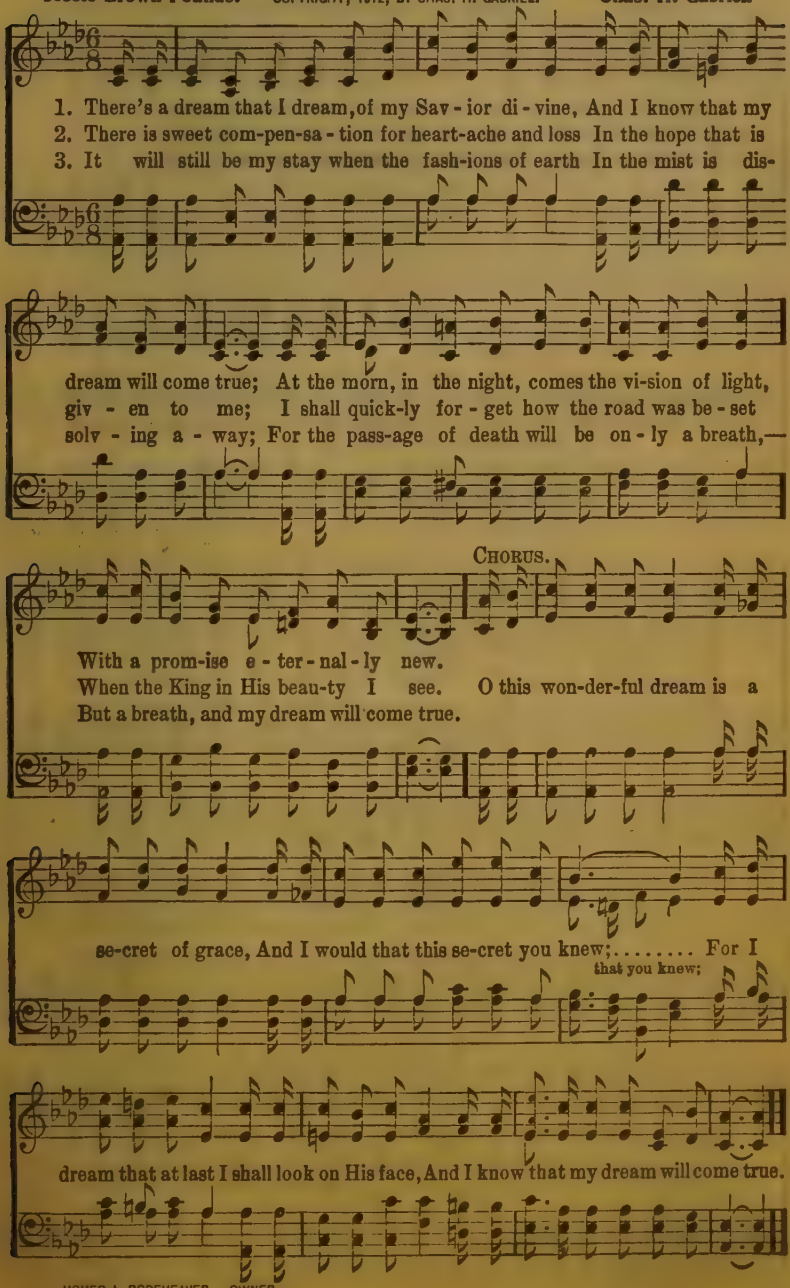
COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Charlotte G. Homer. C. H. Junior.

1. His name a-bove all other names Shall men and an-gels sing In
2. He built the heav'ns, He made the stars, And gave to each a place; The
3. Al - might-y, ev - er-last-ing God, How won-der-ful Thou art! O
time and in e - ter - ni-ty,—Redeemer, Sav-ior, King. 'Tis writ-ten on the
wa-ters in His hands He holds, And keeps the sun in space. Cre - a - tion is His
may Thy will in serv - ice be The joy of ev-'ry heart. Di - rect us, love us,
walls of time; Em-blaz-oned on the trees; The mighty thunders speak it, And 'tis
hand-i-work, E - ter - ni-ty His plan; His pow r in nature He displayed.—His
guide and keep Us in Thy tender care, And in Thine own good time and way May
whispered by the breeze.
im - age gave to man. His name shall be a - bove all
we Thy glo-ry share. His name . . . . shall be . . . . a - bove all
rit.
oth - er names For - ev - er, for - ev - er, Re-deem-er, Sav-ior, King.
oth - er names For - ev - er, ev - er

No. 138. My Wonderful Dream.

Jessie Brown Pounds. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. There's a dream that I dream, of my Sav - ior di - vine, And I know that my
2. There is sweet com-pen-sa - tion for heart-ache and loss In the hope that is
3. It will still be my stay when the fash-ions of earth In the mist is dis-
dream will come true; At the morn, in the night, comes the vi-sion of light,
giv - en to me; I shall quick-ly for - get how the road was be - set
solv - ing a - way; For the pass-age of death will be on - ly a breath,—
CHORUS.
With a prom-ise e - ter - nal - ly new.
When the King in His beau-ty I see. O this won-der-ful dream is a
But a breath, and my dream will come true.
se-cret of grace, And I would that this se-cret you knew;..... For I
that you knew;
dream that at last I shall look on His face, And I know that my dream will come true.

HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. OWNER.

No. 139. Singing All the Time.

D. R. van Sickle.

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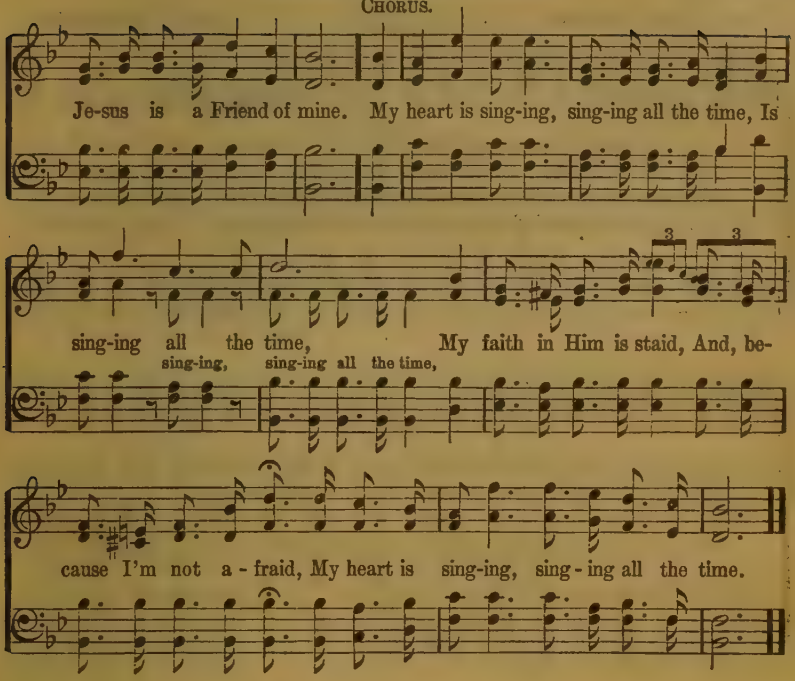
RODEHEAVER = ACKLEY CO., OWNERS.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. My heart is sing - ing all the time, I can - not fear,
2. My heart is sing - ing all the time, Let come what may,
3. My heart is sing - ing all the time, Tho' struggling here,
I can - not fear,
I can - not doubt, For Je - sus is a Friend of mine, And fills my
'tis but His will, For Je - sus is a Friend of mine, And cares for
my home's above, For Je - sus is a Friend of mine, And all is
I can-not doubt,
life with - in, with - out; Oh, how hap - py are the mo-ments as I
me thro' good or ill; Oh, how sweet it is to trust Him—just to
giv'n to Him I love; Oh, this world is dark and gloom-y in the
call up - on His name, And how bless - ed are the prom - is - es which
lean up - on His arm, For He's pa - tient, lov - ing, ten - der, and will
light of Cal - va - ry, And its joys have lost their sweet-ness since the
in His book I claim. My heart is sing-ing, sing - ing all the time, For
shield me from all harm. My heart is sing-ing, sing - ing all the time, For
light shone in - to me. My heart is sing-ing, sing - ing all the time, For

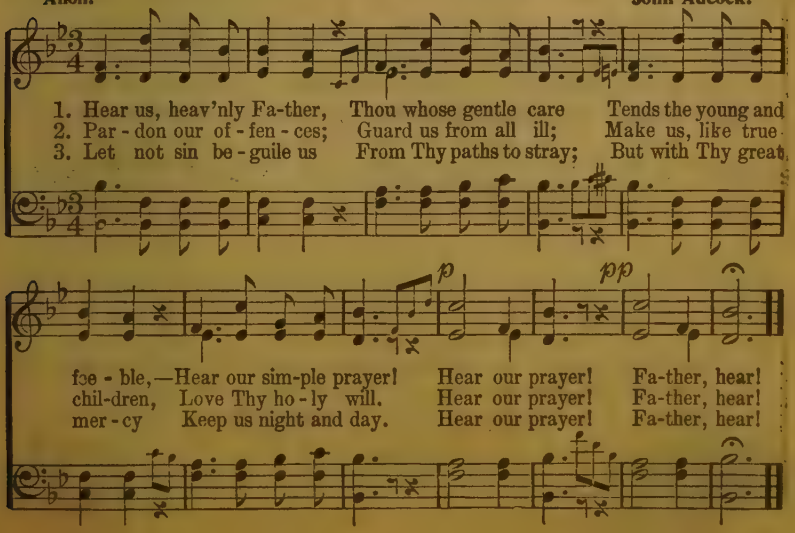
Singing All the Time.

CHORUS.


Je-sus is a Friend of mine. My heart is sing-ing, sing-ing all the time, Is
sing-ing all the time, My faith in Him is staid, And, be-
sing-ing, sing-ing all the time,
cause I'm not a - fraid, My heart is sing-ing, sing - ing all the time.

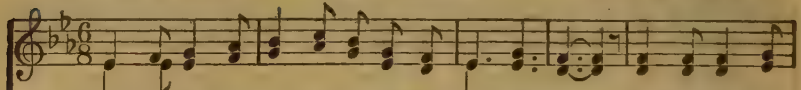
No. 140. Hear Our Prayer.

Anon. John Adcock.

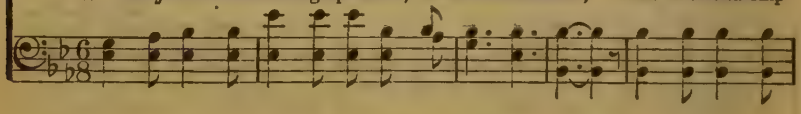

1. Hear us, heav'nly Fa-ther, Thou whose gentle care Tends the young and
2. Par - don our of - fen - ces; Guard us from all ill; Make us, like true
3. Let not sin be - guile us From Thy paths to stray; But with Thy great
p
pp
foe - ble,—Hear our sim-ple prayer! Hear our prayer! Fa-ther, hear!
chil-dren, Love Thy ho - ly will. Hear our prayer! Fa-ther, hear!
mer - cy Keep us night and day. Hear our prayer! Fa-ther, hear!

No. 141. When Love Shines In.

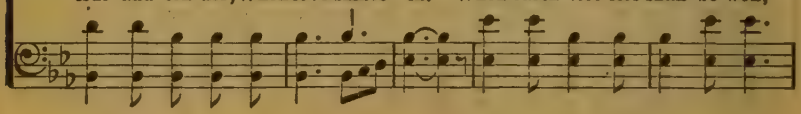
Mrs. Frank A. Breck. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. USED BY PERMISSION. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



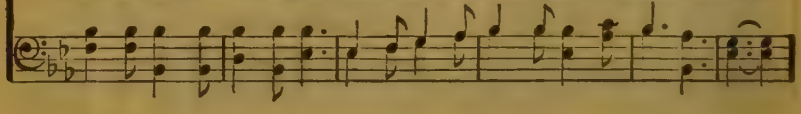
1. Je - sus comes with pow'r to gladden, When love shines in, Ev - 'ry life that
2. How the world will glow with beauty, When love shines in, And the heart re-
3. Dark-est sor-row will grow brighter, When love shines in, And the heav-iest
4. We may have un-fad-ing splendor, When love shines in, And a friend-ship



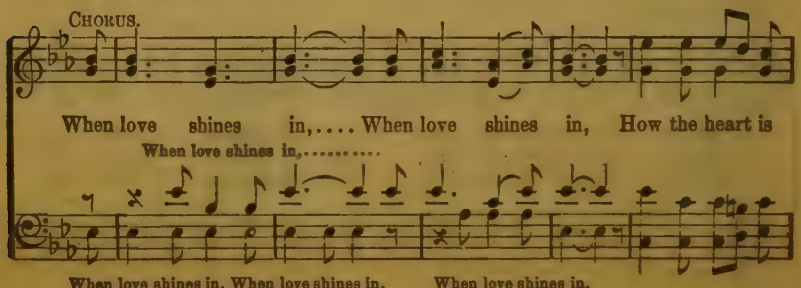
woe can sad-den, When love shines in. Love will teach us how to pray,
joice in du - ty, When love shines in. Tri - als may be sanc - ti - fied,
bur - den light-er, When love shines in. 'Tis the glo - ry that will throw
true and ten-der, When love shines in. When earth-vict'ries shall be won,



Love will drive the gloom away, Turn our darkness into day, When love shines in.
And the soul in peace abide, Life will all be glo - ri-fied, When love shines in.
Light to show us where to go; O, the heart shall blessing know, When love shines in.
And our life in heav'n begun, There will be no need of sun, When love shines in.



CHORUS.

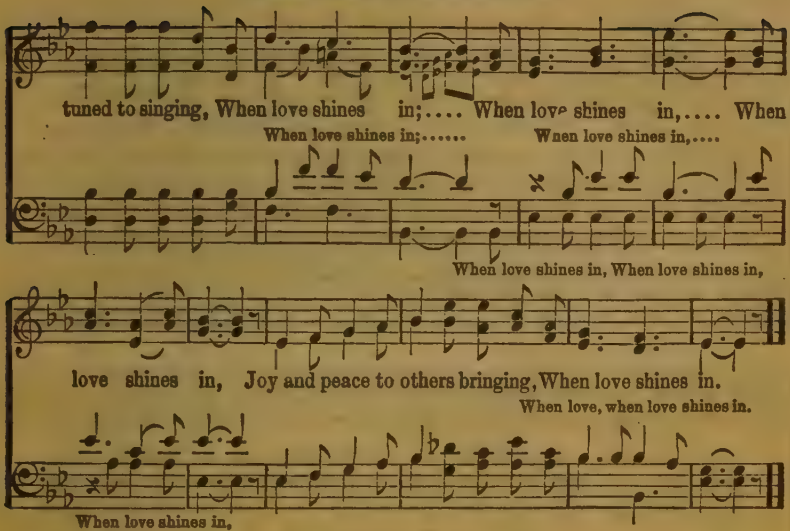


When love shines in,.... When love shines in, How the heart is

When love shines in,.....

When love shines in, When love shines in, When love shines in,

When Love Shines In.

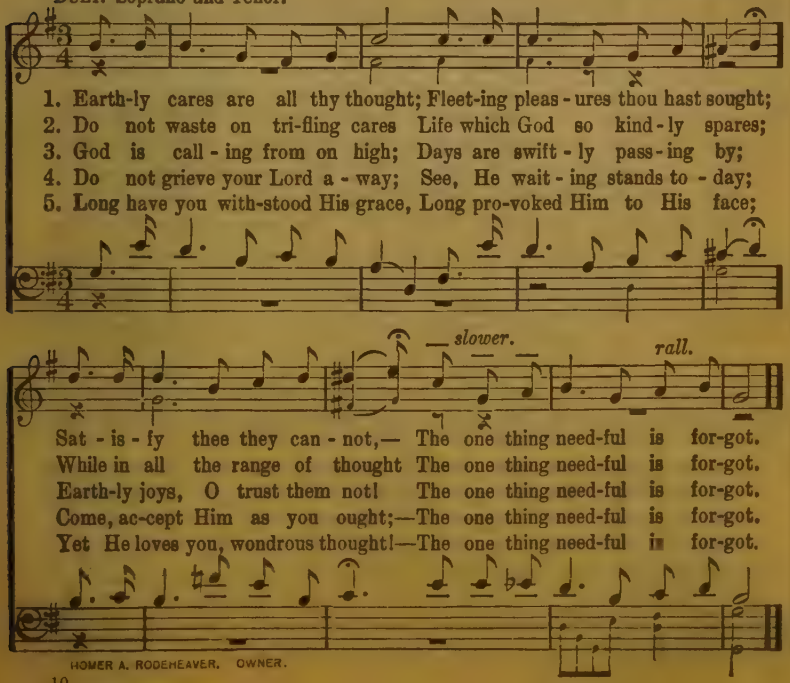

tuned to singing, When love shines in;.... When love shines in,.... When
When love shines in;..... When love shines in,....
When love shines in, When love shines in,
love shines in, Joy and peace to others bringing, When love shines in.
When love, when love shines in.
When love shines in,

No. 142. One Thing Needful.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY RODEHEAVER & HERBERT.

Words arranged. J. B. Herbert.

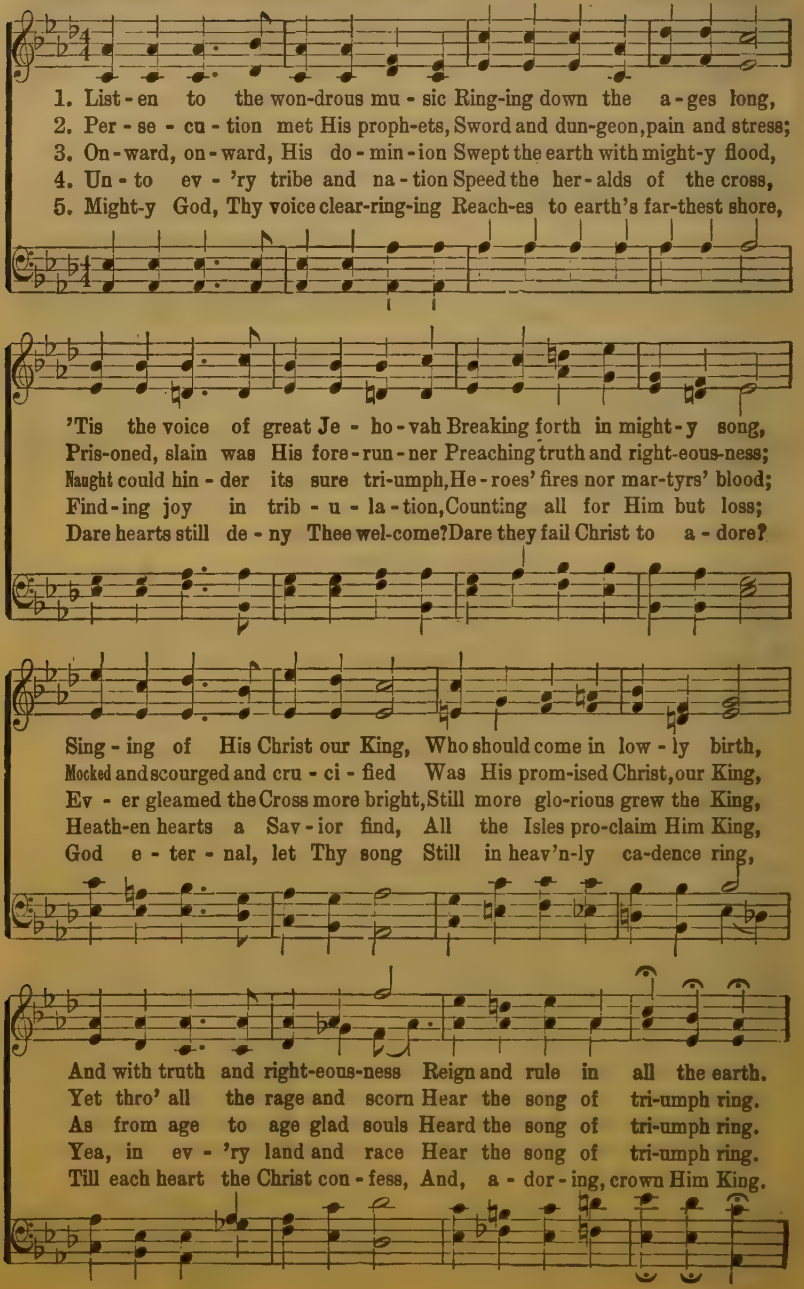
DUET. Soprano and Tenor.


1. Earth-ly cares are all thy thought; Fleet-ing pleas - ures thou hast sought;
2. Do not waste on tri-fling cares Life which God so kind-ly spares;
3. God is call - ing from on high; Days are swift - ly pass-ing by;
4. Do not grieve your Lord a - way; See, He wait - ing stands to - day;
5. Long have you with-stood His grace, Long pro-voked Him to His face;
slower.
rall.
Sat - is - fy thee they can - not,— The one thing need-ful is for-got.
While in all the range of thought The one thing need-ful is for-got.
Earth-ly joys, O trust them not! The one thing need-ful is for-got.
Come, ac-cept Him as you ought;—The one thing need-ful is for-got.
Yet He loves you, wondrous thought!—The one thing need-ful is for-got.

HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

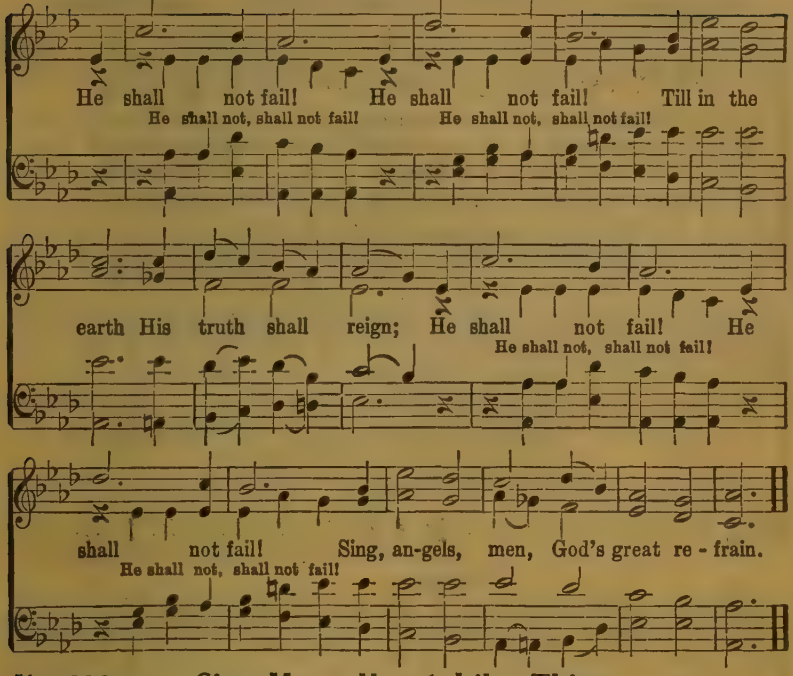
No. 143. God's Great Refrain.

Alice J. Nichols. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. List-en to the won-drous mu-sic Ring-ing down the a-ges long,
2. Per-se-cu-tion met His proph-ets, Sword and dun-geon, pain and stress;
3. On-ward, on-ward, His do-min-ion Swept the earth with might-y flood,
4. Un-to ev-'ry tribe and na-tion Speed the her-alds of the cross,
5. Might-y God, Thy voice clear-ring-ing Reach-es to earth's far-thest shore,
'Tis the voice of great Je-ho-vah Breaking forth in might-y song,
Pris-oned, slain was His fore-run-ner Preaching truth and right-eous-ness;
Naught could hin-der its sure tri-umph, He-roes' fires nor mar-tyrs' blood;
Find-ing joy in trib-u-la-tion, Counting all for Him but loss;
Dare hearts still de-ny Thee wel-come? Dare they fail Christ to a-dore?
Sing-ing of His Christ our King, Who should come in low-ly birth,
Mocked and scourged and cru-ci-fied Was His prom-ised Christ, our King,
Ev-er gleamed the Cross more bright, Still more glo-rious grew the King,
Heath-en hearts a Sav-ior find, All the Isles pro-claim Him King,
God e-ter-nal, let Thy song Still in heav'n-ly ca-dence ring,
And with truth and right-eous-ness Reign and rule in all the earth.
Yet thro' all the rage and scorn Hear the song of tri-umph ring.
As from age to age glad souls Heard the song of tri-umph ring.
Yea, in ev-'ry land and race Hear the song of tri-umph ring.
Till each heart the Christ con-fess, And, a-dor-ing, crown Him King.

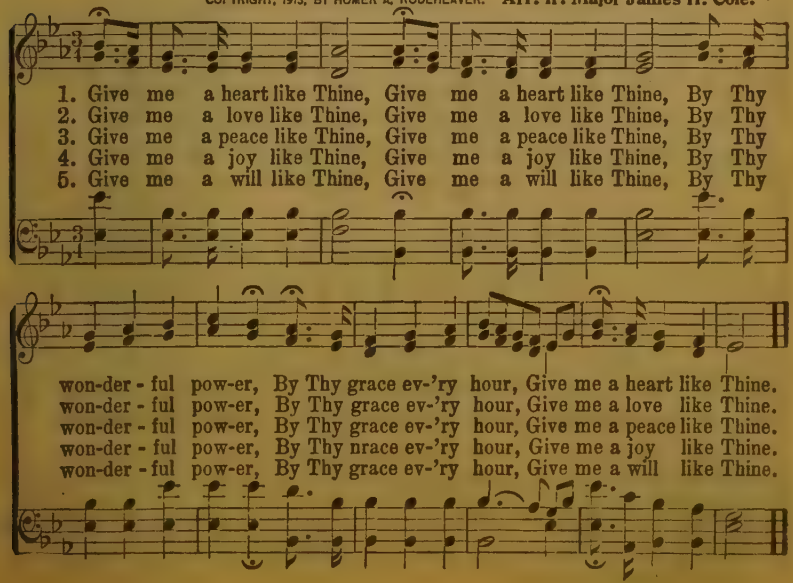
CHORUS.

God's Great Refrain.


He shall not fail! He shall not fail! Till in the
He shall not, shall not fail! He shall not, shall not fail!
earth His truth shall reign; He shall not fail! He
He shall not, shall not fail!
shall not fail! Sing, an-gels, men, God's great re - frain.
He shall not, shall not fail!

No. 144. Give Me a Heart Like Thine.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. Arr. fr. Major James H. Cole.


1. Give me a heart like Thine, Give me a heart like Thine, By Thy
2. Give me a love like Thine, Give me a love like Thine, By Thy
3. Give me a peace like Thine, Give me a peace like Thine, By Thy
4. Give me a joy like Thine, Give me a joy like Thine, By Thy
5. Give me a will like Thine, Give me a will like Thine, By Thy
won-der - ful pow-er, By Thy grace ev-'ry hour, Give me a heart like Thine.
won-der - ful pow-er, By Thy grace ev-'ry hour, Give me a love like Thine.
won-der - ful pow-er, By Thy grace ev-'ry hour, Give me a peace like Thine.
won-der - ful pow-er, By Thy nrace ev-'ry hour, Give me a joy like Thine.
won-der - ful pow-er, By Thy grace ev-'ry hour, Give me a will like Thine.

No. 145. My Savior.

Maggie Gregory. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

Voices in Unison.

1. A - far from God I wan-dered,.. In fol - ly and in
2. He taught me how to serve Him,.. He guides me day by
3. He is so high and ho - ly,.... So pure and un - de-
4. Sometimes, with all the loved ones... Who've traveled on be-
sin,..... Till Je - sus, Friend of sin - ners,.... Died, my poor
day,..... And keeps my fee - ble foot-steps.... With - in the
filed, ... It fills my heart with rap-ture..... To know I
fore,.... I'll meet to see and know Him,... In heav'n for-
CHORUS.
soul to win.....
nar - row way..... He gave His life to save me.....
am His child..... He gave His life to save me Be-
ev - er - more.....
Be-cause He loved me so;..... In His own blood He
cause He so loved me, so loved me; In His own blood He
rit.
cleansed me,..... And made me white as snow.
cleansed me, He cleansed me, And made me white as the driv - en snow.

HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

No. 146 The Light of His Wonderful Love.

Rev. A. H. Ackley.

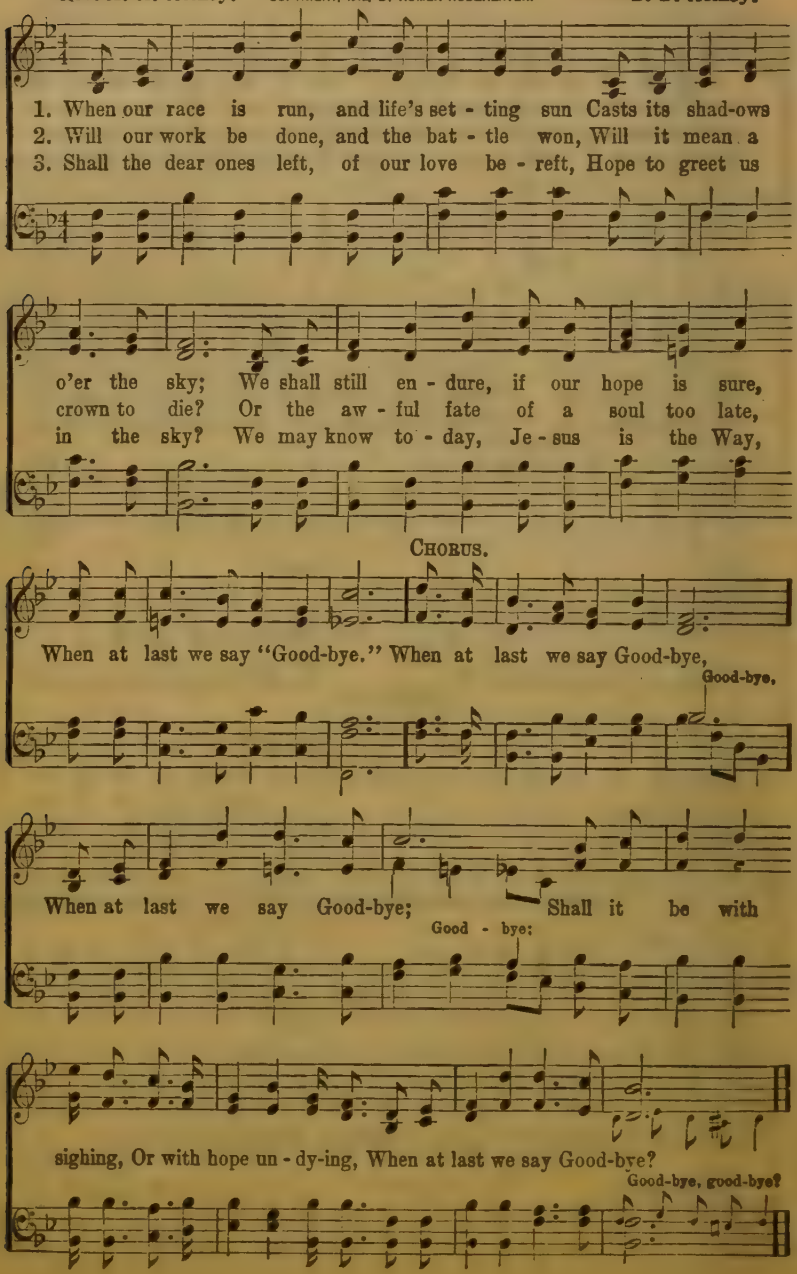
COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY ACKLEY & RODEHEAVER.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

B. D. Ackley.

1. I am liv - ing each day as I jour-ney be - low, In the glo - ry He
2. When the shadows of time with their trouble and gloom, Would my heavenly
3. And when I shall cross to the land of the blest, E'en in death His great
sends from a - bove, He spreads o'er my path like a mantle of snow, The
vis - ion re - move, Then forth from His presence, resplendent there shines, The
care He shall prove, I'll pil - low my head on the Savior and rest In the
from a-bove,
Chorus.
light of His won-der-ful love..... In the light of His won-der - ful
won-der-ful love.
love, As it shines from the throne just a-bove, 'Tis the old gos-pel
won-der-ful love,
throne just a-bove,
sto - ry Of Christ and of glo-ry—This light of His won-der-ful love.....
won-der-ful love.

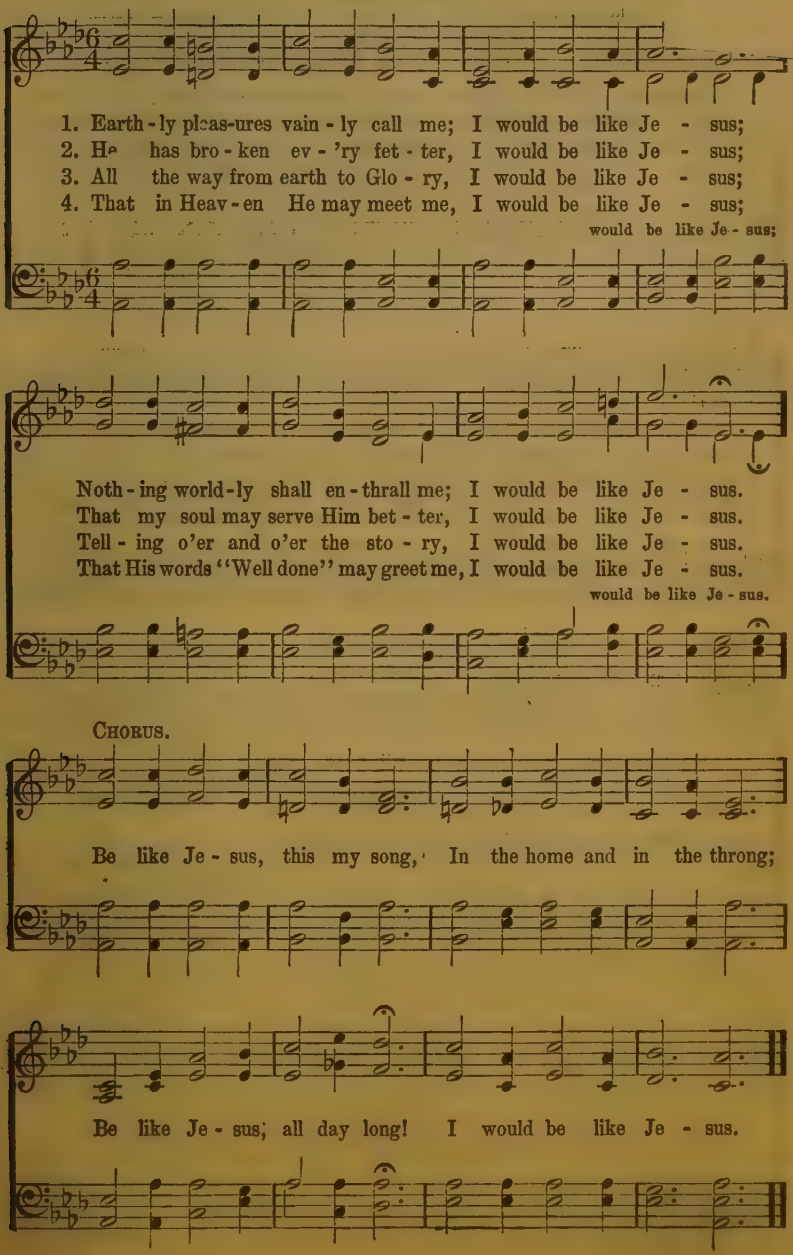
No. 147. When At Last We Say Good-Bye.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY HOMER RODEHEAVER. B. D. Ackley.


1. When our race is run, and life's set - ting sun Casts its shad-ows
2. Will our work be done, and the bat - tle won, Will it mean a
3. Shall the dear ones left, of our love be - reft, Hope to greet us
o'er the sky; We shall still en - dure, if our hope is sure,
crown to die? Or the aw - ful fate of a soul too late,
in the sky? We may know to - day, Je - sus is the Way,
Chorus.
When at last we say "Good-bye." When at last we say Good-bye,
Good-bye.
When at last we say Good-bye; Shall it be with
Good - bye;
sighing, Or with hope un - dy-ing, When at last we say Good-bye?
Good-bye, good-bye?

No. 148. I Would Be Like Jesus.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. B. D

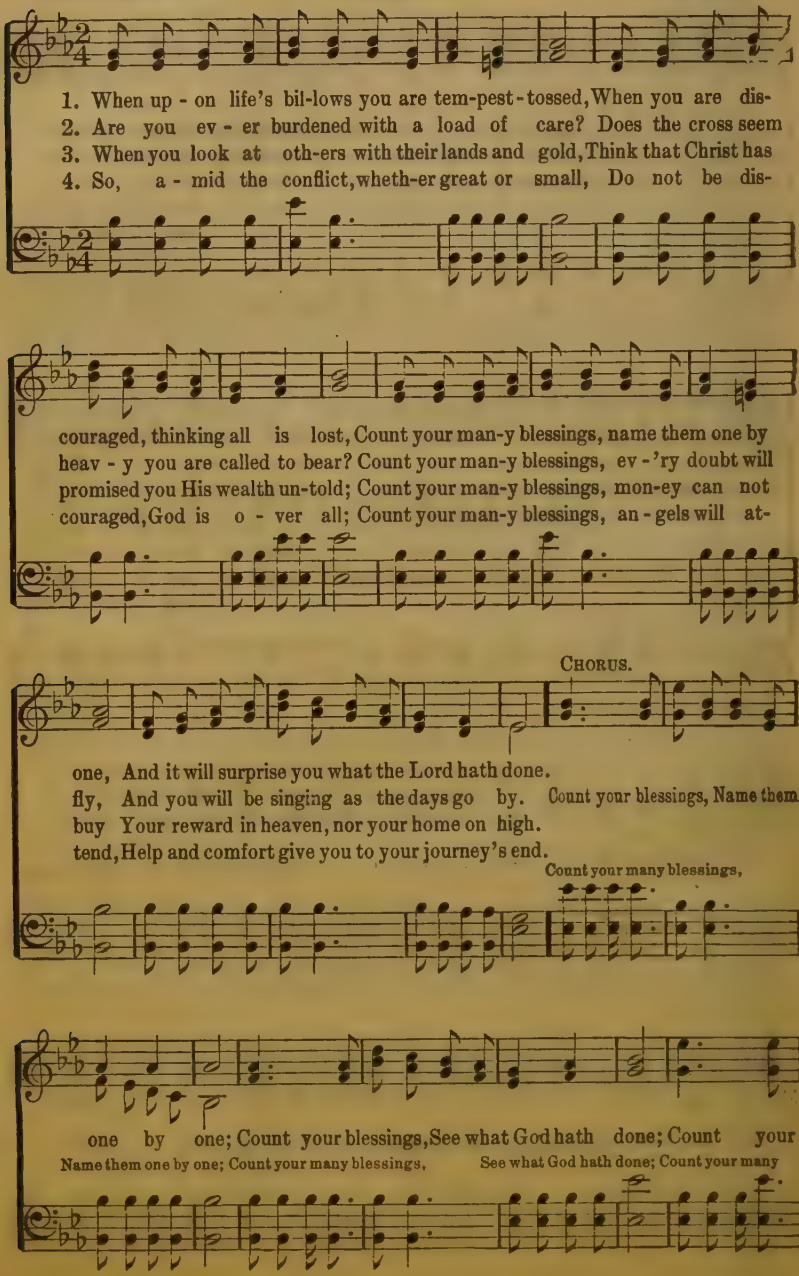

1. Earth-ly pleas-ures vain-ly call me; I would be like Je - sus;
2. He has bro-ken ev-'ry fet-ter, I would be like Je - sus;
3. All the way from earth to Glo-ry, I would be like Je - sus;
4. That in Heav-en He may meet me, I would be like Je - sus;
would be like Je - sus;
Noth-ing world-ly shall en-thrall me; I would be like Je - sus.
That my soul may serve Him bet-ter, I would be like Je - sus.
Tell-ing o'er and o'er the sto-ry, I would be like Je - sus.
That His words "Well done" may greet me, I would be like Je - sus.
would be like Je - sus.
CHORUS.
Be like Je - sus, this my song, In the home and in the throng;
Be like Je - sus; all day long! I would be like Je - sus.

No. 149. Count Your Blessings.

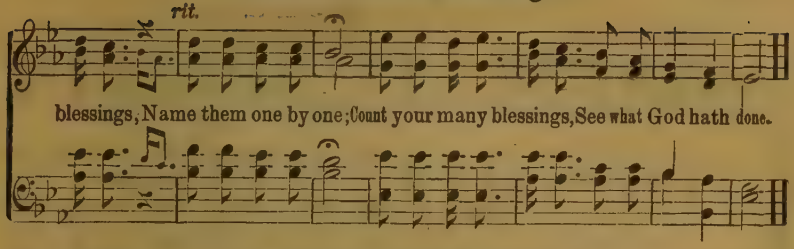
Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC

E. O. Excell.

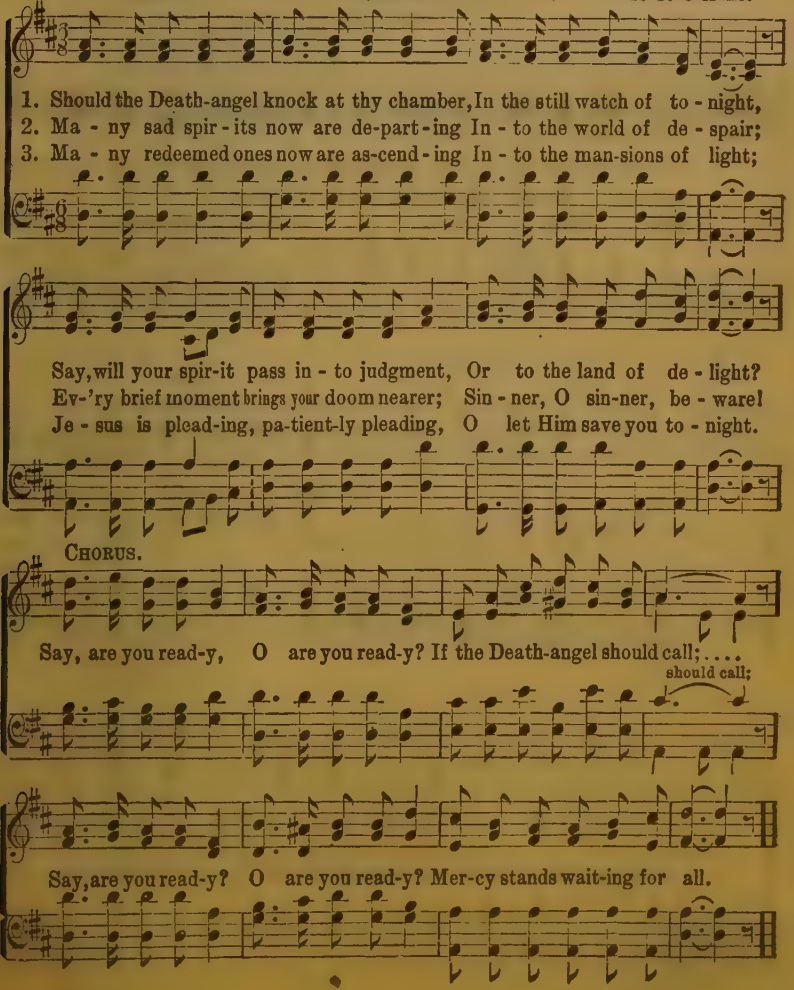

1. When up - on life's bil-lows you are tem-pest - tossed, When you are dis-
2. Are you ev - er burdened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
3. When you look at oth-ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
4. So, a - mid the conflict, wheth-er great or small, Do not be dis-
couraged, thinking all is lost, Count your man-y blessings, name them one by
heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man-y blessings, ev - 'ry doubt will
promised you His wealth un-told; Count your man-y blessings, mon-ey can not
couraged, God is o - ver all; Count your man-y blessings, an - gels will at-
CHORUS.
one, And it will surprise you what the Lord hath done.
fly, And you will be singing as the days go by. Count your blessings, Name them
buy Your reward in heaven, nor your home on high.
tend, Help and comfort give you to your journey's end.
Count your many blessings,
one by one; Count your blessings, See what God hath done; Count your
Name them one by one; Count your many blessings, See what God hath done; Count your many

Count Your Blessings.



No. 150. Say, are You Ready?

A. S. Kiefer. USED BY PER. T. C. O'Kane.


1. Should the Death-angel knock at thy chamber, In the still watch of to - night,
2. Ma - ny sad spir - its now are de-part - ing In - to the world of de - spair;
3. Ma - ny redeemed ones now are as-cend - ing In - to the man-sions of light;
Say, will your spir-it pass in - to judgment, Or to the land of de - light?
Ev-'ry brief moment brings your doom nearer; Sin - ner, O sin-ner, be - ware!
Je - sus is plead-ing, pa-tient-ly pleading, O let Him save you to - night.
Chorus.
Say, are you read-y, O are you read-y? If the Death-angel should call; . . . .
should call;
Say, are you read-y? O are you read-y? Mer-cy stands wait-ing for all.

No. 151. My Heart Belongs to Jesus.

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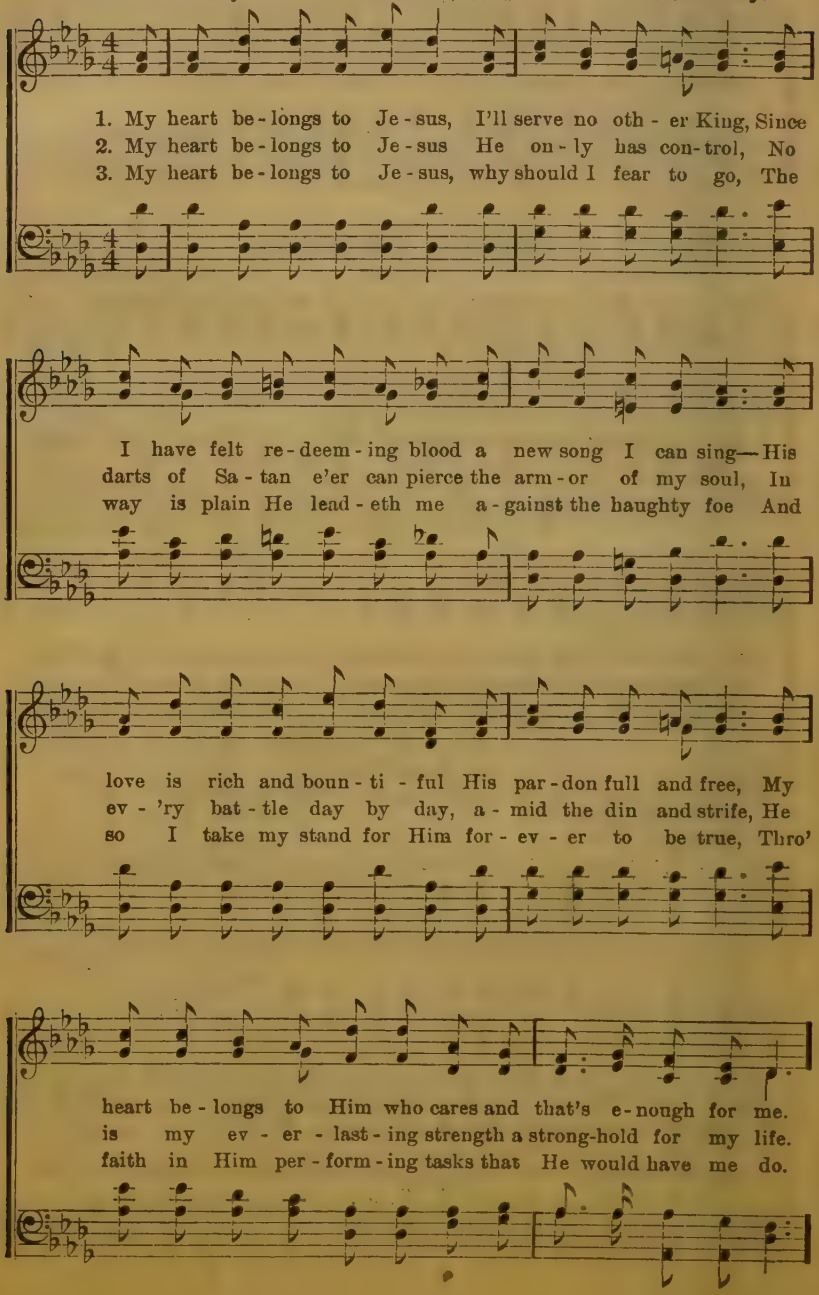
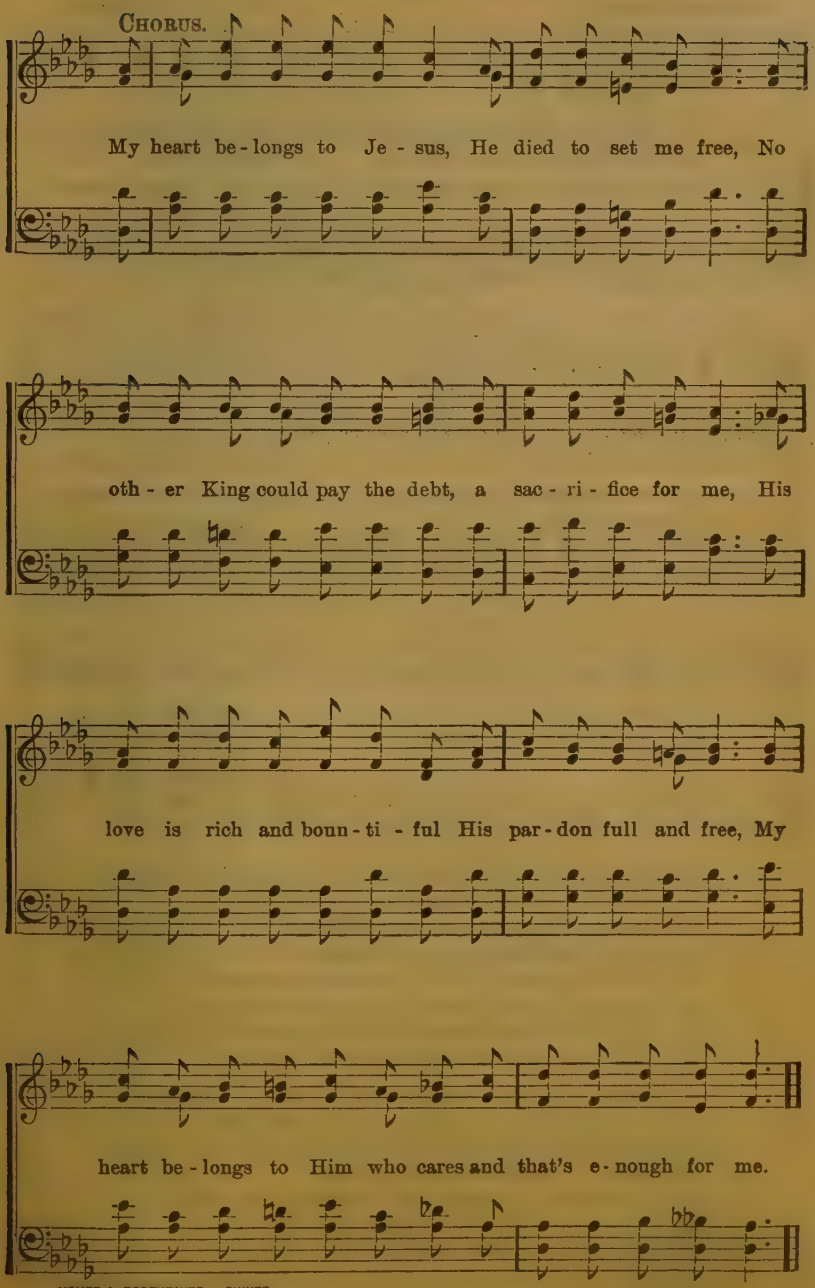
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.


1. My heart be-longs to Je-sus, I'll serve no oth-er King, Since
2. My heart be-longs to Je-sus He on-ly has con-trol, No
3. My heart be-longs to Je-sus, why should I fear to go, The
I have felt re-deem-ing blood a new song I can sing—His
darts of Sa-tan e'er can pierce the arm-or of my soul, In
way is plain He lead-eth me a-gainst the haughty foe And
love is rich and boun-ti-ful His par-don full and free, My
ev-'ry bat-tle day by day, a-mid the din and strife, He
so I take my stand for Him for-ev-er to be true, Thro'
heart be-longs to Him who cares and that's e-nough for me.
is my ev-er-last-ing strength a strong-hold for my life.
faith in Him per-form-ing tasks that He would have me do.

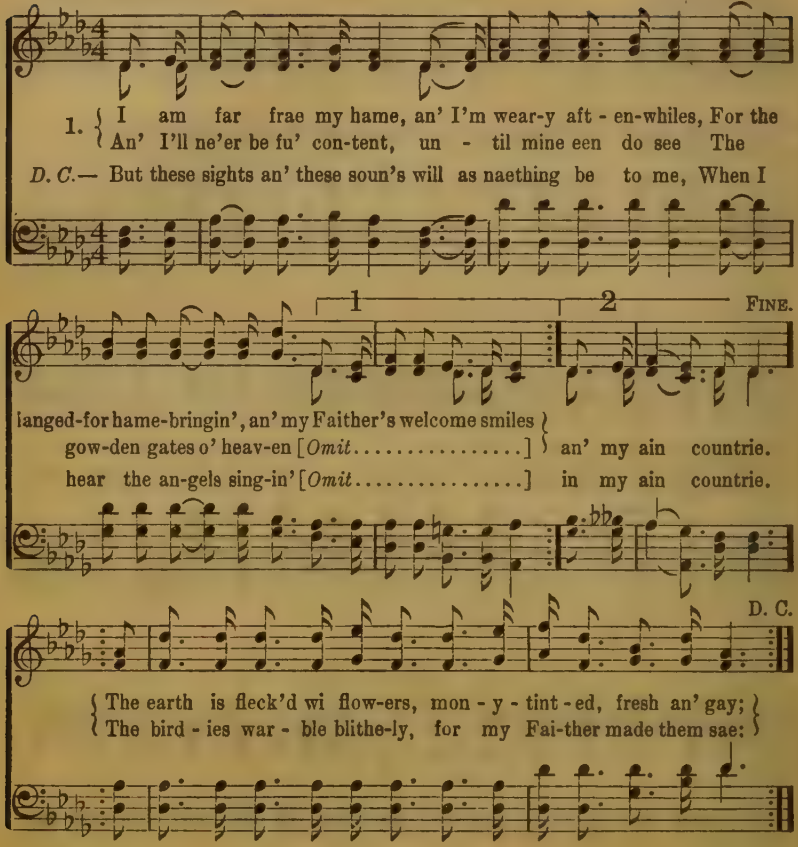
My Heart Belongs to Jesus.


CHORUS.
My heart be-longs to Je-sus, He died to set me free, No
oth-er King could pay the debt, a sac-ri-fice for me, His
love is rich and boun-ti-ful His par-don full and free, My
heart be-longs to Him who cares and that's e-nough for me.

HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. OWNER.

No. 152. My Ain Countrie.

Mary Lee Demarest. Scotch Air.


1. I am far frae my hame, an' I'm wear-y aft - en-whiles, For the
An' I'll ne'er be fu' con-tent, un - til mine een do see The
D. C.— But these sights an' these soun's will as naething be to me, When I
1
2
FINE.
langed-for hame-bringin', an' my Faither's welcome smiles
gow-den gates o' heav-en [Omit.....]
hear the an-gels sing-in' [Omit.....]
an' my ain countrie.
in my ain countrie.
D. C.
The earth is fleck'd wi flow-ers, mon - y - tint - ed, fresh an' gay;
The bird - ies war - ble blithe-ly, for my Fai-ther made them sae:

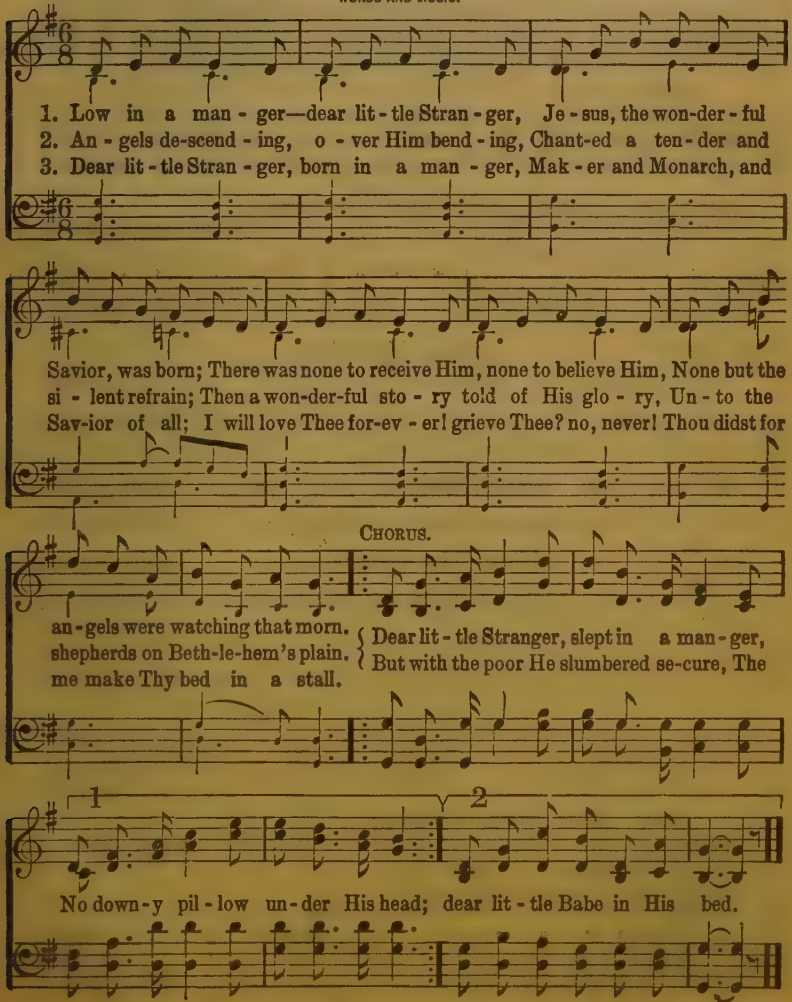
2 I've His gude word o' promise that some gladsome day, the King
To His ain royal palace His banished hame will bring;
Wi' een an' wi' hert rinnin' owre, we shall see
The King in His beauty, in oor ain countrie.
My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been sair;
But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair:
For His bluid has made me white, an' His han' shall dry my e'e,
When He brings me hame at last, to my ain countrie.

3 He is faithfu', that hath promised, an' He'll surely come again,
He'll keep His tryst wi' me, at what oor I dinna ken;
But He bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be,
To gang at ony moment to my ain countrie.
Sae i'm watching aye, and singin' o' my hame, as I wait,
For the soun'in' o' His fitfa' this side the gowden gate:
God gie His grace to ilka ane wha' listens noo to me,
That we a' may gang in gladness to oor ain countrie.

Childrens Songs

No. 153. Dear Little Stranger.

C. H. G. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL. Chas. H. Gabriel.
WORDS AND MUSIC.


1. Low in a man - ger—dear lit - tle Stran - ger, Je - sus, the won-der - ful
2. An - gels de-scend - ing, o - ver Him bend - ing, Chant-ed a ten - der and
3. Dear lit - tle Stran - ger, born in a man - ger, Mak - er and Monarch, and
Savior, was born; There was none to receive Him, none to believe Him, None but the
si - lent refrain; Then a won-der-ful sto - ry told of His glo - ry, Un - to the
Sav-ior of all; I will love Thee for-ev - er! grieve Thee? no, never! Thou didst for
CHORUS.
an - gels were watching that morn.
shepherds on Beth-le-hem's plain.
me make Thy bed in a stall.
Dear lit - tle Stranger, slept in a man - ger,
But with the poor He slumbered se-cure, The
1
2
No down - y pil - low un - der His head; dear lit - tle Babe in His bed.

No. 154. Jewels.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
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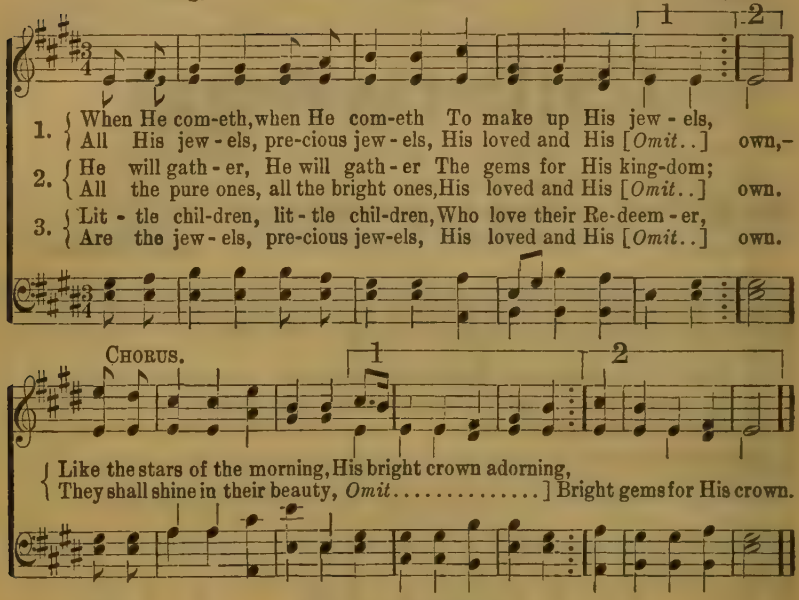
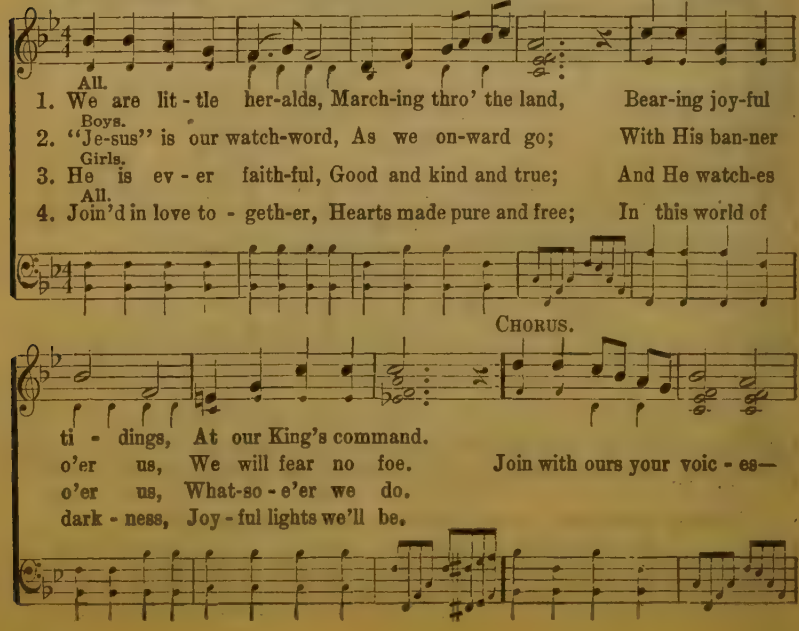
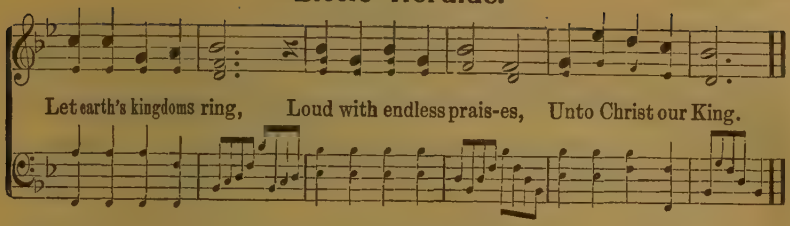
W. O. Cushing. Geo. F. Root.


1
2
1. When He com-eth, when He com-eth To make up His jew - els,
All His jew - els, pre-cious jew - els, His loved and His [Omit..] own,–
2. He will gath - er, He will gath - er The gems for His king-dom;
All the pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His [Omit..] own.
3. Lit - tle chil-dren, lit - tle chil-dren, Who love their Re-deem - er,
Are the jew - els, pre-cious jew-els, His loved and His [Omit..] own.
Chorus.
1
2
Like the stars of the morning, His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty, Omit.....] Bright gems for His crown.

No. 155. Little Heralds.

David J. Beattie. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. T. R. Allen.


All.
1. We are lit - tle her-alds, March-ing thro' the land, Bear-ing joy-ful
Boys.
2. "Je-sus" is our watch-word, As we on-ward go; With His ban-ner
Girls.
3. He is ev - er faith-ful, Good and kind and true; And He watch-es
All.
4. Join'd in love to - geth-er, Hearts made pure and free; In this world of
Chorus.
ti - dings, At our King's command.
o'er us, We will fear no foe. Join with ours your voic - es—
o'er us, What-so - e'er we do.
dark - ness, Joy - ful lights we'll be.



No. 156. Praises Everywhere.

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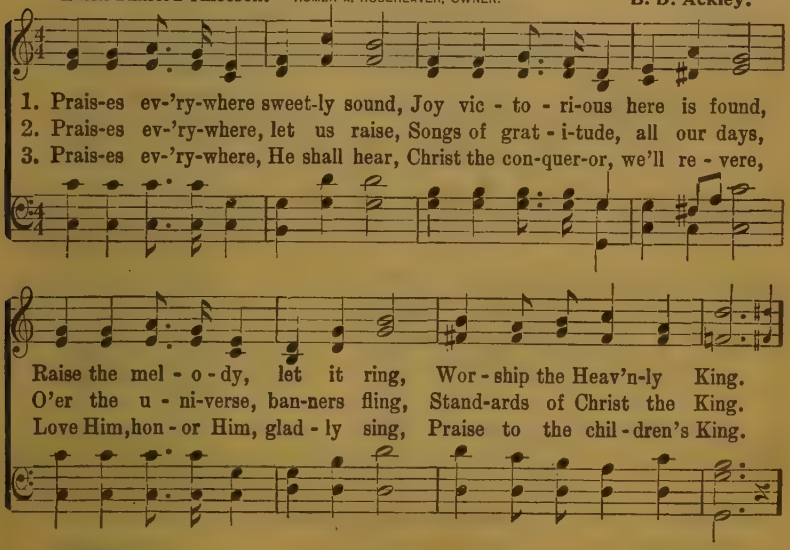
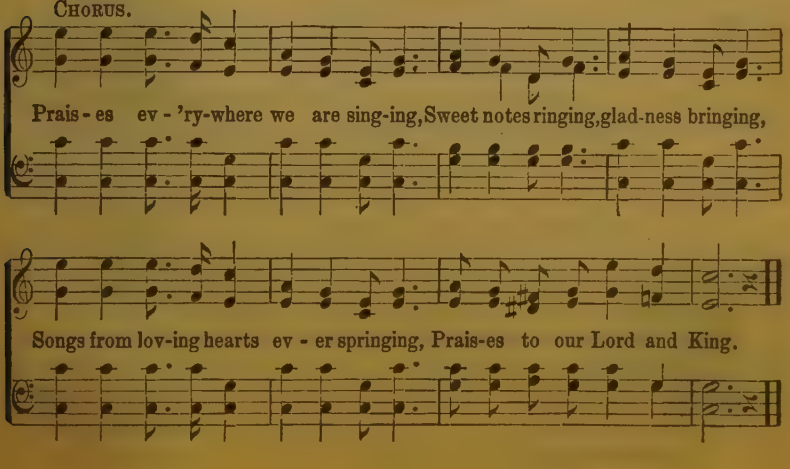
Edith Sanford Tillotson. B. D. Ackley.


1. Prais-es ev-'ry-where sweet-ly sound, Joy vic - to - ri-ous here is found,
2. Prais-es ev-'ry-where, let us raise, Songs of grat - i-tude, all our days,
3. Prais-es ev-'ry-where, He shall hear, Christ the con-quer-or, we'll re - vere,
Raise the mel - o - dy, let it ring, Wor - ship the Heav'n-ly King.
O'er the u - ni-verse, ban-ners fling, Stand-ards of Christ the King.
Love Him, hon - or Him, glad - ly sing, Praise to the chil - dren's King.


Chorus.
Prais - es ev - 'ry-where we are sing-ing, Sweet notes ringing, glad-ness bringing,
Songs from lov-ing hearts ev - er springing, Prais-es to our Lord and King.

No. 157. The School Bell.

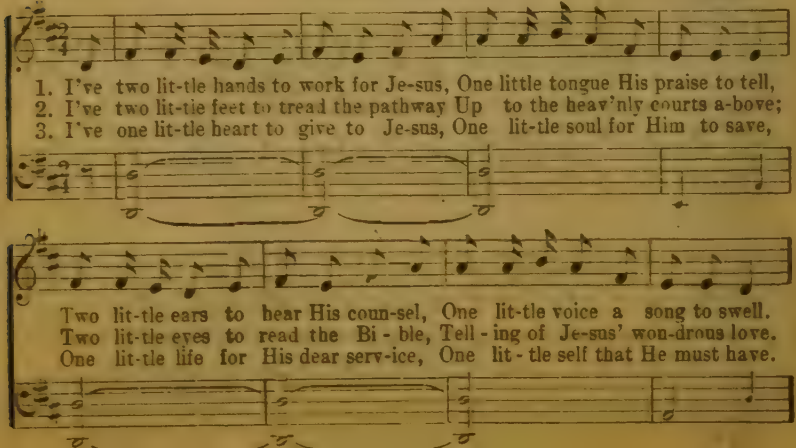
COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

E. S. Tillotson. B. D. Ackley.

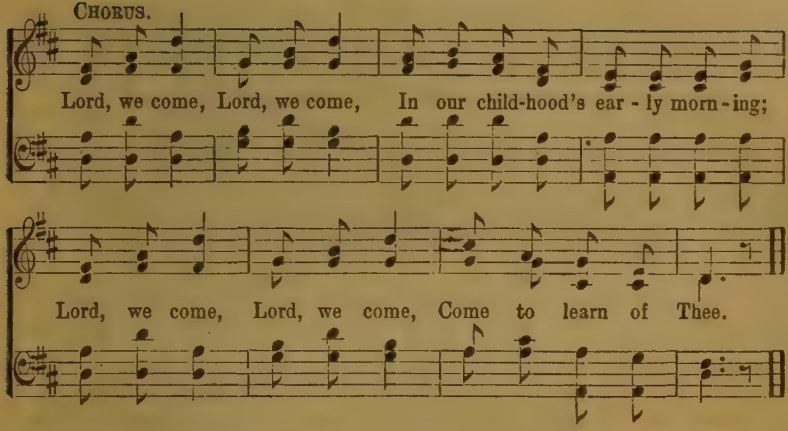
1. I'm the school-bell, ding, dong, ding! List-en to the song I sings,
2. Come, my chil-dren, ding, dong, ding! Nev-er loit-er when I ring,
3. Thus I call you, ding, dong, ding! To and fro I glad-ly swing,
When you hear me call to you, Hur-ry in, your work to do,
Strong and true your lives will be If you will at-tend to me,
Lit-tle friends, I love you all, That is why I oft-en call,
Heed the mes-sage that I bring, Ding! Dong! Ding!
If you'll heed me when I ring, Ding! Dong! Ding!
That is why for you, I ring, Ding! Dong! Ding!

No. 158. Two Little Hands.

W. A. O. BY PERMISSION OF DAVID C. COOK. W. A. Ogden.


1. I've two lit-tle hands to work for Je-sus, One little tongue His praise to tell,
2. I've two lit-tle feet to tread the pathway Up to the heav'nly courts a-bove;
3. I've one lit-tle heart to give to Je-sus, One lit-tle soul for Him to save,
Two lit-tle ears to hear His coun-sel, One lit-tle voice a song to swell.
Two lit-tle eyes to read the Bi-ble, Tell-ing of Je-sus' won-drous love.
One lit-tle life for His dear serv-ice, One lit-tle self that He must have.

Two Little Hands.



No. 159. The Sweet Story of Old.

Mrs. Jemima Luke. J. C. Englebrecht.

1. I think when I read that sweet sto-ry of old, When Je - sus was here
2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His arm had been thrown
3. Yet still to His foot-stool in prayer I may go, And ask for a share
4. In that beau-ti - ful place He is gone to prepare, For all that are washed
a-mong men, How He called lit - tle chil-dren as lambs to His fold, I should
a-round me; And that I might have seen His kind look when He said, "Let the
in His love; And if I now ear-nest-ly seek Him be-low, I shall
and for - giv'n, And ma - ny dear children are gath - er-ing there, "For of
Fine. Refrain. D. S.
like to have been with them then. I should like to have been with them then,
lit - tle ones come un - to Me." "Let the lit - tle ones come un-to Me."
see Him and hear Him a - bove. I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove.
such is the King-dom of heav'n." "For of such is the Kingdom of heav'n."

No. 160. The Sunday-School Brigade.

James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Hear the tramp, tramp, tramp of the Sunday-School Brigade, Whether rain or shine we are al-ways on pa-rade; By our Sav-ior led, in the
2. With the cross held high in the bless-ed gos-pel light, Eyes a-glow with love, as the sun our ban-ner bright; Dreading not the storm, fear-ing
3. Hear the tramp, tramp, tramp of the Sunday-School Brigade, We would win that crown which will nev-er, nev-er fade; We will trust our King, wher-so-
sun-shine of His love, We are march-ing on to the land of joy a-bove.
not the wait-ing foe, Sing-ing songs of praise, on and on with Christ we go.
ev-er be the way, We will fol-low Him to the realm of end-less day.
Chorus.
Marching on, on, on, on to glo-ry, Mak-ing known the bless-ed sto-ry;
March-ing on, on, on, we are march-ing on, Marching on, on, on, we are march-ing on;
There is joy, joy, joy for each girl and boy, In the Sunday-School Brigade.

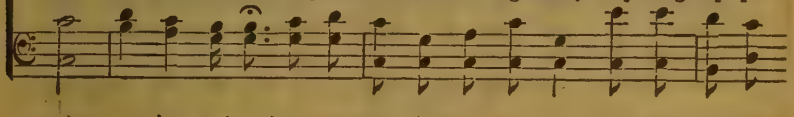
No. 161. Pure White Ribbons!

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.

Edith Sanford Tillotson. Homer A. Rodeheaver.

1. Have you seen our badges new? Pure white ribbons! Don't you want to wear one
2. They will drive strong drink a-way, Pure white ribbons! They will sure-ly win the
3. They make stalwart men and strong, Pure white ribbons! And they help the world a-

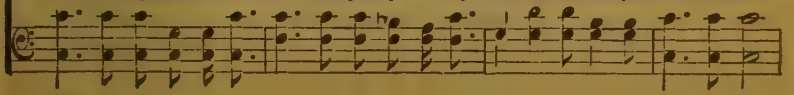
too? Pure white ribbons! They are em-blems of a band That is work-ing
day, Pure white ribbons! They will right the wrongs we bear, Drive out pov - er
long, Pure white ribbons! They make sin and suff'ring cease, They bring hap - pi-



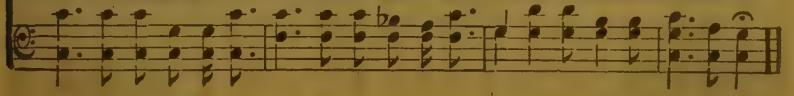
hand in hand, And for tem-per - ance they stand, Pure white rib-bons!
ty and care, So we're ver - y proud to wear Pure white rib-bons!
ness and peace, Make pros - per - i - ty in-crease, Pure white rib-bons!

CHORUS.

Join the ringing chorus, wave them proudly o'er us, Pure white ribbons, hurrah! hurrah!



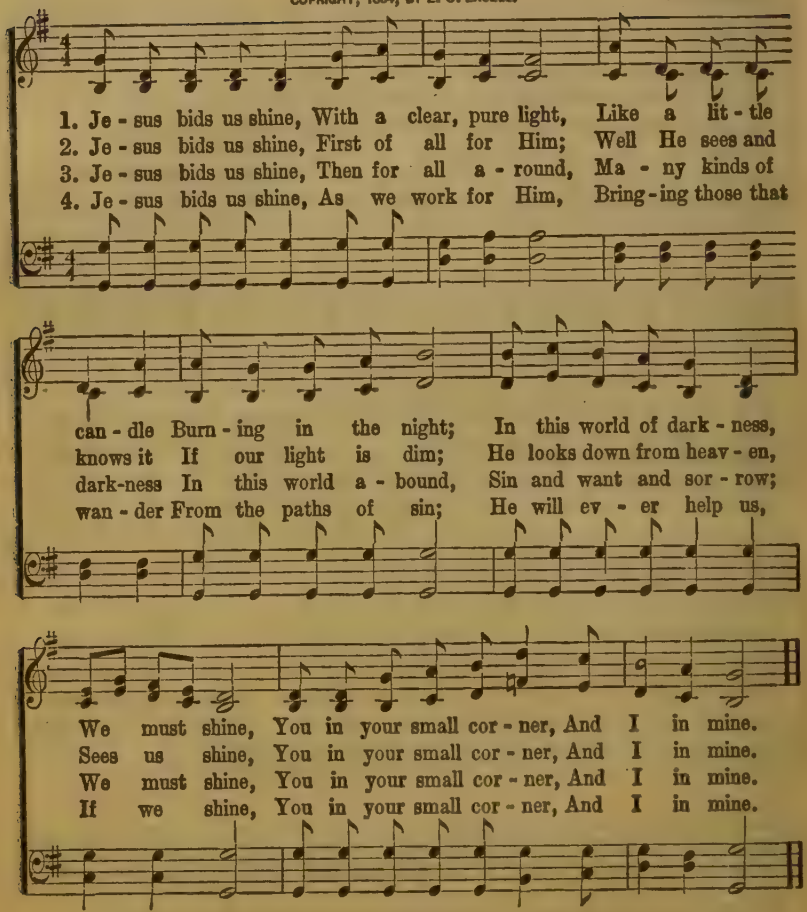
Join the ringing chorus, wave them proudly o'er us, Pure white ribbons, hurrah! hurrah!



No. 162. Jesus Bids Us Shine.

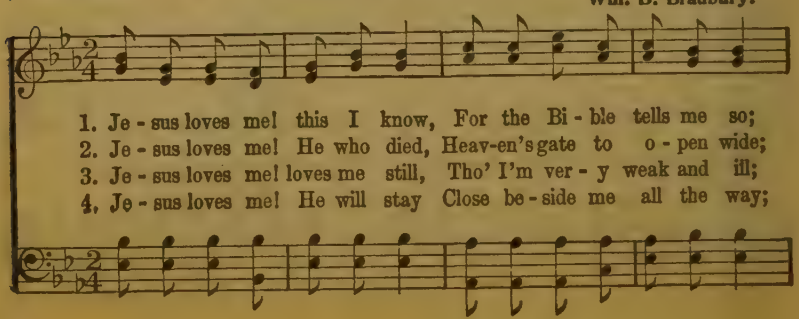
COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. O. Excell.

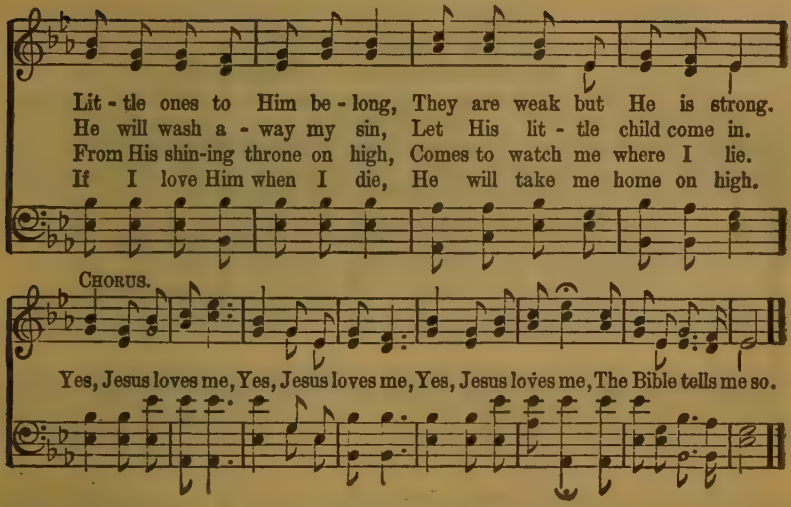

1. Je - sus bids us shine, With a clear, pure light, Like a lit - tle
2. Je - sus bids us shine, First of all for Him; Well He sees and
3. Je - sus bids us shine, Then for all a - round, Ma - ny kinds of
4. Je - sus bids us shine, As we work for Him, Bring - ing those that
can - dle Burn - ing in the night; In this world of dark - ness,
knows it If our light is dim; He looks down from heav - en,
dark-ness In this world a - bound, Sin and want and sor - row;
wan - der From the paths of sin; He will ev - er help us,
We must shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
Sees us shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
We must shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
If we shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.

No. 163. Jesus Loves Me.

Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so;
2. Je - sus loves me! He who died, Heav-en's gate to o - pen wide;
3. Je - sus loves me! loves me still, Tho' I'm ver - y weak and ill;
4. Je - sus loves me! He will stay Close be - side me all the way;

Jesus Loves Me.

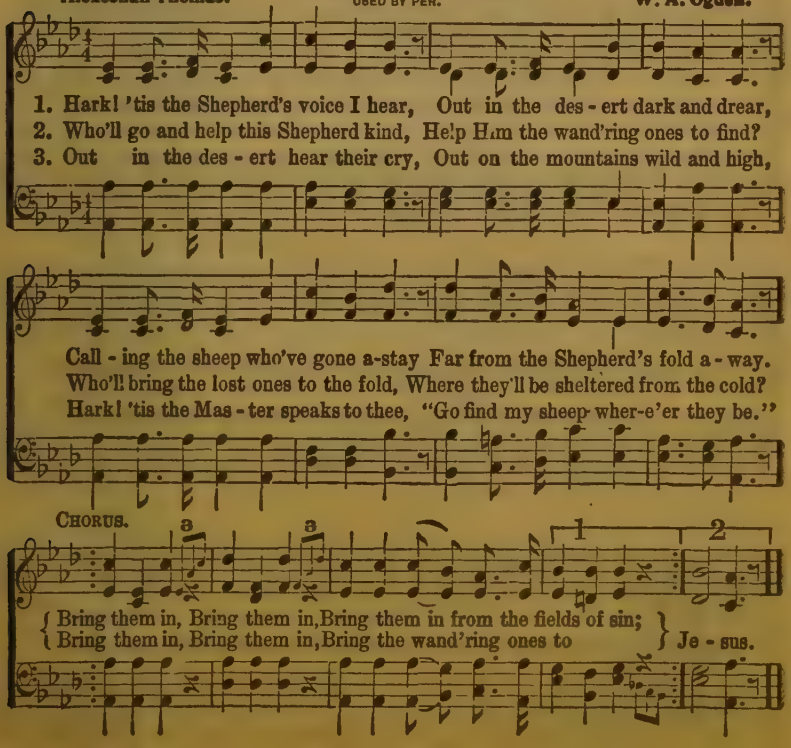

Lit - tle ones to Him be - long, They are weak but He is strong.
He will wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in.
From His shin-ing throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.
If I love Him when I die, He will take me home on high.
Chorus.
Yes, Jesus loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me, The Bible tells me so.

No. 164. Bring Them In.

Alexcenah Thomas.

COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY W. A. OGDEN.
USED BY PER.

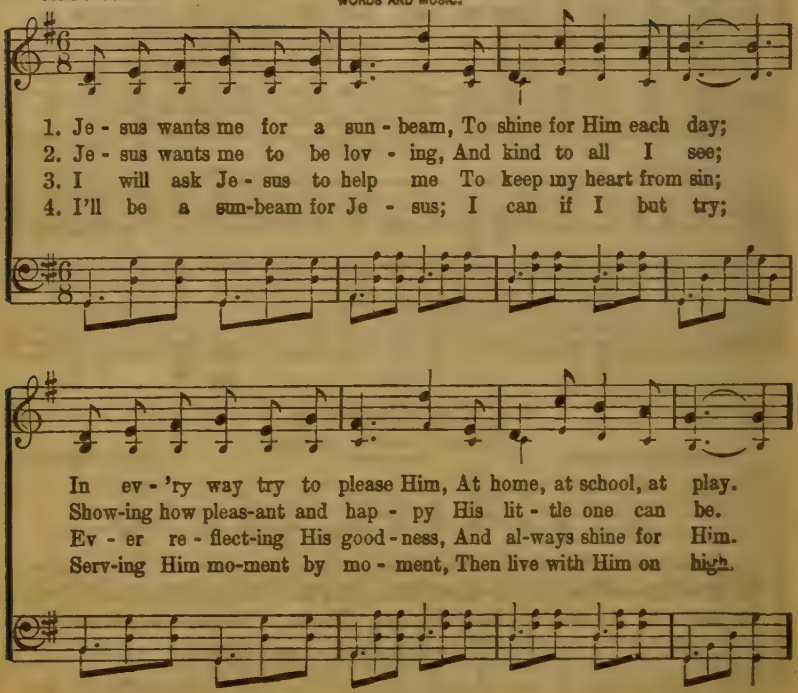
W. A. Ogden.


1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des - ert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help Him the wand'ring ones to find?
3. Out in the des - ert hear their cry, Out on the mountains wild and high,
Call - ing the sheep who've gone a-stay Far from the Shepherd's fold a - way.
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be sheltered from the cold?
Hark! 'tis the Mas - ter speaks to thee, "Go find my sheep wher-e'er they be."
Chorus.
a
a
1
2
Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;
Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring the wand'ring ones to
Je - sus.

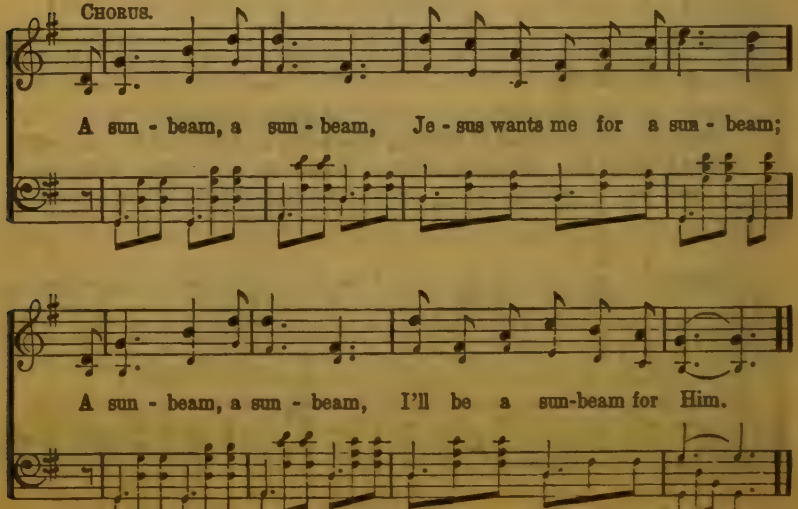
No. 165. I'll Be a Sunbeam.

To my grandson, Edwin O. Excell, Jr.

Nellie Talbot. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.


1. Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam, To shine for Him each day;
2. Je - sus wants me to be lov - ing, And kind to all I see;
3. I will ask Je - sus to help me To keep my heart from sin;
4. I'll be a sun-beam for Je - sus; I can if I but try;
In ev - 'ry way try to please Him, At home, at school, at play.
Show-ing how pleas-ant and hap - py His lit - tle one can be.
Ev - er re - flect-ing His good - ness, And al-ways shine for Him.
Serv-ing Him mo-ment by mo - ment, Then live with Him on high.

CHORUS.



No. 166. Swing Song.

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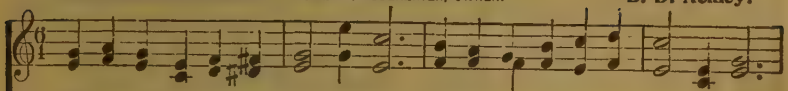
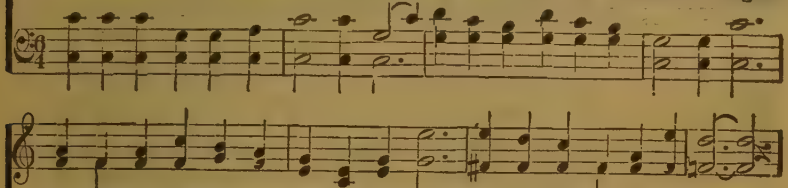
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

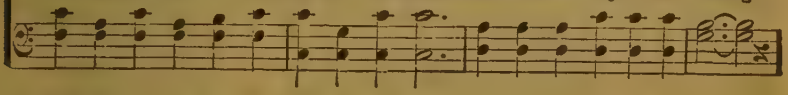
Edith Sanford Tillotson. B. D. Ackley.



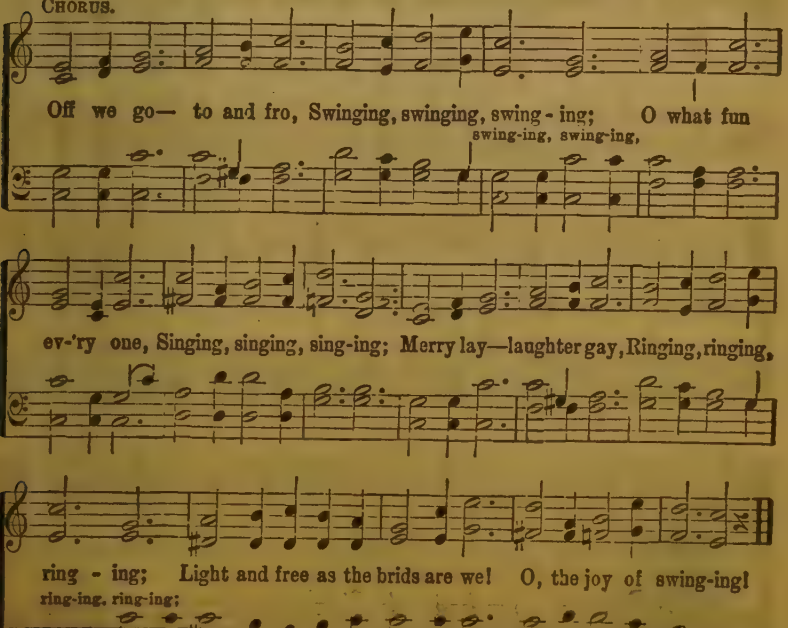
1. Who wants to travel to Tree Top Land? Who wants to ride with a jol - ly band?
2. Who wants to see where the Robin lives? Who wants the pleasure that flying gives?
3. Who wants a peep into Cloudland bright? Who wants to follow the sunbeams' light?



Who likes to rise like a bird on the wing? Come and we'll go in the swing!
Who loves to hear what the soft breezes sing! Come then with us in the swing!
Come then, the fare is the song that we bring, Come take a trip in the swing!



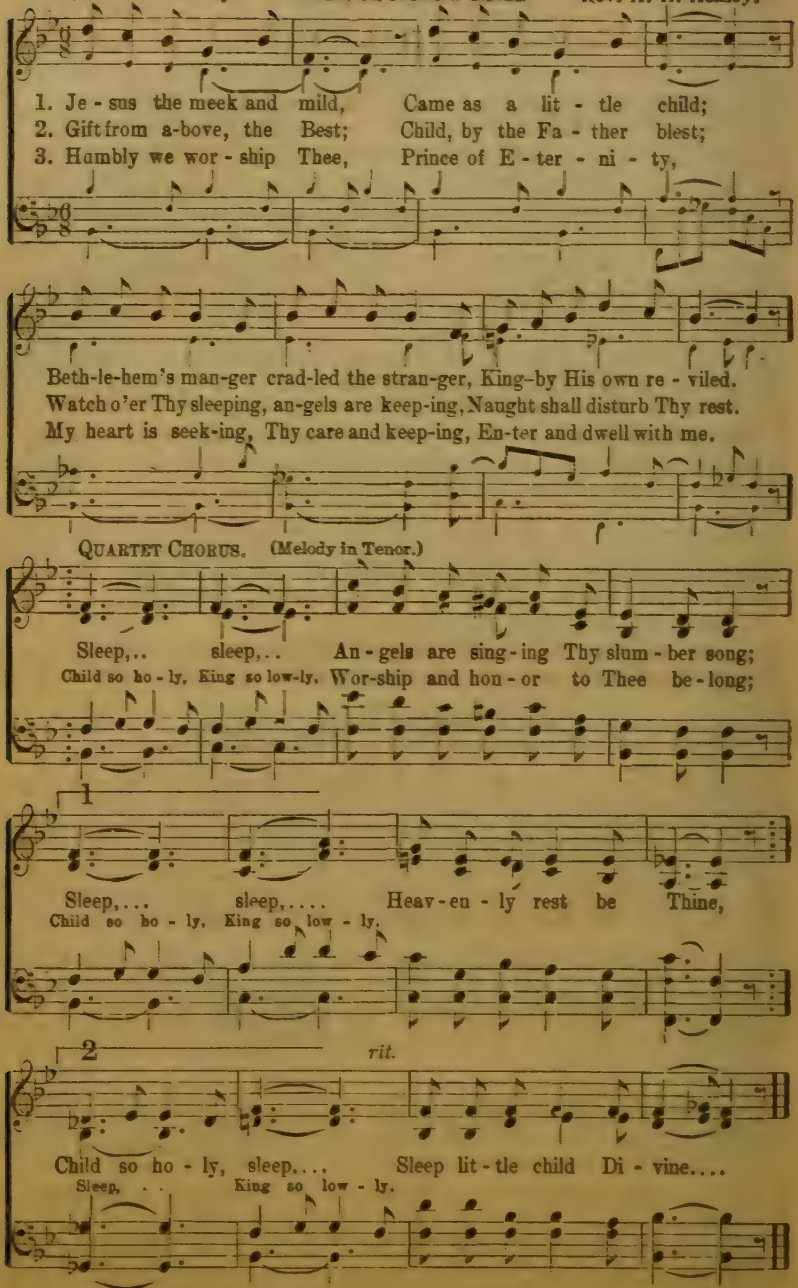
CHORUS.



Off we go— to and fro, Swinging, swinging, swing - ing; O what fun
swing-ing, swing-ing,
ev-'ry one, Singing, singing, sing-ing; Merry lay—laughter gay, Ringing, ringing,
ring - ing; Light and free as the brids are we! O, the joy of swing-ing!
ring-ing, ring-ing;

No. 167. Sleep, Sleep.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Rev. A. H. Ackley.


1. Je - sus the meek and mild, Came as a lit - tle child;
2. Gift from a-bove, the Best; Child, by the Fa - ther blest;
3. Humbly we wor - ship Thee, Prince of E - ter - ni - ty,
Beth-le-hem's man-ger crad-led the stran-ger, King-by His own re - viled.
Watch o'er Thy sleeping, an-gels are keep-ing, Naught shall disturb Thy rest.
My heart is seek-ing, Thy care and keep-ing, En-ter and dwell with me.
QUARTET CHORUS. (Melody in Tenor.)
Sleep,.. sleep,.. An - gels are sing - ing Thy slum - ber song;
Child so ho - ly, King so low-ly, Wor-ship and hon - or to Thee be - long;
1
Sleep,... sleep,..... Heav - en - ly rest be Thine,
Child so ho - ly, King so low - ly.
2
rit.
Child so ho - ly, sleep,... Sleep lit - tle child Di - vine....
Sleep, . . King so low - ly.

No. 168. Song of the Sunbeams.

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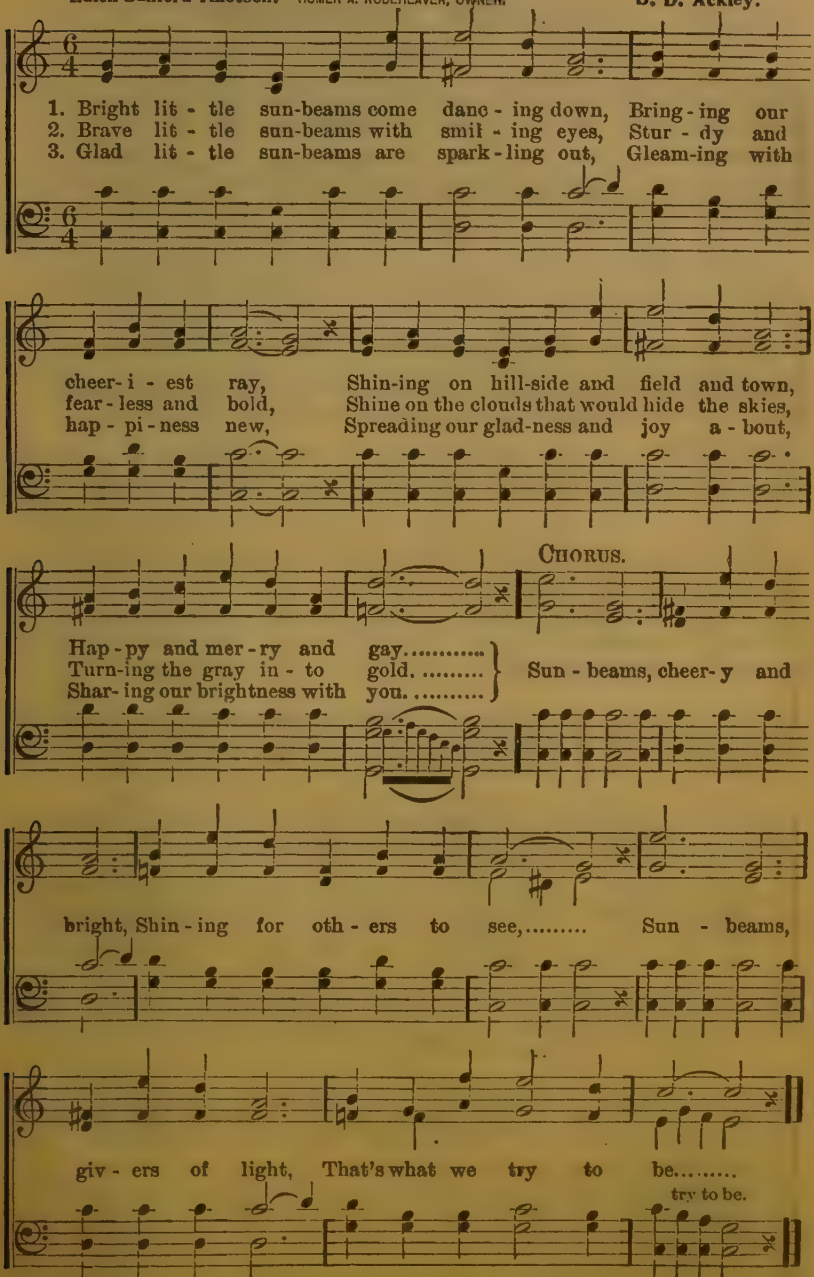
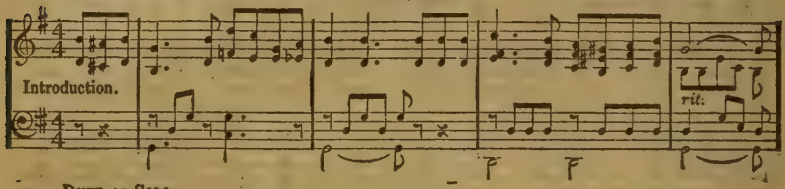
Edith Sanford Tillotson. B. D. Ackley.

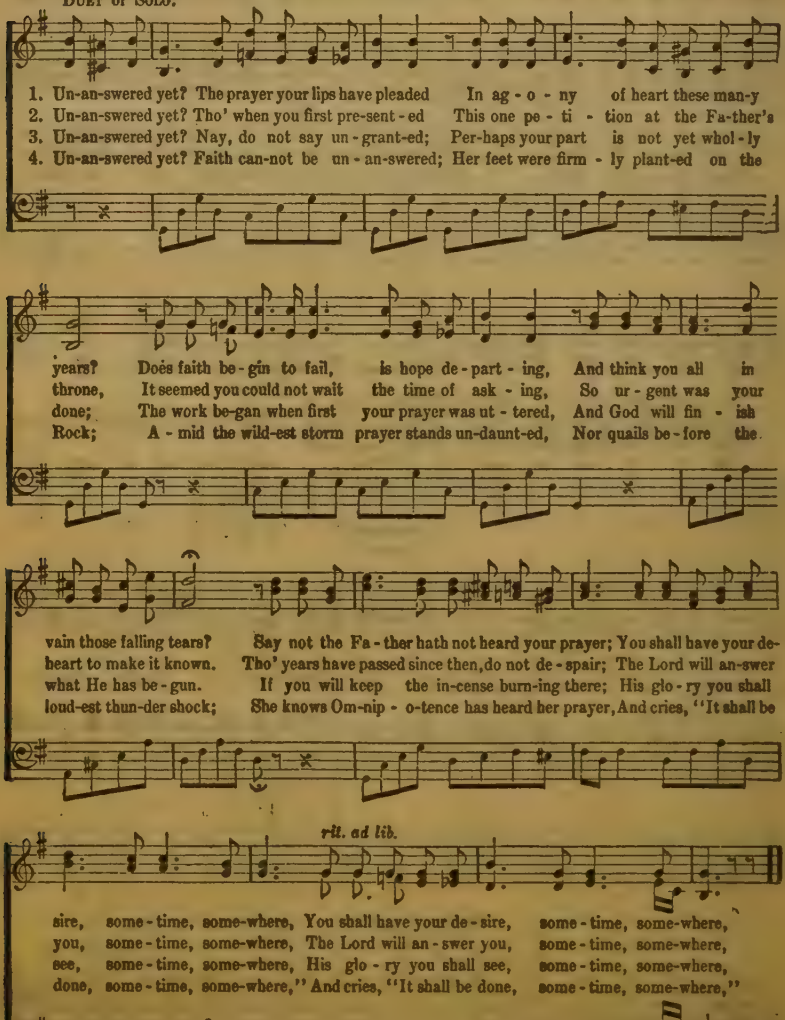

1. Bright lit - tle sun-beams come danc - ing down, Bring - ing our
2. Brave lit - tle sun-beams with smil - ing eyes, Stur - dy and
3. Glad lit - tle sun-beams are spark - ling out, Gleam-ing with
cheer- i - est ray, Shin-ing on hill-side and field and town,
fear - less and bold, Shine on the clouds that would hide the skies,
hap - pi - ness new, Spreading our glad-ness and joy a - bout,
CHORUS.
Hap - py and mer - ry and gay.....
Turn-ing the gray in - to gold. .....
Shar- ing our brightness with you. .....
Sun - beams, cheer- y and
bright, Shin - ing for oth - ers to see,..... Sun - beams,
giv - ers of light, That's what we try to be.....
try to be.

No. 169. Sometime, Somewhere.

Mrs. Ophelia G. Adams. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. Charlie D. Tillman.



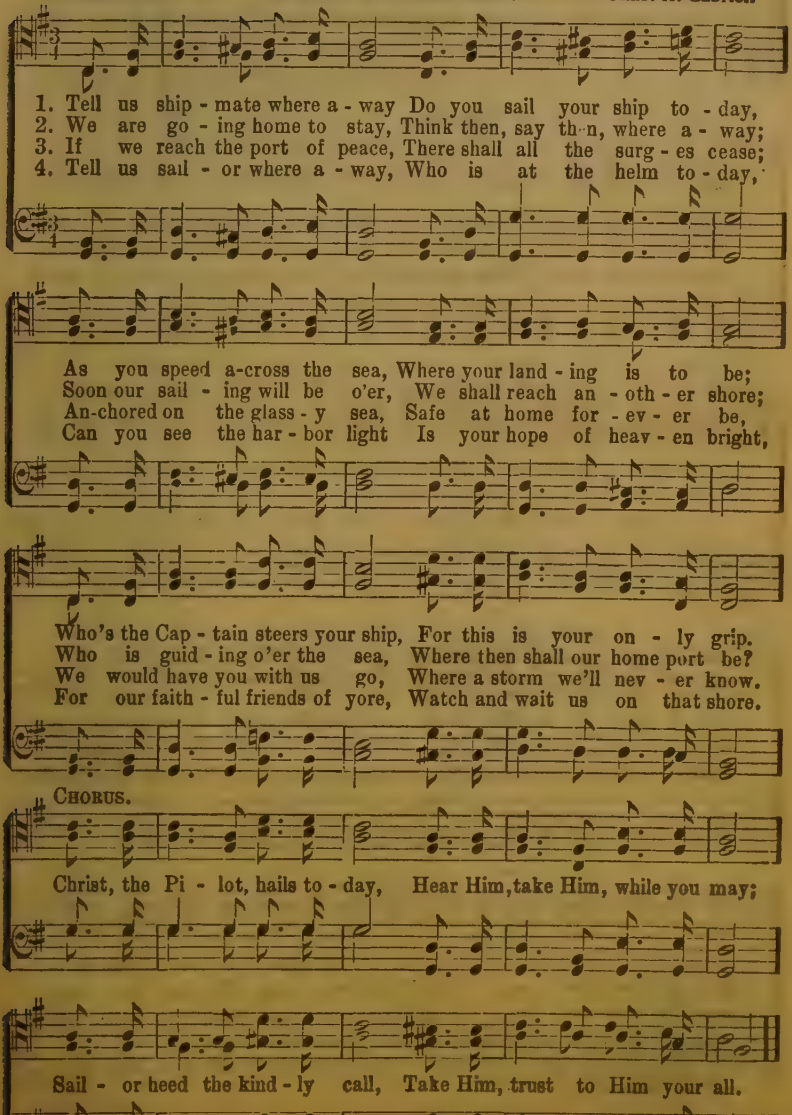
DUET or SOLO.


1. Un-an-swered yet? The prayer your lips have pleaded In ag - o - ny of heart these man-y
2. Un-an-swered yet? Tho' when you first pre-sent - ed This one pe - ti - tion at the Fa-ther's
3. Un-an-swered yet? Nay, do not say un - grant-ed; Per-haps your part is not yet whol - ly
4. Un-an-swered yet? Faith can-not be un - an-swered; Her feet were firm - ly plant-ed on the
years? Does faith be - gin to fail, is hope de - part - ing, And think you all in
throne, It seemed you could not wait the time of ask - ing, So ur - gent was your
done; The work be-gan when first your prayer was ut - tered, And God will fin - ish
Rock; A - mid the wild-est storm prayer stands un-daunt-ed, Nor quails be - fore the
vain those falling tears? Say not the Fa - ther hath not heard your prayer; You shall have your de-
heart to make it known. Tho' years have passed since then, do not de - spair; The Lord will an-swer
what He has be - gun. If you will keep the in-cense burn-ing there; His glo - ry you shall
loud-est thun-der shock; She knows Om-nip - o-tence has heard her prayer, And cries, "It shall be
rit. ad lib.
sire, some - time, some-where, You shall have your de - sire, some - time, some-where,
you, some - time, some-where, The Lord will an - swer you, some - time, some-where,
see, some - time, some-where, His glo - ry you shall see, some - time, some-where,
done, some - time, some-where," And cries, "It shall be done, some - time, some-where,"

Male Voices

No. 170. Where Away?

Edgar Page. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Tell us ship - mate where a - way Do you sail your ship to - day,
2. We are go - ing home to stay, Think then, say th-n, where a - way;
3. If we reach the port of peace, There shall all the surg - es cease;
4. Tell us sail - or where a - way, Who is at the helm to - day,
As you speed a-cross the sea, Where your land - ing is to be;
Soon our sail - ing will be o'er, We shall reach an - oth - er shore;
An-chored on the glass - y sea, Safe at home for - ev - er be,
Can you see the har - bor light Is your hope of heav - en bright,
Who's the Cap - tain steers your ship, For this is your on - ly grip.
Who is guid - ing o'er the sea, Where then shall our home port be?
We would have you with us go, Where a storm we'll nev - er know.
For our faith - ful friends of yore, Watch and wait us on that shore.
CHORUS.
Christ, the Pi - lot, hails to - day, Hear Him, take Him, while you may;
Sail - or heed the kind - ly call, Take Him, trust to Him your all.

No. 171.

My Guiding Star.

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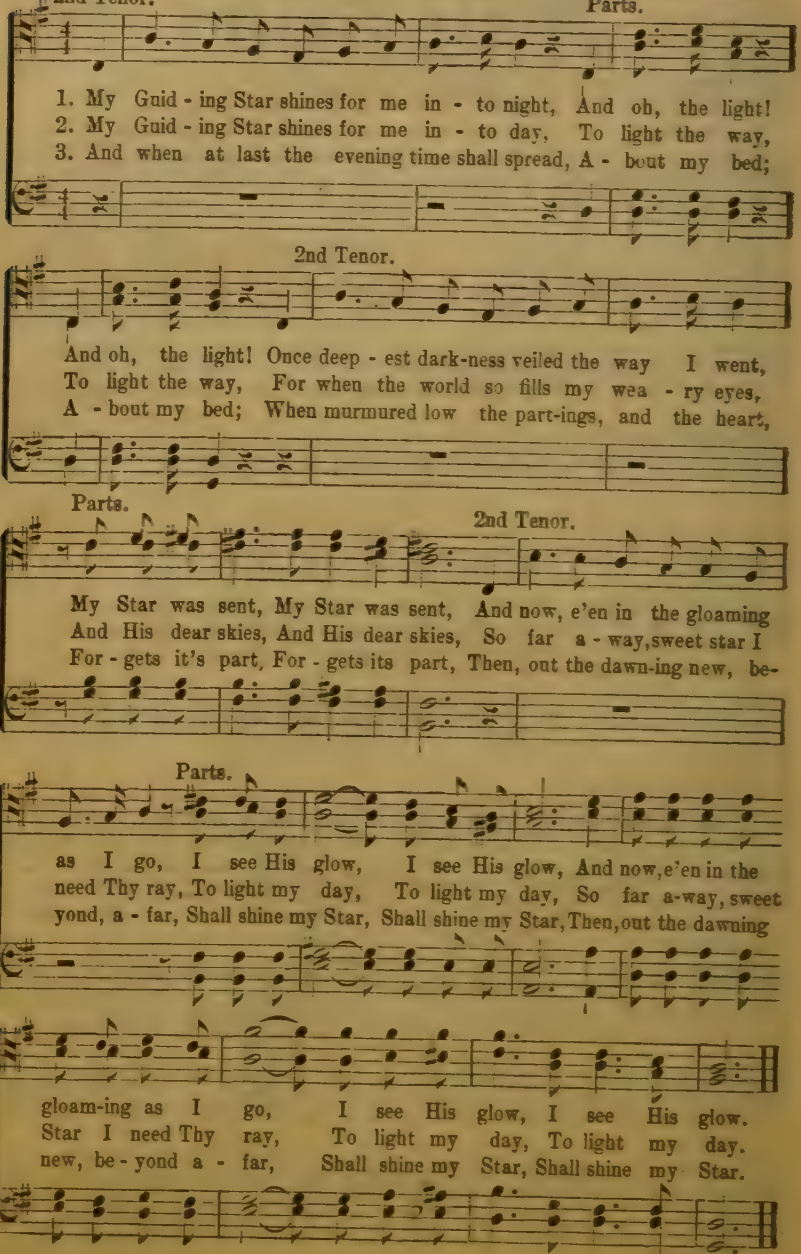
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

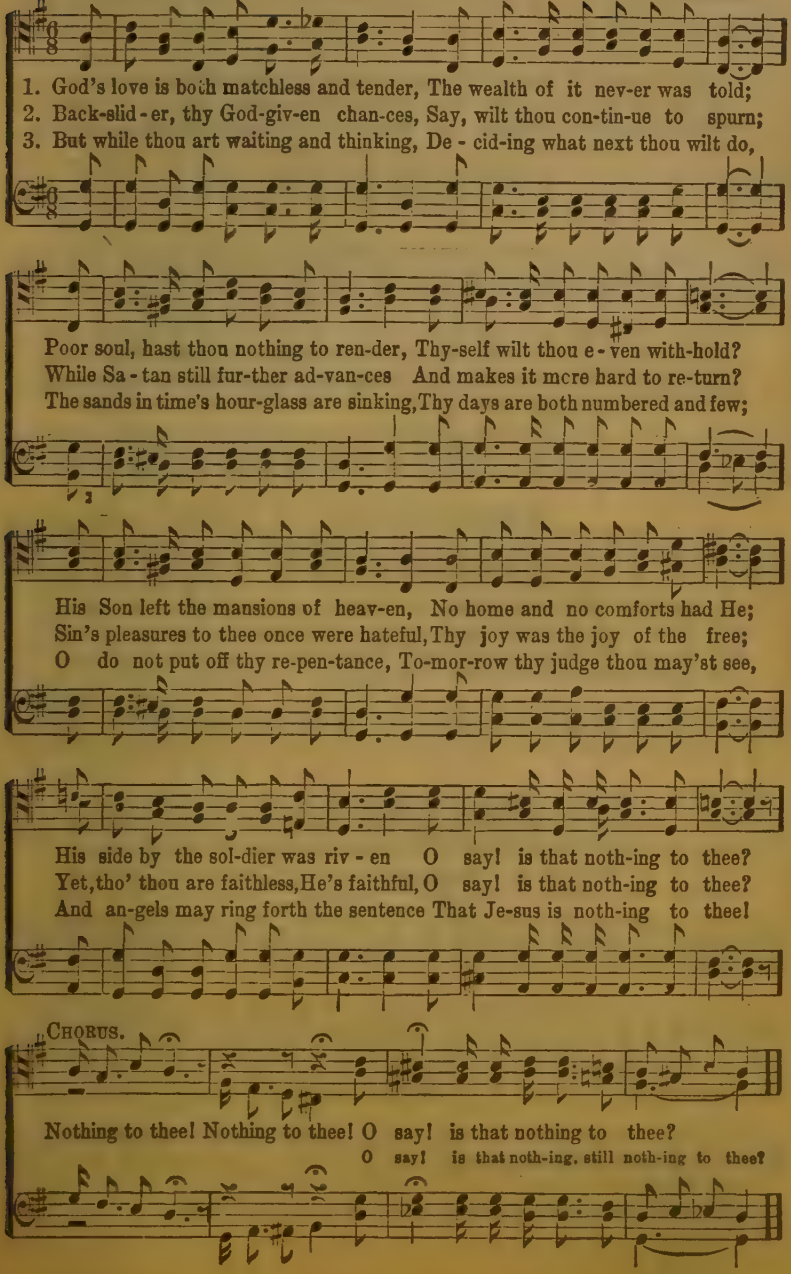
Rev. Chas. W. Collinge.

B. D. Ackley.


2nd Tenor.
Parts.
1. My Guid - ing Star shines for me in - to night, And oh, the light!
2. My Guid - ing Star shines for me in - to day, To light the way,
3. And when at last the evening time shall spread, A - bout my bed;
2nd Tenor.
And oh, the light! Once deep - est dark-ness veiled the way I went,
To light the way, For when the world so fills my wea - ry eyes,
A - bout my bed; When murmured low the part-ings, and the heart,
Parts.
2nd Tenor.
My Star was sent, My Star was sent, And now, e'en in the gloaming
And His dear skies, And His dear skies, So far a - way, sweet star I
For - gets it's part, For - gets its part, Then, out the dawn-ing new, be-
Parts.
as I go, I see His glow, I see His glow, And now, e'en in the
need Thy ray, To light my day, To light my day, So far a-way, sweet
yond, a - far, Shall shine my Star, Shall shine my Star, Then, out the dawning
gloam-ing as I go, I see His glow, I see His glow.
Star I need Thy ray, To light my day, To light my day.
new, be - yond a - far, Shall shine my Star, Shall shine my Star.

No. 172. Nothing to Thee.

Melody in 2nd Tenor. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. C. W. Waggoner.


1. God's love is both matchless and tender, The wealth of it nev-er was told;
2. Back-slid-er, thy God-giv-en chan-ces, Say, wilt thou con-tin-ue to spurn;
3. But while thou art waiting and thinking, De-cid-ing what next thou wilt do,
Poor soul, hast thou nothing to ren-der, Thy-self wilt thou e-ven with-hold?
While Sa-tan still fur-ther ad-van-ces And makes it more hard to re-turn?
The sands in time's hour-glass are sinking, Thy days are both numbered and few;
His Son left the mansions of heav-en, No home and no comforts had He;
Sin's pleasures to thee once were hateful, Thy joy was the joy of the free;
O do not put off thy re-pen-tance, To-mor-row thy judge thou may'st see,
His side by the sol-dier was riv-en O say! is that noth-ing to thee?
Yet, tho' thou are faithless, He's faithful, O say! is that noth-ing to thee?
And an-gels may ring forth the sentence That Je-sus is noth-ing to thee!
CHORUS.
Nothing to thee! Nothing to thee! O say! is that nothing to thee?
O say! is that noth-ing, still noth-ing to thee?

No. 173. The Way-side Cross.

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY H. R. PALMER.
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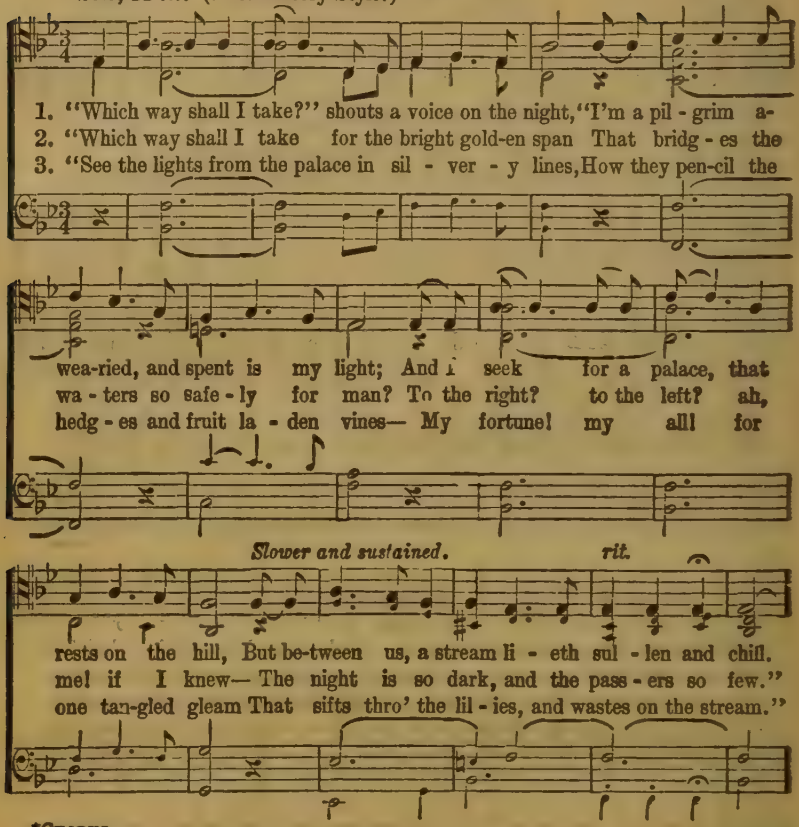
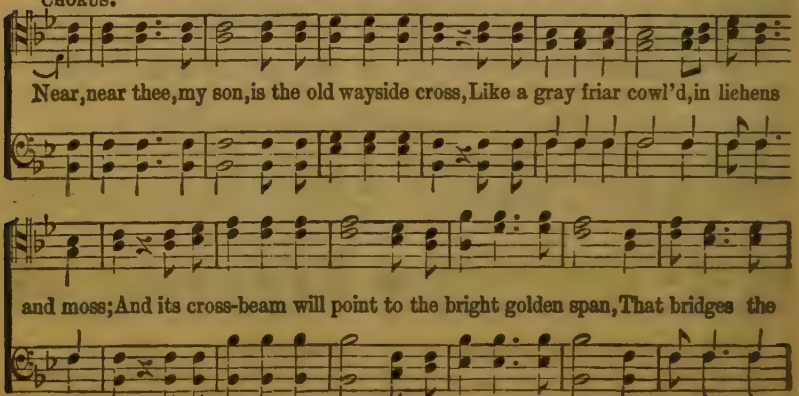
C. L. St. John. H. R. Palmer.

Solo, *ad lib.* (Declamatory Style.)


1. "Which way shall I take?" shouts a voice on the night, "I'm a pil - grim a-
2. "Which way shall I take for the bright gold-en span That bridg - es the
3. "See the lights from the palace in sil - ver - y lines, How they pen-cil the
wea-ried, and spent is my light; And I seek for a palace, that
wa - ters so safe - ly for man? To the right? to the left? ah,
hedg - es and fruit la - den vines— My fortune! my all! for
Slower and sustained.
rit.
rests on the hill, But be-tween us, a stream li - eth sul - len and chill.
me! if I knew— The night is so dark, and the pass - ers so few."
one tan-gled gleam That sifts thro' the lil - ies, and wastes on the stream."

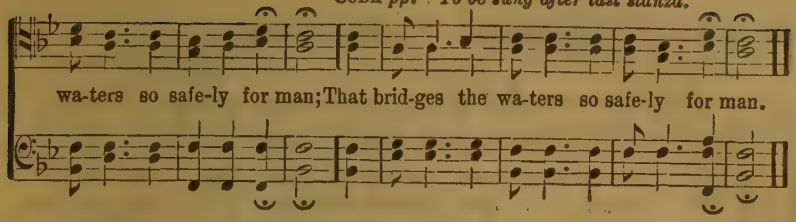
*Chorus.


Near, near thee, my son, is the old wayside cross, Like a gray friar cowl'd, in lichens
and moss; And its cross-beam will point to the bright golden span, That bridges the

*The chorus should begin while the solo voice is still holding the last note.

The Wayside Cross.

CODA *pp.* *To be sung after last stanza.*



No. 174. How the Fire Fell.

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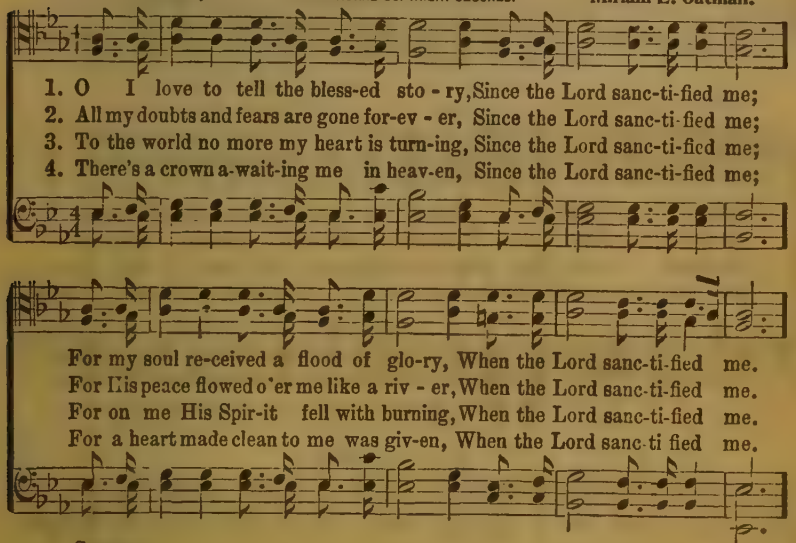
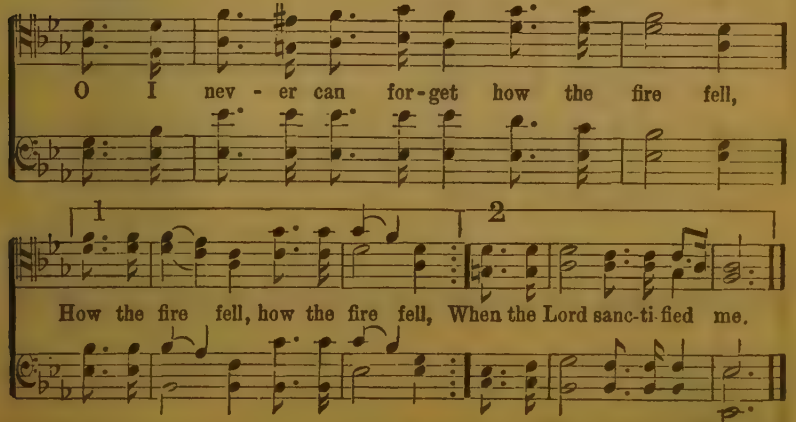
Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. Miriam E. Oatman.

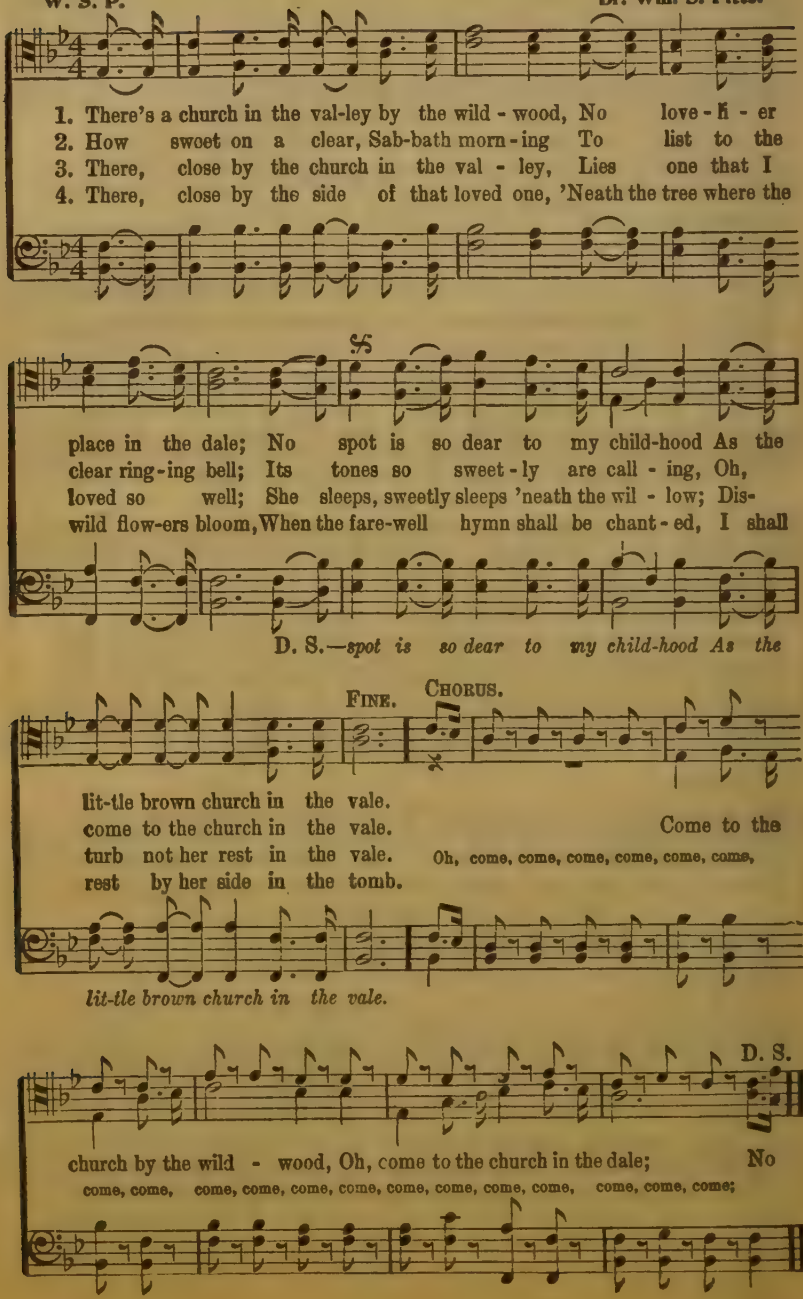

1. O I love to tell the bless-ed sto - ry, Since the Lord sanc-ti-fied me;
2. All my doubts and fears are gone for-ev - er, Since the Lord sanc-ti-fied me;
3. To the world no more my heart is turn-ing, Since the Lord sanc-ti-fied me;
4. There's a crown a-wait-ing me in heav-en, Since the Lord sanc-ti-fied me;
For my soul re-ceived a flood of glo-ry, When the Lord sanc-ti-fied me.
For His peace flowed o'er me like a riv - er, When the Lord sanc-ti-fied me.
For on me His Spir-it fell with burning, When the Lord sanc-ti-fied me.
For a heart made clean to me was giv-en, When the Lord sanc-ti fied me.

CHORUS.



No. 175. The Church in the Wildwood.

W. S. P. Dr. Wm. S. Pitts.


1. There's a church in the val-ley by the wild - wood, No love - li - er
2. How sweet on a clear, Sab-bath morn - ing To list to the
3. There, close by the church in the val - ley, Lies one that I
4. There, close by the side of that loved one, 'Neath the tree where the
place in the dale; No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the
clear ring-ing bell; Its tones so sweet-ly are call - ing, Oh,
loved so well; She sleeps, sweetly sleeps 'neath the wil - low; Dis-
wild flow-ers bloom, When the fare-well hymn shall be chant - ed, I shall
D. S.—spot is so dear to my child-hood As the
Fine.
Chorus.
lit-tle brown church in the vale.
come to the church in the vale.
turb not her rest in the vale.
rest by her side in the tomb.
Come to the
Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come,
lit-tle brown church in the vale.
D. S.
church by the wild - wood, Oh, come to the church in the dale; No
come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;

Chorus Selections

No. 176. Somebody Knows.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY F. G. FISCHER.
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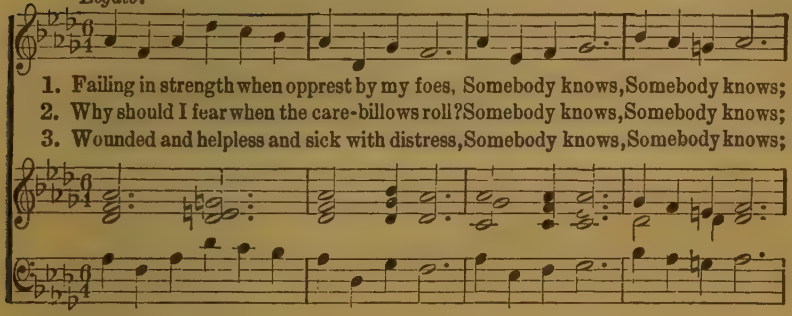
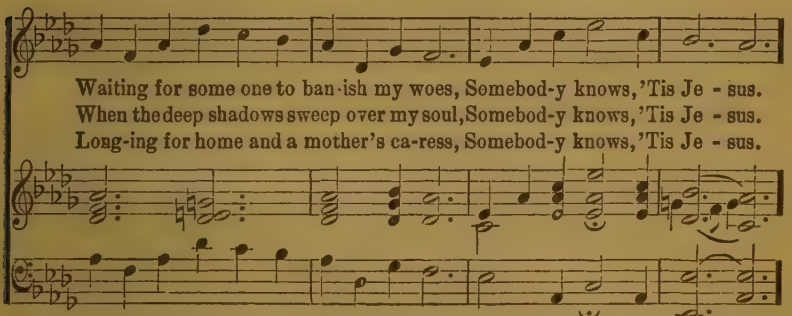
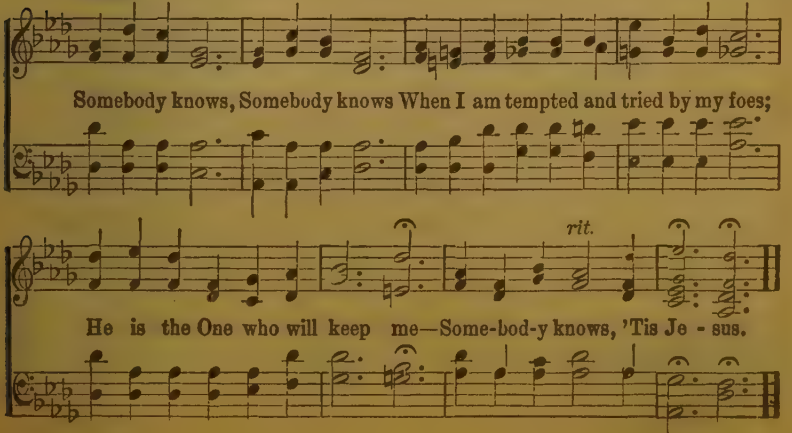
Alfred H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.

Legato.


1. Failing in strength when opprest by my foes, Somebody knows, Somebody knows;
2. Why should I fear when the care-billows roll? Somebody knows, Somebody knows;
3. Wounded and helpless and sick with distress, Somebody knows, Somebody knows;


Waiting for some one to ban-ish my woes, Somebod-y knows, 'Tis Je - sus.
When the deep shadows sweep over my soul, Somebod-y knows, 'Tis Je - sus.
Long-ing for home and a mother's ca-ress, Somebod-y knows, 'Tis Je - sus.

CHORUS.


Somebody knows, Somebody knows When I am tempted and tried by my foes;
rit.
He is the One who will keep me—Some-bod-y knows, 'Tis Je - sus.

No. 177. Awakening Chorus.

Charlotte G. Homer

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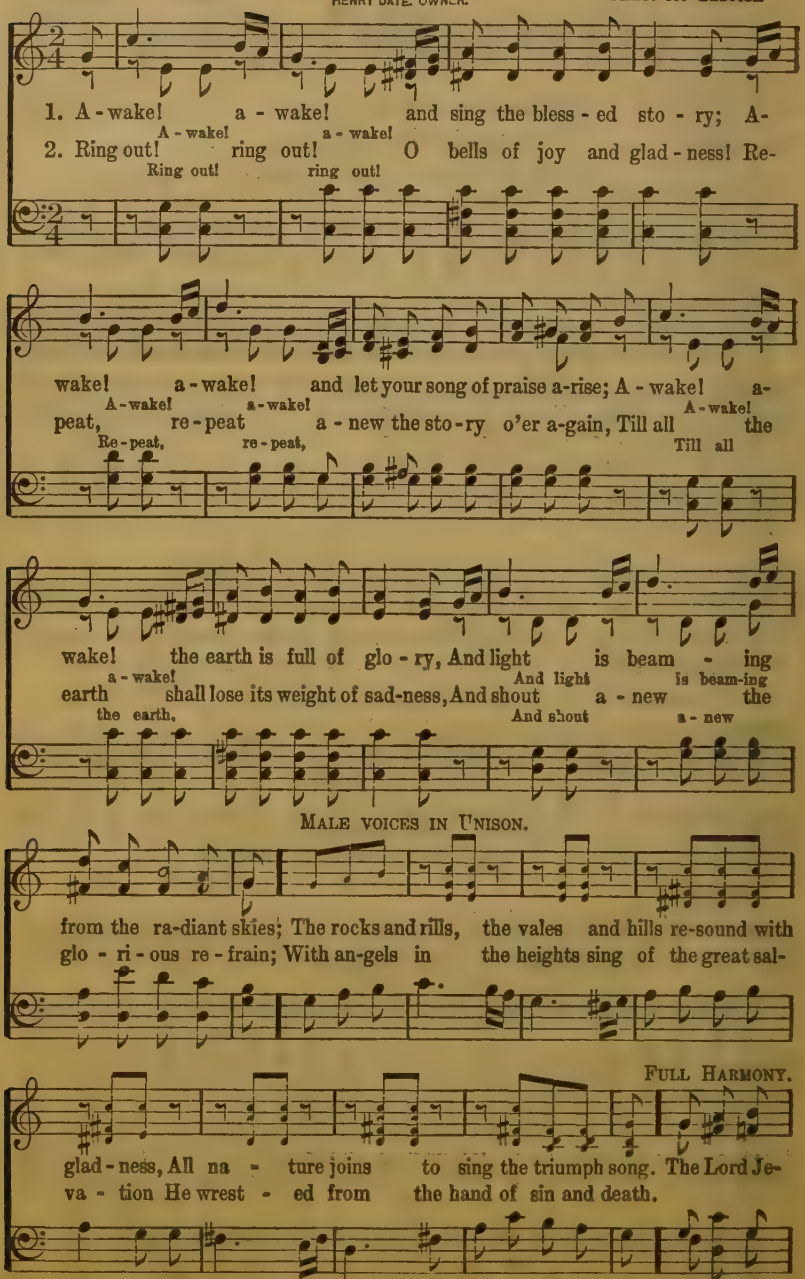
HENRY DATE, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. A - wake! a - wake! and sing the bless - ed sto - ry; A -
2. Ring out! ring out! O bells of joy and glad - ness! Re -
A - wake! a - wake!
Ring out! ring out!
wake! a - wake! and let your song of praise a-rise; A - wake! a -
peat, re - peat a - new the sto - ry o'er a-gain, Till all the
A - wake! a - wake! A - wake!
Re - peat, re - peat, Till all
wake! the earth is full of glo - ry, And light is beam - ing
earth shall lose its weight of sad-ness, And shout a - new the
a - wake! And light is beam-ing
the earth. And shout a - new
MALE VOICES IN UNISON.
from the ra-diant skies; The rocks and rills, the vales and hills re-sound with
glo - ri - ous re - frain; With an-gels in the heights sing of the great sal-
FULL HARMONY.
glad - ness, All na - ture joins to sing the triumph song. The Lord Je-
va - tion He wrest - ed from the hand of sin and death.

Awakening Chorus.

UNISON.
ho - vah reigns and sin is back-ward hurled! Re - joice! re-
sin is back-ward hurled!
joice! lift heart and voice, Je - ho - vah reigns!
FULL HARMONY.
Pro-claim His sov-'reign pow'r to all the world, And let His
pow'r to all the world, And let the
glo - rious ban-ner be un-furled! Je - ho - vah reigns!
grand and glo-rious ban-ner be un - furled! Je - ho - vah reigns! Je - ho - vah reigns!
Re - joice! re - joice! re - joice! Je - ho - vah reigns!
Re - joice! re - joice! re - joice!

No. 178. The Lord is King.

E. G. W. Wesley.

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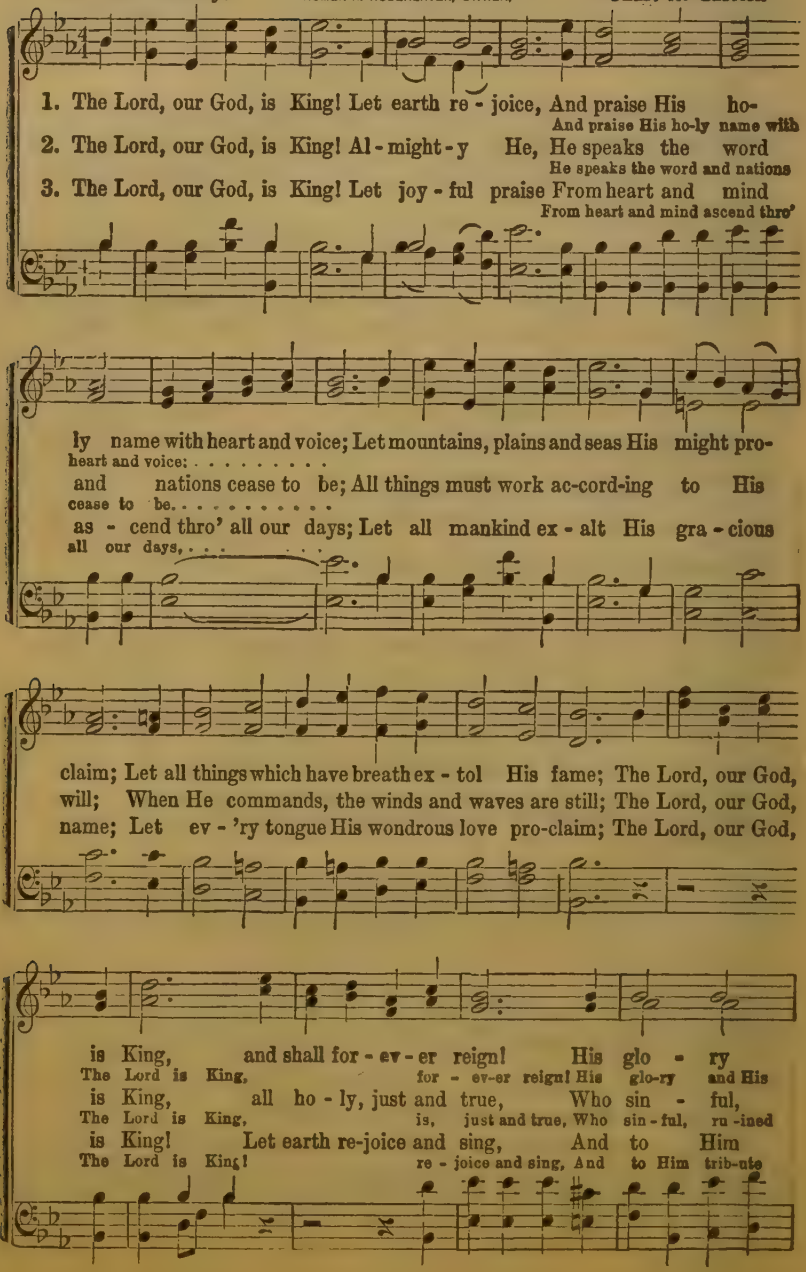
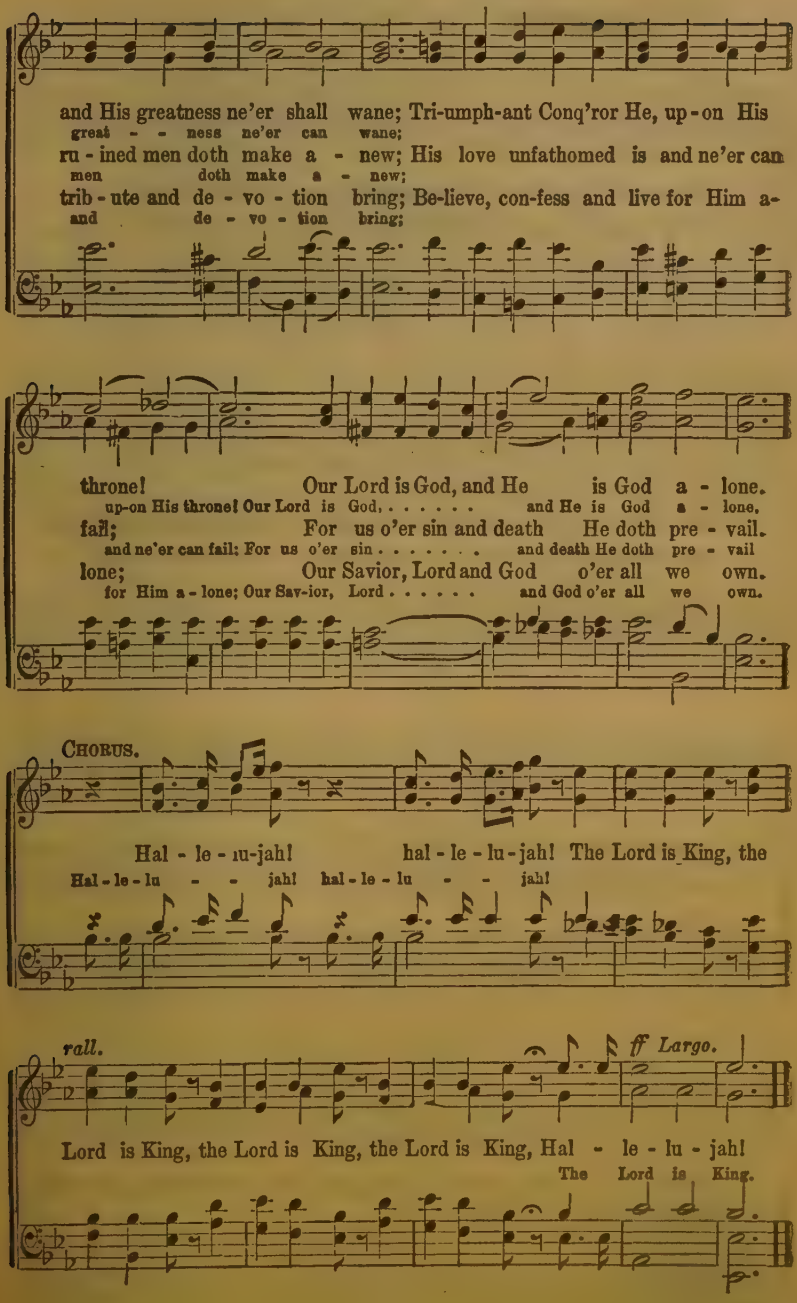
Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. The Lord, our God, is King! Let earth re - joice, And praise His ho-
And praise His ho-ly name with
2. The Lord, our God, is King! Al - might - y He, He speaks the word
He speaks the word and nations
3. The Lord, our God, is King! Let joy - ful praise From heart and mind
From heart and mind ascend thro'
ly name with heart and voice; Let mountains, plains and seas His might pro-
heart and voice: . . . . . .
and nations cease to be; All things must work ac-cord-ing to His
cease to be. . . . . .
as - cend thro' all our days; Let all mankind ex - alt His gra - cious
all our days, ...
claim; Let all things which have breath ex - tol His fame; The Lord, our God,
will; When He commands, the winds and waves are still; The Lord, our God,
name; Let ev - 'ry tongue His wondrous love pro-claim; The Lord, our God,
is King, and shall for - ev - er reign! His glo - ry
The Lord is King, for - ev-er reign! His glo-ry and His
is King, all ho - ly, just and true, Who sin - ful,
The Lord is King, is, just and true, Who sin - ful, ru - ined
is King! Let earth re-joice and sing, And to Him
The Lord is King! re - joice and sing, And to Him trib-ute

The Lord is King.


and His greatness ne'er shall wane; Tri-umph-ant Conq'ror He, up-on His
great - - ness ne'er can wane;
ru - ined men doth make a - new; His love unfathomed is and ne'er can
men doth make a - new;
trib - ute and de - vo - tion bring; Be-lieve, con-fess and live for Him a-
and de - vo - tion bring;
throne! Our Lord is God, and He is God a - lone.
up-on His throne! Our Lord is God, ... and He is God a - lone.
fail; For us o'er sin and death He doth pre - vail.
and ne'er can fail; For us o'er sin . . . . . and death He doth pre - vail
lone; Our Savior, Lord and God o'er all we own.
for Him a - lone; Our Sav-ior, Lord . . . . . and God o'er all we own.
Chorus.
Hal - le - lu-jah! hal - le - lu - jah! The Lord is King, the
Hal - le - lu - - jah! hal - le - lu - - jah!
rall.
ff Largo.
Lord is King, the Lord is King, the Lord is King, Hal - le - lu - jah!
The Lord is King.

No. 179. The House That Stood the Storm

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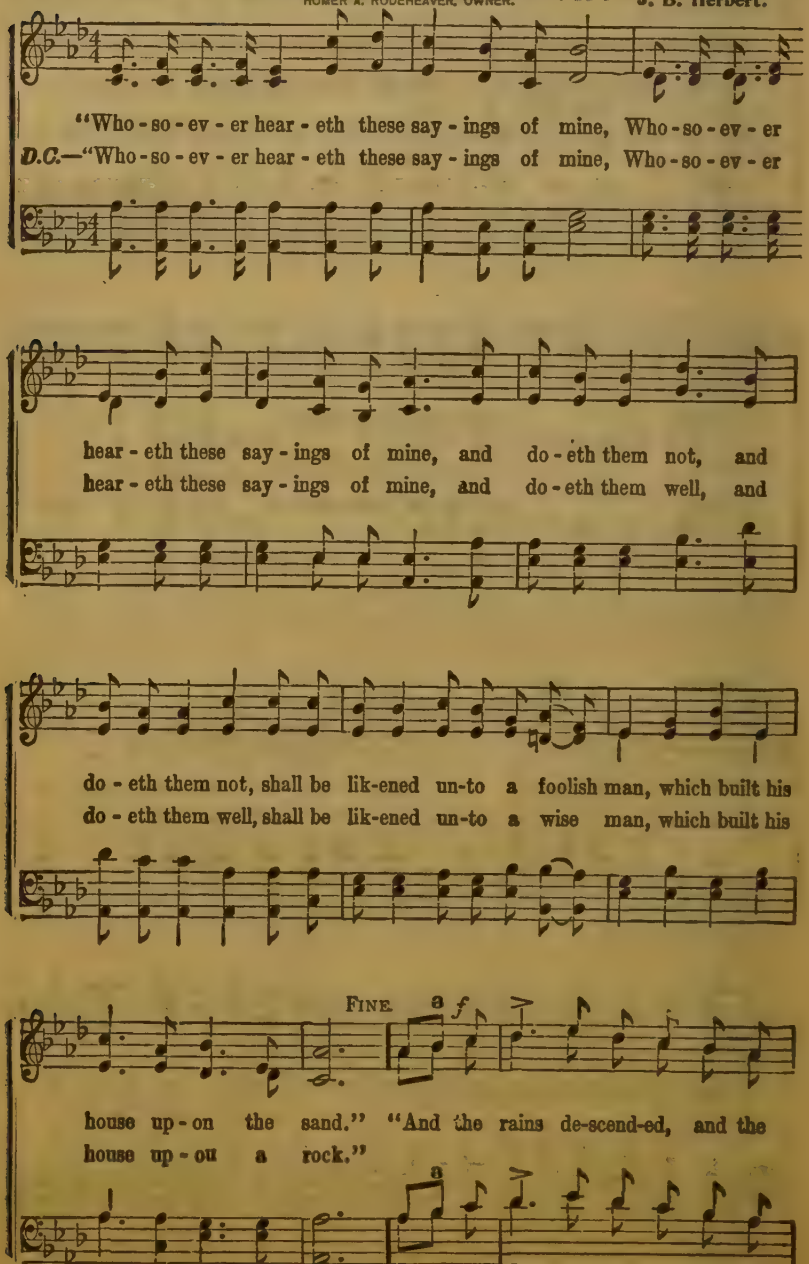
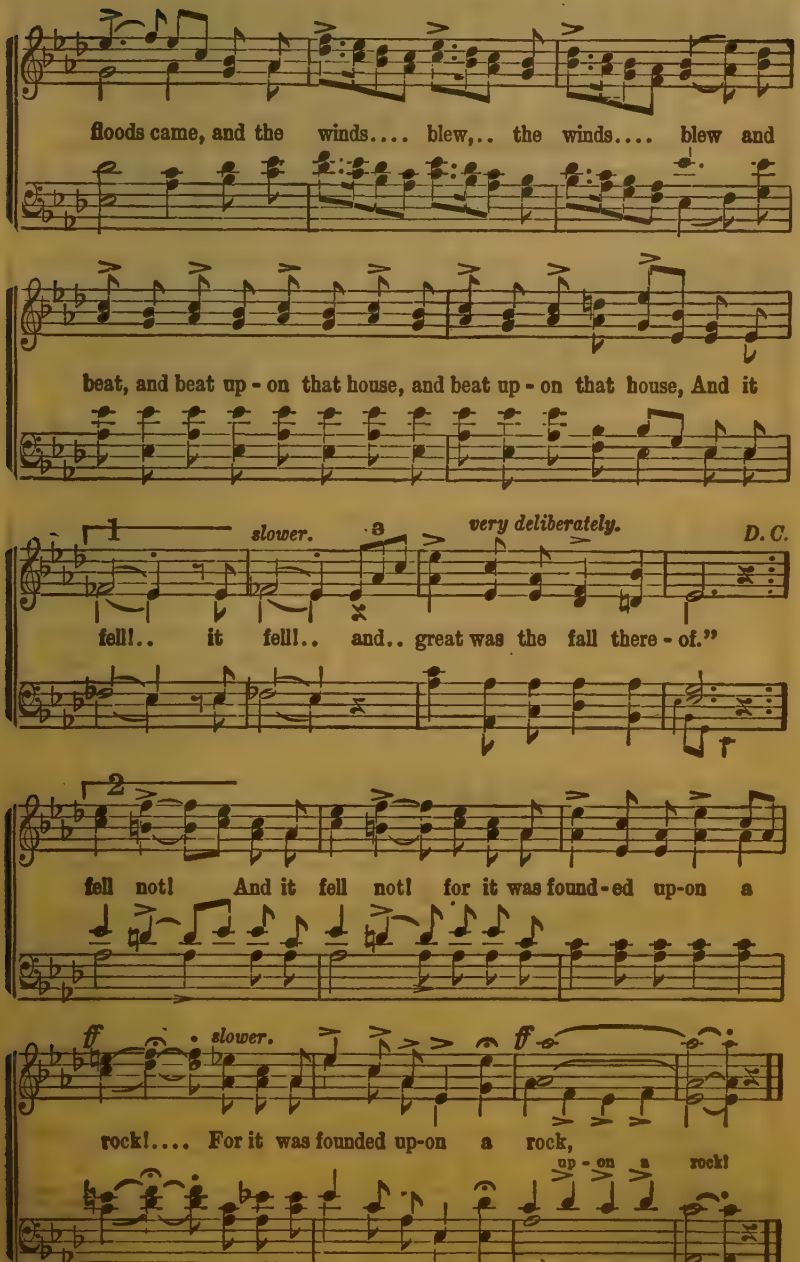
J. B. Herbert.


"Who - so - ev - er hear - eth these say - ings of mine, Who - so - ev - er
D.C.—"Who - so - ev - er hear - eth these say - ings of mine, Who - so - ev - er
hear - eth these say - ings of mine, and do - eth them not, and
hear - eth these say - ings of mine, and do - eth them well, and
do - eth them not, shall be lik-ened un-to a foolish man, which built his
do - eth them well, shall be lik-ened un-to a wise man, which built his
FINE.
a
f
house up - on the sand." "And the rains de-scend-ed, and the
house up - on a rock."
a

The House That Stood the Storm.


floods came, and the winds.... blew,.. the winds.... blew and
beat, and beat up - on that house, and beat up - on that house, And it
1
slower.
a
very deliberately.
D. C.
fell!.. it fell!.. and.. great was the fall there - of."
2
fell not! And it fell not! for it was found - ed up-on a
ff
slower.
ff
rock!.... For it was founded up-on a rock,
up - on a rock!

180. Onward till the Dawning.

Charlotte G. Homer. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H GABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

In moderate tempo. (Part of melody from Beethoven.)

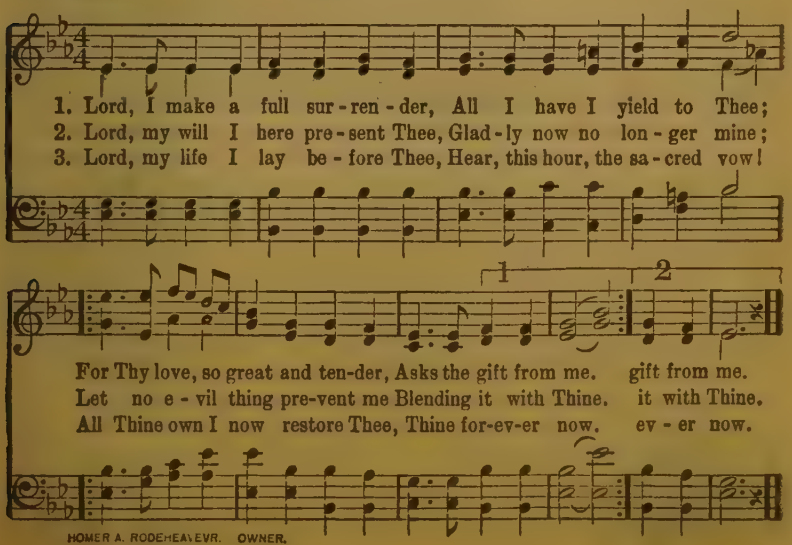
1. In the serv-ice of the Mas - ter Our days are pass - ing by;
2. Oft - en, while the bat - tle ra - ges, While skies a - bove us frown,
3. When our marching days are o - ver, When war and strife shall cease,
Thro' shad - ow and sun - shine We're marching to our home on high;
While weak and dis - cour-aged, We all but lay our ar-mor down,
When vic - tors tri - um - phant We rise to hail the Prince of Peace,
Our Lead-er un - to us is call-ing: "Come on! be not dis - mayed,
We hear our great Commander say - ing: "I fought the fight for thee!
Then we shall see Him in His beau - ty, Shall look up - on His face,
For I, e - ven I am Be - fore thee, be thou not a - fraid!"
I suf - fered! and canst thou Not bear the cross a-while for Me?"
And praise Him for - ev - er, Who loved and saved us by His grace.
CHORUS.
Marching, marching on we go, ... Thro' desert, or where cool-ing wa-ters
March - ing on, on we go, Where the cool - ing

HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. OWNER.

Onward till the Dawning.

flow,.....Tho' flood or flame.....We bless His name,.... And to the
wa - ters flow, Thro' flood or flame We bless His name, To
world His love pro - claim;
all His love pro - claim;
On - ward till the
On-ward till the
as for-ward, on-ward, up-ward!
1
2
dawn - ing of the day when war for - ev-er-more shall cease.
dawning of the day when we shall see the Prince of (Omit.....) Peace.

No. 181. FuH Surrender.


1. Lord, I make a full sur - ren - der, All I have I yield to Thee;
2. Lord, my will I here pre - sent Thee, Glad - ly now no lon - ger mine;
3. Lord, my life I lay be - fore Thee, Hear, this hour, the sa - cred vow!
1
2
For Thy love, so great and ten-der, Asks the gift from me. gift from me.
Let no e - vil thing pre-vent me Blending it with Thine. it with Thine.
All Thine own I now restore Thee, Thine for-ev-er now. ev - er now.

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No. 182. Behold the King!

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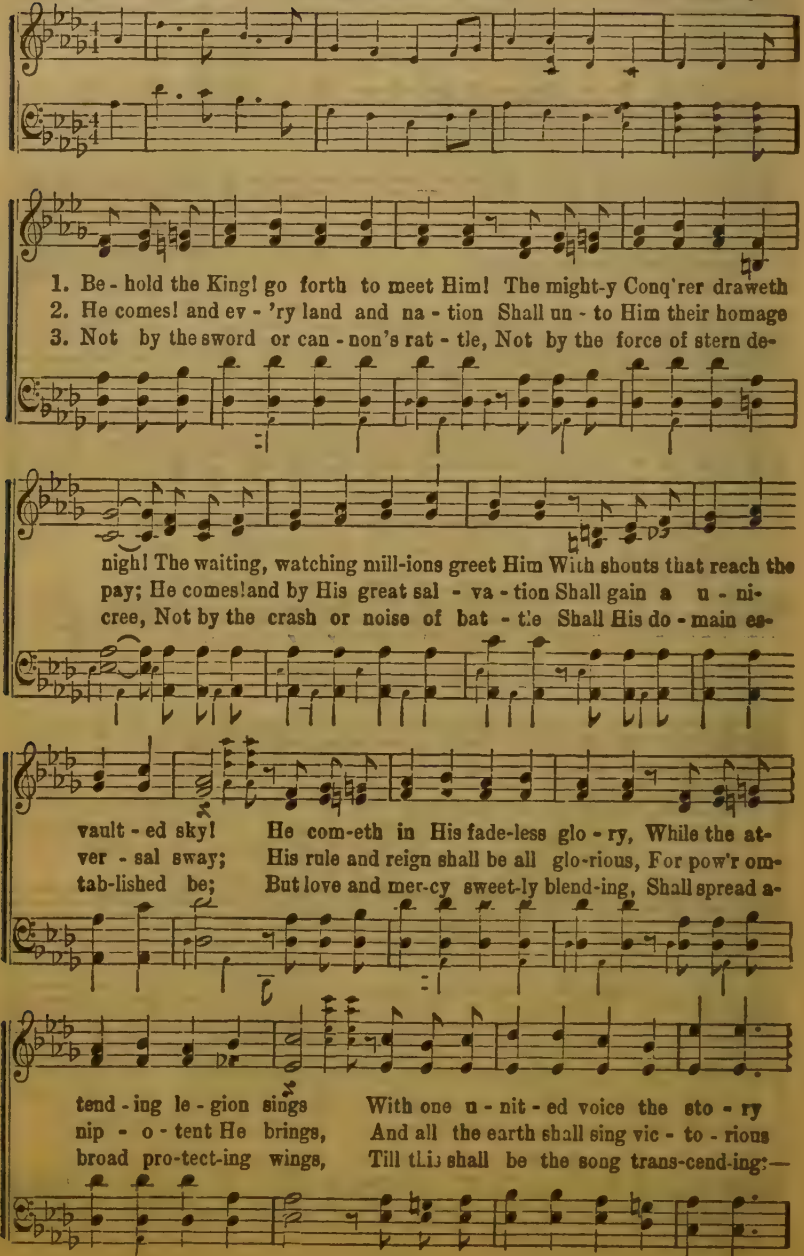
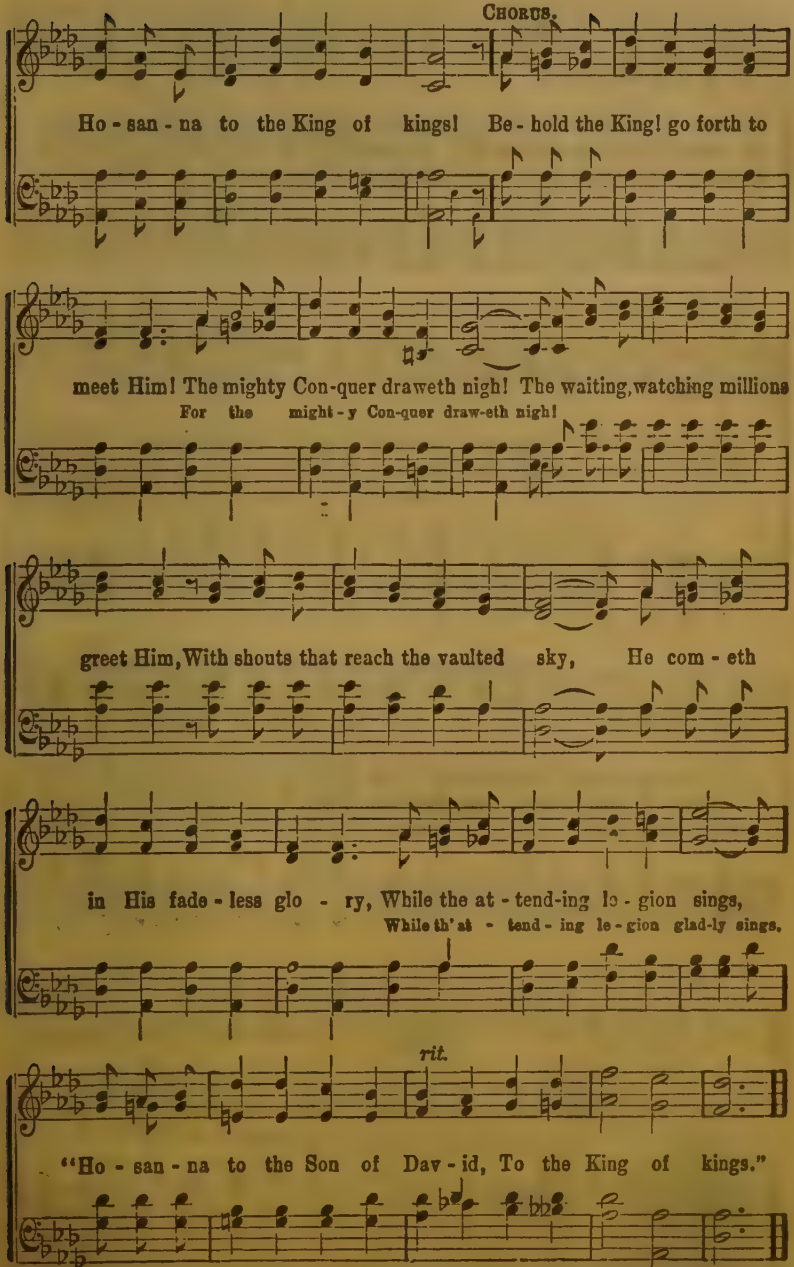
Charlotte G. Homer. B. D. Ackley.


1. Be - hold the King! go forth to meet Him! The might-y Conq'rer draweth
2. He comes! and ev - 'ry land and na - tion Shall un - to Him their homage
3. Not by the sword or can - non's rat - tle, Not by the force of stern de-
nigh! The waiting, watching mill-ions greet Him With shouts that reach the
pay; He comes! and by His great sal - va - tion Shall gain a u - ni-
cree, Not by the crash or noise of bat - tle Shall His do - main es-
vault - ed sky! He com-eth in His fade-less glo - ry, While the at-
ver - sal sway; His rule and reign shall be all glo-rious, For pow'r om-
tab-lished be; But love and mer-cy sweet-ly blend-ing, Shall spread a-
tend - ing le - gion sings With one u - nit - ed voice the sto - ry
nip - o - tent He brings, And all the earth shall sing vic - to - rious
broad pro-tect-ing wings, Till this shall be the song trans-cend-ing:—

Behold the King!


Chorus.
Ho - san - na to the King of kings! Be - hold the King! go forth to
meet Him! The mighty Con-quer draweth nigh! The waiting, watching millions
For the might - y Con-quer draw-eth nigh!
greet Him, With shouts that reach the vaulted sky, He com - eth
in His fade - less glo - ry, While the at - tend-ing le - gion sings,
While th' at - tend - ing le - gion glad-ly sings.
rit.
"Ho - san - na to the Son of Dav - id, To the King of kings."

No. 183. Harvest-Time is Here.

C. H. G.

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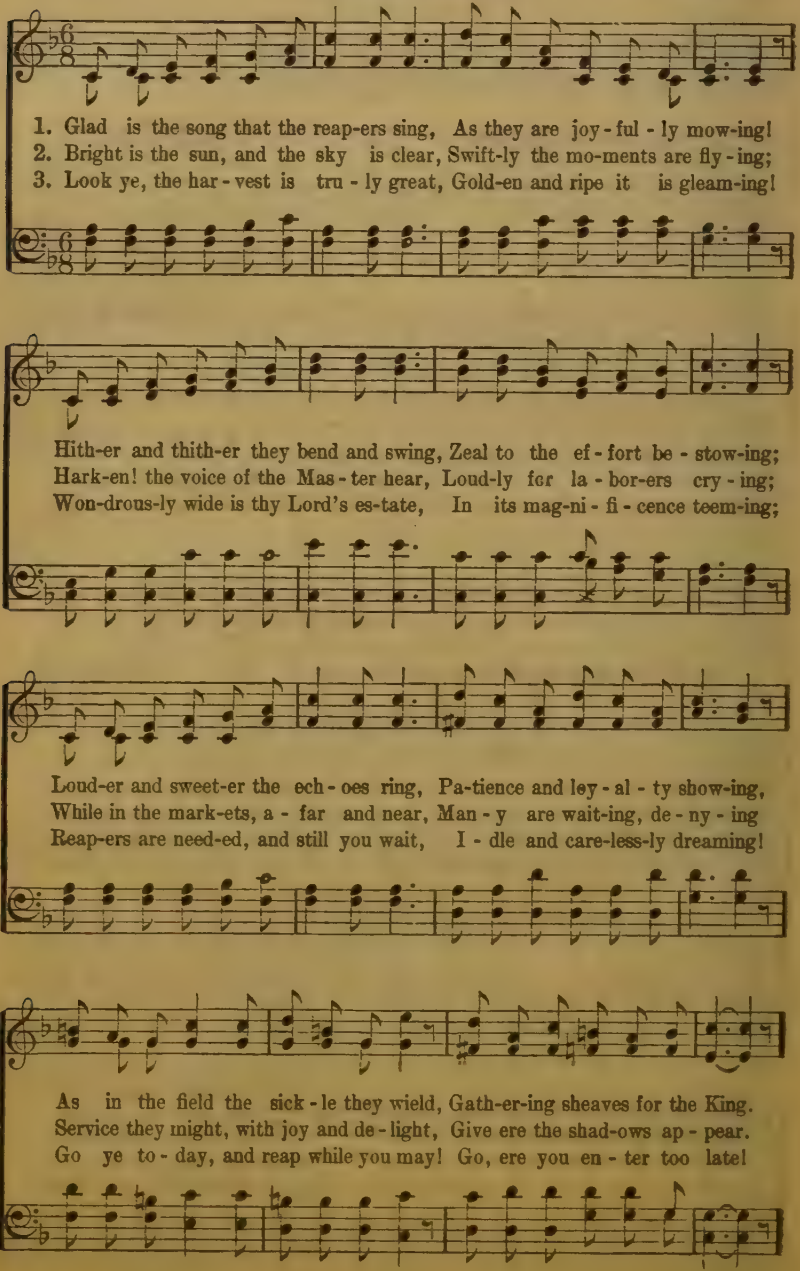
Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Glad is the song that the reap-ers sing, As they are joy-ful-ly mow-ing!
2. Bright is the sun, and the sky is clear, Swift-ly the mo-ments are fly-ing;
3. Look ye, the har-vest is tru-ly great, Gold-en and ripe it is gleam-ing!
Hith-er and thith-er they bend and swing, Zeal to the ef-fort be-stow-ing;
Hark-en! the voice of the Mas-ter hear, Loud-ly for la-bor-ers cry-ing;
Won-drous-ly wide is thy Lord's es-tate, In its mag-ni-fi-cence teem-ing;
Loud-er and sweet-er the ech-oes ring, Pa-tience and ley-al-ty show-ing,
While in the mark-ets, a-far and near, Man-y are wait-ing, de-ny-ing
Reap-ers are need-ed, and still you wait, I-dle and care-less-ly dreaming!
As in the field the sick-le they wield, Gath-er-ing sheaves for the King.
Service they might, with joy and de-light, Give ere the shad-ows ap-pear.
Go ye to-day, and reap while you may! Go, ere you en-ter too late!

Harvest-Time is Here.

CHORUS.

Far and wide, ... in its wav - ing pride, ... Does the
Far and wide, yea, far and wide, in its wav - ing pride, its wav - ing pride, ...
Does the
field all gold - en, rich and ripe ap - pear; And lo! the
field all gold - en, field all gold - en,
sun is high . . . . . in the cloud - less sky; . . . . Then a-
sun is high, the sun is high in the cloud-less sky, the cloud-less sky; Then a-
wake, . . . and a - rouse, . . . For the har-vest-time is here; A-wake, . . . a-
wake, a-rouse, a - wake, a-rouse,
A - wake, a - wake, a-
1st & 2d verses.
After last verse only.
wake, ... For the har - vest-time is here. har - vest-time is here.
wake, a - wake,

No. 184. Crown Him King of Kings.

E. E. Rexford.

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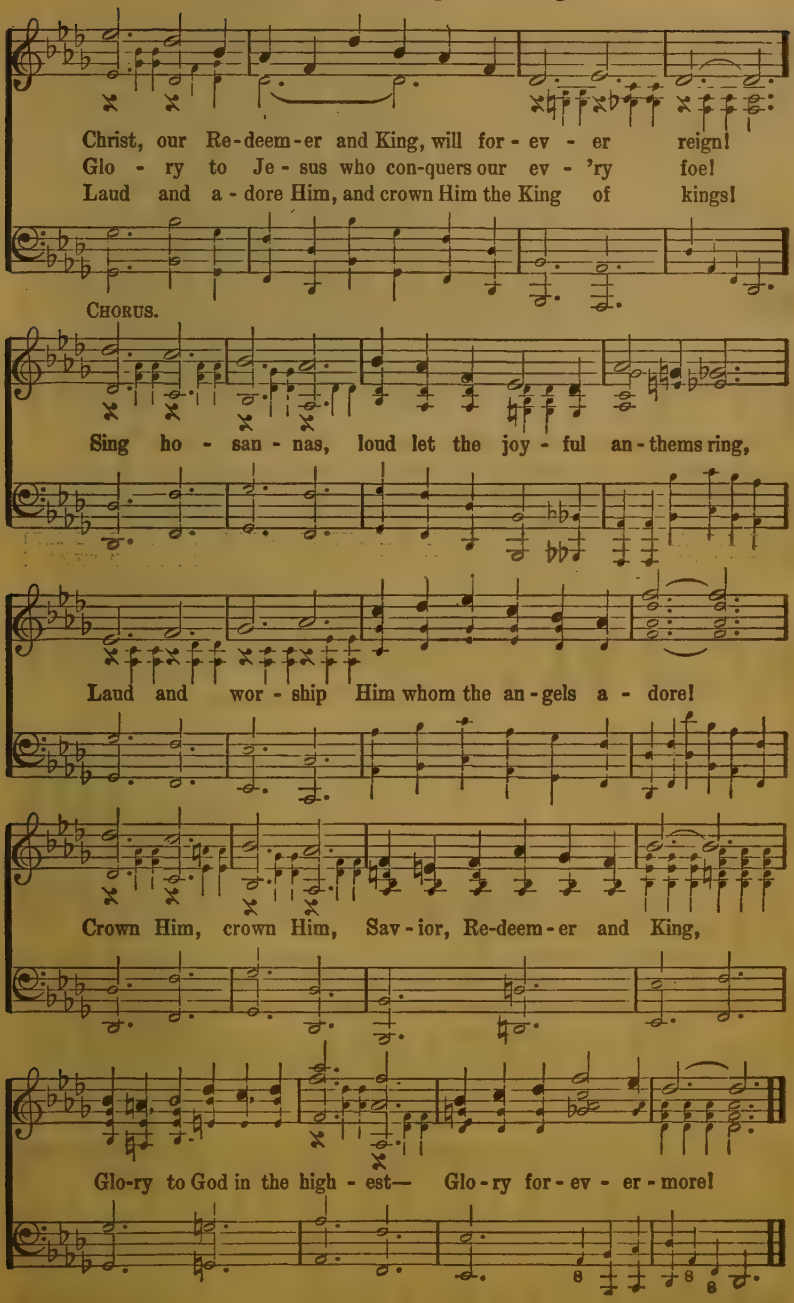
WORDS AND MUSIC.

De Loss Smith.

INTRODUCTION.
VOICES IN UNISON.
1. Crown Him, crown Him with glo - ry the King of kings;
2. He who reigns o'er the king-doms of earth to - day,
3. Praise Him, praise Him, the King on the great white throne;
Praise and hom - age each heart as its trib - ute brings;
Sends His bless-ings to those in the heav'n-ward way;
Love Him, serve Him, who rul - eth by love a - lone;
Sing, O earth, and u - nite in the might - y re - frain—
Sing we prais-es with hearts that with love o - ver - flow—
Up to heav - en the shout of the glo - ri - fied rings—

Grown Him King of Kings.


Christ, our Re-deem-er and King, will for-ev-er reign!
Glo-ry to Je-sus who con-quers our ev-'ry foe!
Laud and a-dore Him, and crown Him the King of kings!
CHORUS.
Sing ho-san-nas, loud let the joy-ful an-thems ring,
Laud and wor-ship Him whom the an-gels a-dore!
Crown Him, crown Him, Sav-ior, Re-deem-er and King,
Glo-ry to God in the high-est— Glo-ry for-ev-er-more!

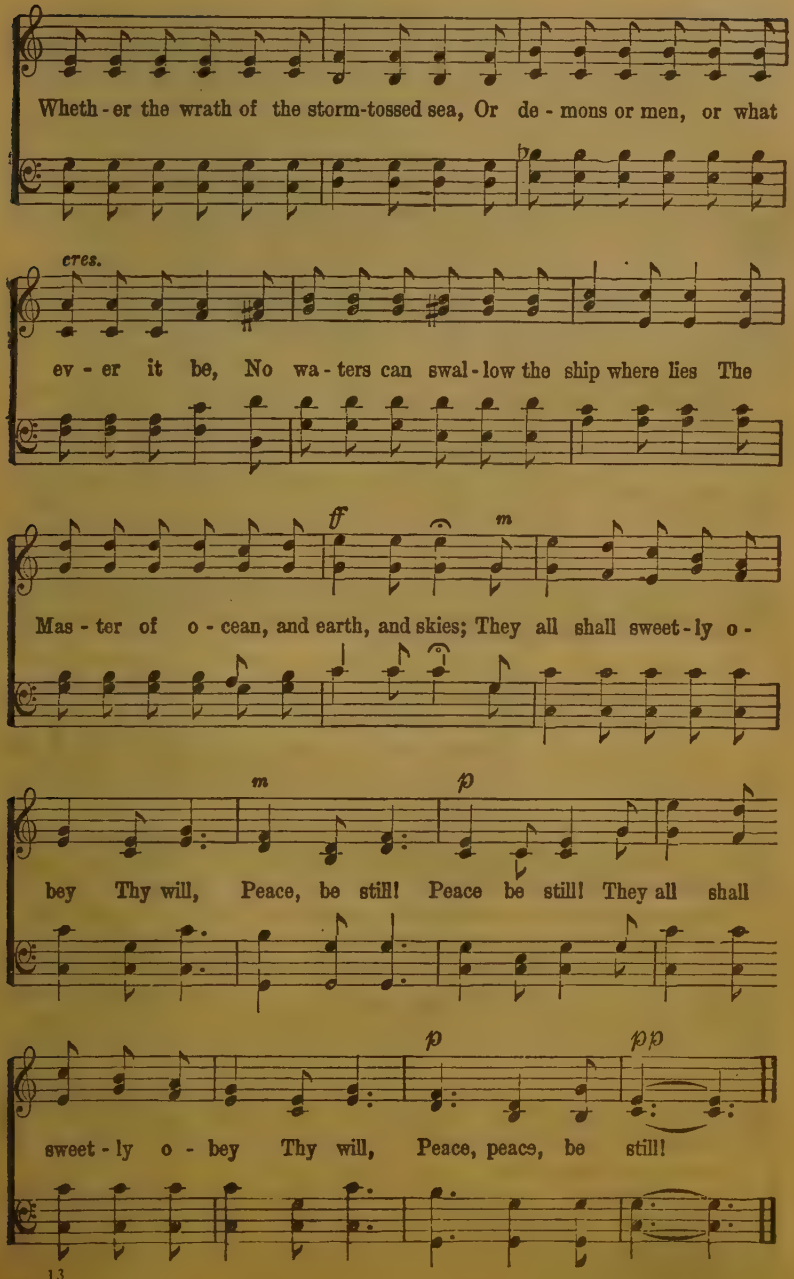
No. 185. Master, the Tempest is Raging.

USED BY PER. OF H. R. PALMER, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

H. R. Palmer.

1. Mas-ter, the tem pest is rag - ing! The bil - lows are toss - ing high!
2. Mas-ter, with an-guish of spir - it I bow in my grief to - day;
3. Mas-ter, the ter - ror is o - ver, The el - e-ments sweet - ly rest;
The sky is o'er-shadowed with blackness, No shel-ter or help is nigh;
The depths of my sad heart are trou-bled—Oh, wak-en and save, I pray!
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir-rored, And heav-en's with-in my breast;
Car - est Thou not that we per - ish? How canst Thou lie a - sleep,
Tor-rents of sin and of an - guish Sweep o'er my sink - ing soul;
Lin - ger, O bless - ed Re - deem - er! Leave me a - lone no more;
When each moment so mad - ly is threat'ning A grave in the an - gry deep?
And I per - ish! I per-ish! dear Mas - ter—Oh, hast-en, and take con - trol.
And with joy I shall make the best har - bor, And rest on the bliss - ful shore.
CHORUS.
p
pp
The winds and the waves shall o - bey Thy will, Peace . . be still! . . .
Peace, be still! peace, be still!

Master, the Tempest is Raging.


Wheth - er the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de - mons or men, or what
cres.
ev - er it be, No wa - ters can swal - low the ship where lies The
ff
m
Mas - ter of o - cean, and earth, and skies; They all shall sweet - ly o -
m
p
bey Thy will, Peace, be still! Peace be still! They all shall
p
pp
sweet - ly o - bey Thy will, Peace, peace, be still!

No. 186. Crown Him!

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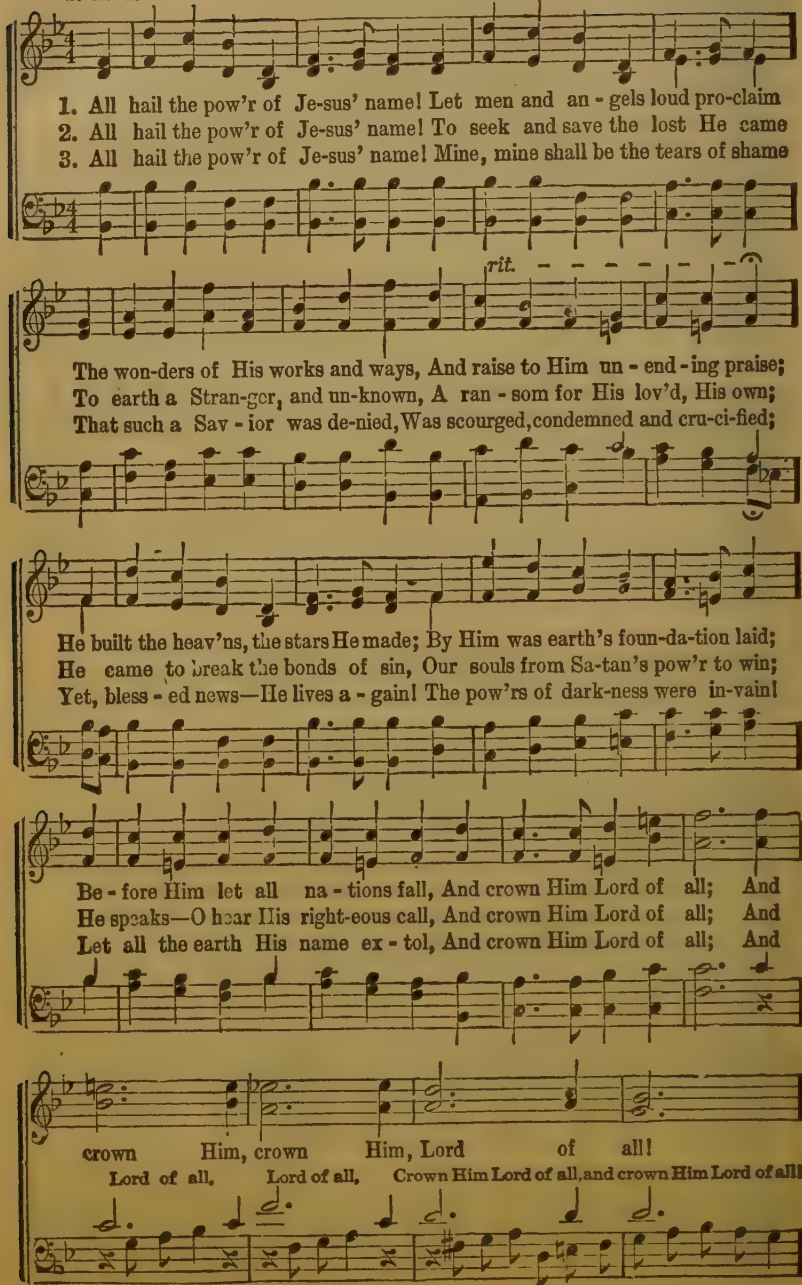
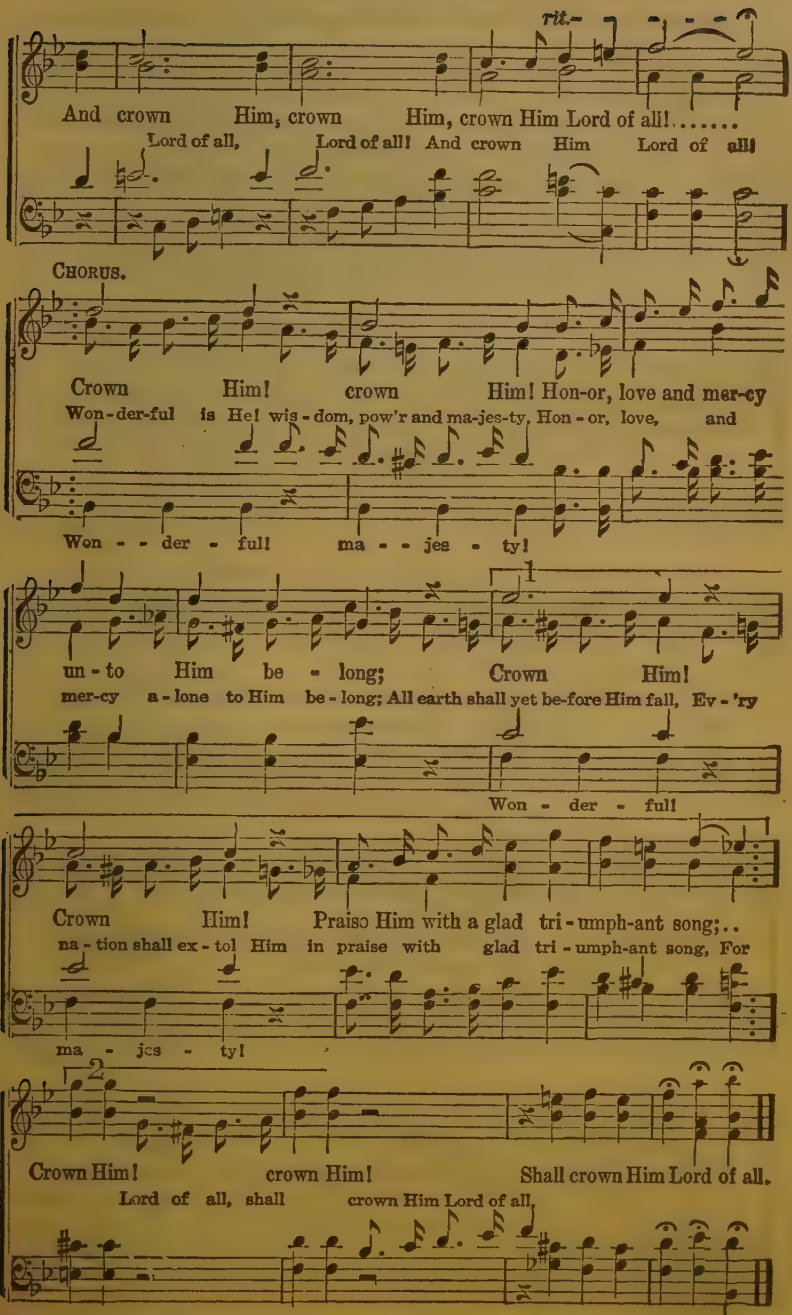
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let men and an - gels loud pro-claim
2. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! To seek and save the lost He came
3. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Mine, mine shall be the tears of shame
rit.
The won-ders of His works and ways, And raise to Him un - end - ing praise;
To earth a Stran-ger, and un-known, A ran - som for His lov'd, His own;
That such a Sav - ior was de-nied, Was scourged, condemned and cru-ci-fied;
He built the heav'ns, the stars He made; By Him was earth's foun-da-tion laid;
He came to break the bonds of sin, Our souls from Sa-tan's pow'r to win;
Yet, bless - ed news—He lives a - gain! The pow'rs of dark-ness were in-vain!
Be - fore Him let all na - tions fall, And crown Him Lord of all; And
He speaks—O hear His right-eous call, And crown Him Lord of all; And
Let all the earth His name ex - tol, And crown Him Lord of all; And
crown Him, crown Him, Lord of all!
Lord of all, Lord of all, Crown Him Lord of all, and crown Him Lord of all!

Crown Him!

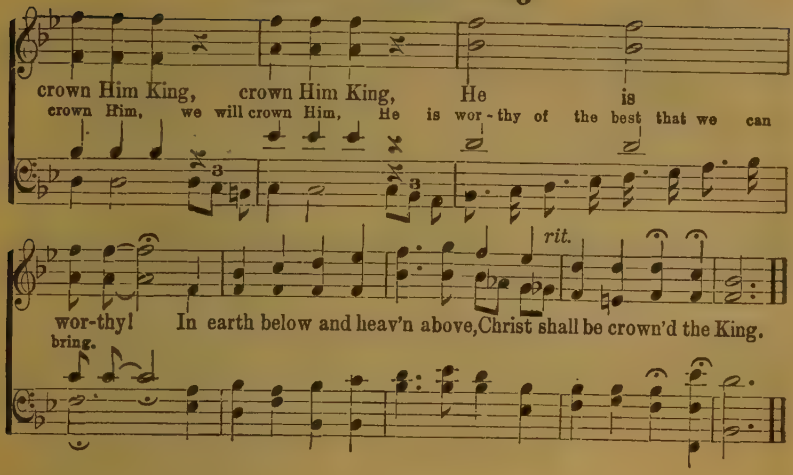

rit.
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him Lord of all!.....
Lord of all, Lord of all! And crown Him Lord of all!
CHORUS.
Crown Him! crown Him! Hon-or, love and mer-cy
Won-der-ful is He! wis-dom, pow'r and ma-jes-ty, Hon-or, love, and
Won - der - ful! ma - jes - ty!
1
un-to Him be - long; Crown Him!
mer-cy a-lone to Him be-long; All earth shall yet be-fore Him fall, Ev-'ry
Won - der - ful!
Crown Him! Praise Him with a glad tri-umph-ant song;..
na-tion shall ex-tol Him in praise with glad tri-umph-ant song, For
ma - jes - ty!
2
Crown Him! crown Him! Shall crown Him Lord of all.
Lord of all, shall crown Him Lord of all,

No. 187. Crown Christ King.

Charlotte G. Homer. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. Chas. H. Gabriel.

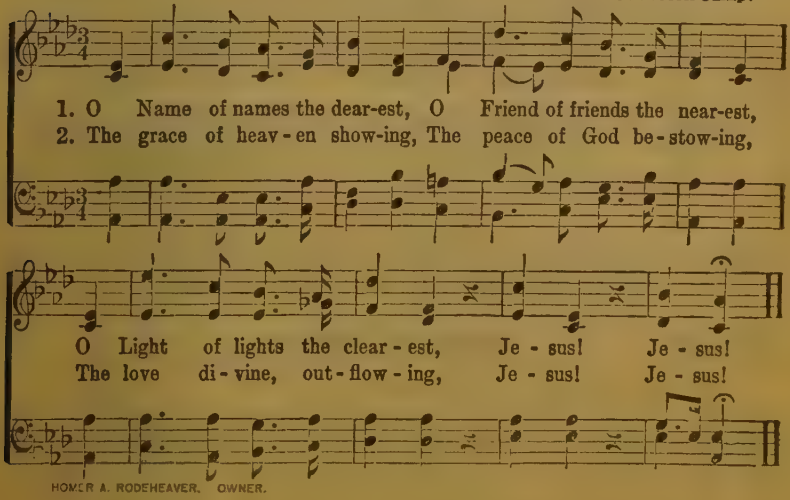
1. We will crown Christ King and His glo - ry sing While the host un-num-bered
2. As His serv-ants true we His will will do, Giv - ing hon - or to our
3. On that morn-ing bright, in the land of light, When with sight made per-fect
chant His praise a-bove; With u - nit - ed voice, as our hearts re-joice,
sov-reign Lord of all; He is wor - thy, and, at His just com-mand,
we be-hold His face, We will crown Him there, and His glo - ry share,
CHORUS.
We will laud and mag-ni-fy His reign of love.
With a song of joy be-fore His throne we fall. We will crown Him King! We will
And for - ev - er praise Him for His sav-ing grace.
crown Him King, We will crown Him King! Lord of lords from shore to
With our love we will crown Him King!
shore, King of kings for-ev - er-more; O'er the world His name shall ring.
We will

Crown Christ King.


crown Him King, crown Him King, He is
crown Him, we will crown Him, He is wor-thy of the best that we can
rit.
wor-thy! In earth below and heav'n above, Christ shall be crown'd the King.
bring.

No. 188. Jesus!

M. J. C. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO. Mabel Johnston Camp.


1. O Name of names the dear-est, O Friend of friends the near-est,
2. The grace of heav-en show-ing, The peace of God be-stow-ing,
O Light of lights the clear-est, Je-sus! Je-sus!
The love di-vine, out-flow-ing, Je-sus! Je-sus!

HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

3 The Comforter in sorrow,
The Guardian of the morrow,
The Strength whose power we borrow,
Jesus! Jesus!

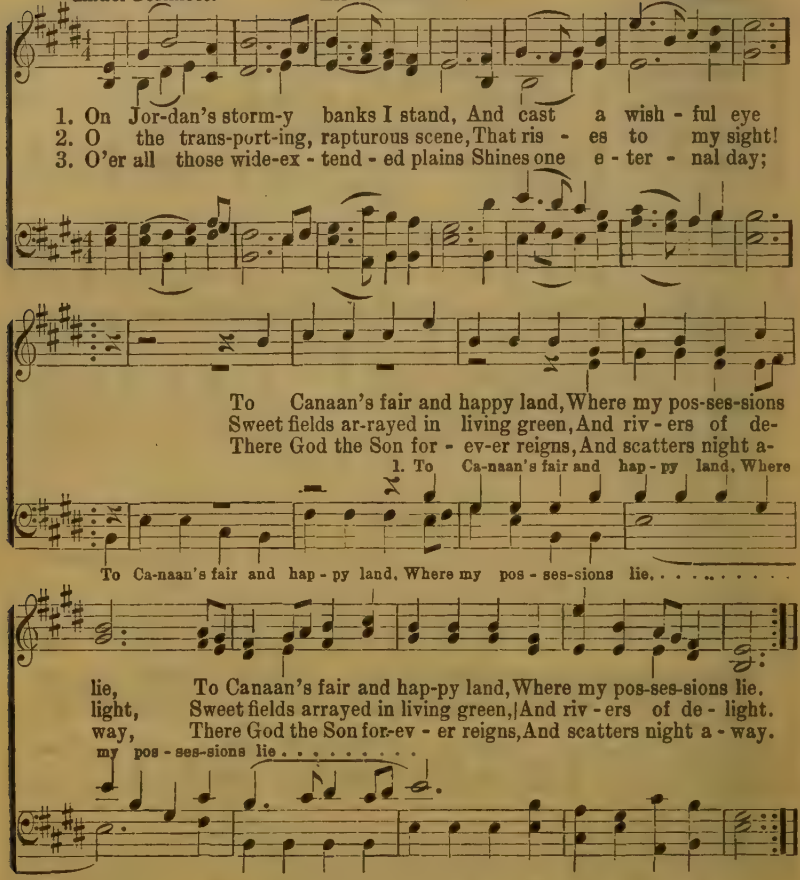
4 The Way to realms supernal,
The truth forever vernal,
The Life complete, eternal,
Jesus! Jesus!

5 The Saviour true and tender,
The Shelter and Defender,
The Hope none can surrender,
Jesus! Jesus!

6 O Name of names the dearest,
O Friend of friends the nearest,
O Light of lights the clearest,
Jesus! Jesus!

No. 189. The Promised Land.

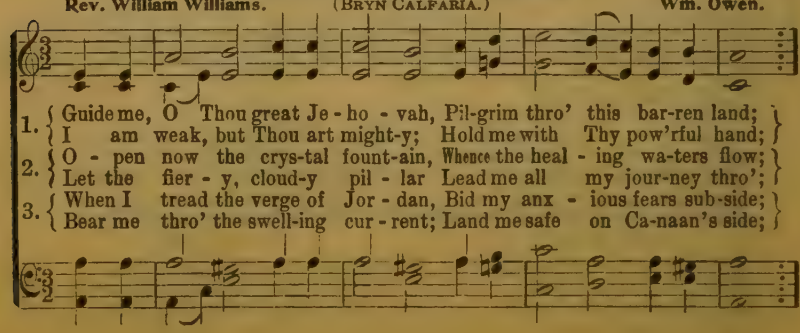
Samuel Stennett. EXHORTATION. S. Hebbard.


1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye
2. O the trans-port-ing, rapturous scene, That ris - es to my sight!
3. O'er all those wide-ex - tend - ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day;
To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my pos-ses-sions
Sweet fields ar-rayed in living green, And riv - ers of de-
There God the Son for - ev-er reigns, And scatters night a-
1. To Ca-naan's fair and hap - py land, Where
To Ca-naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses-sions lie. . . . . .
lie, To Canaan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
light, Sweet fields arrayed in living green, And riv - ers of de - light.
way, There God the Son for-ev - er reigns, And scatters night a - way.
my pos - ses-sions lie . . . . . .

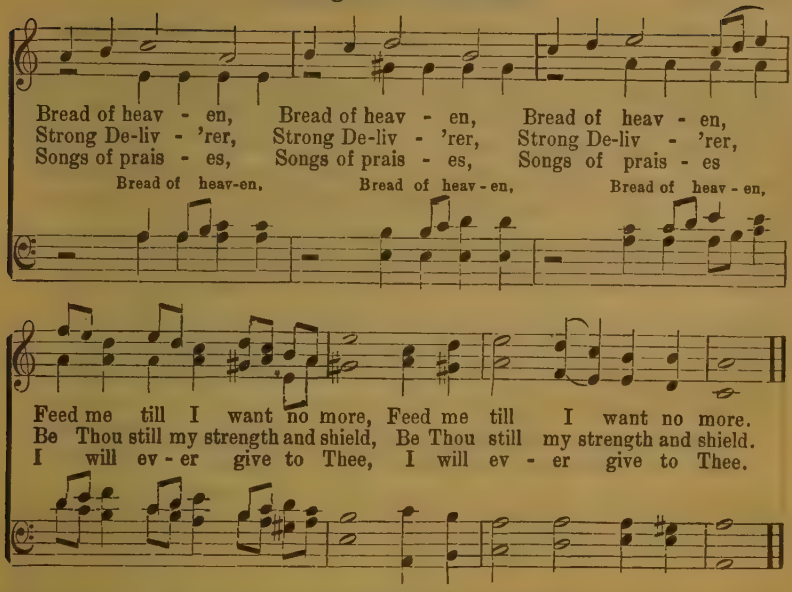
No. 190. Songs of Praises.

Hymn sung in the great Welch Revival.

Rev. William Williams. (BRYN CALFARIA.) Wm. Owen.

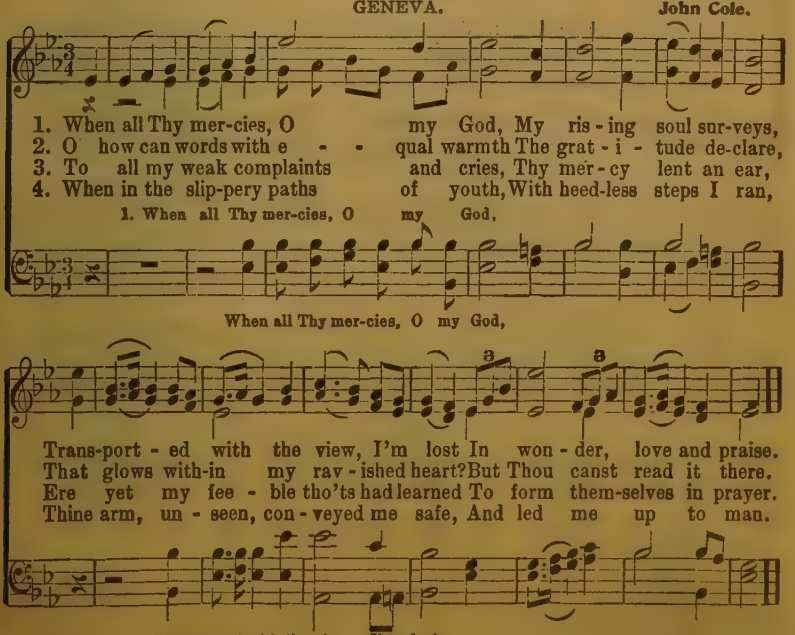

1. { Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil-grim thro' this bar-ren land;
I am weak, but Thou art might-y; Hold me with Thy pow'rful hand; }
2. { O - pen now the crys-tal fount-ain, Whence the heal - ing wa-ters flow;
Let the fier - y, cloud-y pil - lar Lead me all my jour-ney thro'; }
3. { When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub-side;
Bear me thro' the swell-ing cur - rent; Land me safe on Ca-naan's side; }

Songs of Praises.


Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en,
Strong De-liv - 'rer, Strong De-liv - 'rer, Strong De-liv - 'rer,
Songs of prais - es, Songs of prais - es, Songs of prais - es
Bread of heav-en, Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en,
Feed me till I want no more, Feed me till I want no more.
Be Thou still my strength and shield, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
I will ev - er give to Thee, I will ev - er give to Thee.

No. 191. When All Thy Mercies, O My God.

GENEVA. John Cole.


1. When all Thy mer-cies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur-veys,
2. O how can words with e - - qual warmth The grat - i - tude de-clare,
3. To all my weak complaints and cries, Thy mer - cy lent an ear,
4. When in the slip-pery paths of youth, With heed-less steps I ran,
1. When all Thy mer-cies, O my God,
When all Thy mer-cies, O my God,
Trans-port - ed with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love and praise.
That glows with-in my rav - ished heart? But Thou canst read it there.
Ere yet my fee - ble tho'ts had learned To form them-selves in prayer.
Thine arm, un - seen, con - veyed me safe, And led me up to man.
Transported with the view, I'm lost.

No. 192. All Hail, Immanuel!

D. R. Van Sickle.

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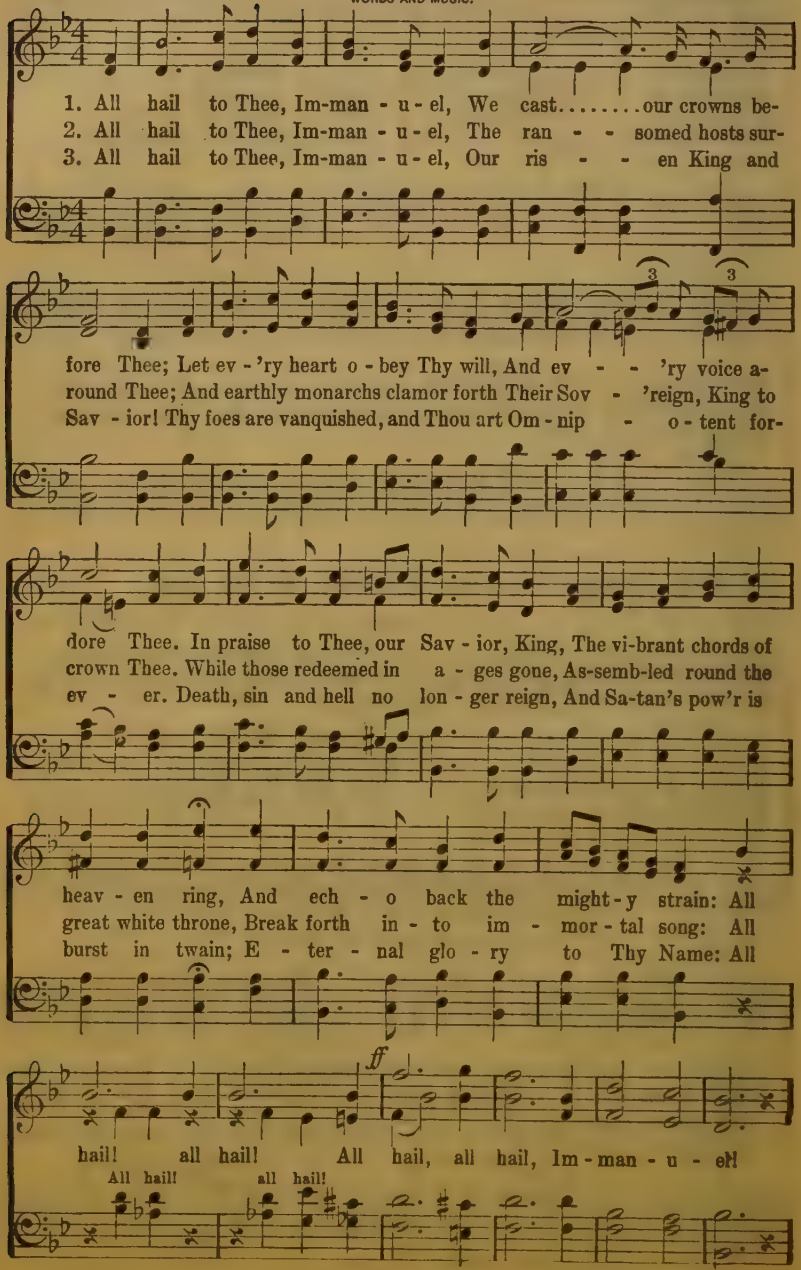
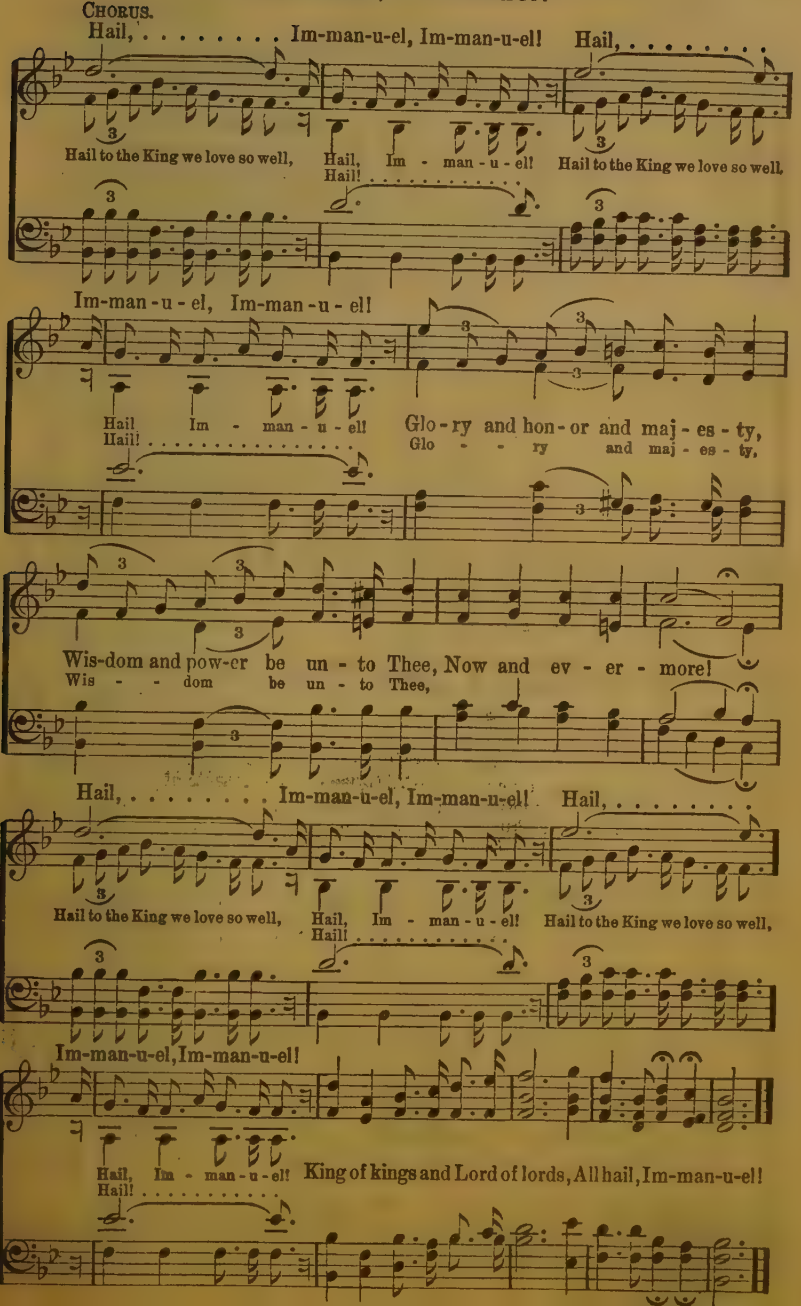
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

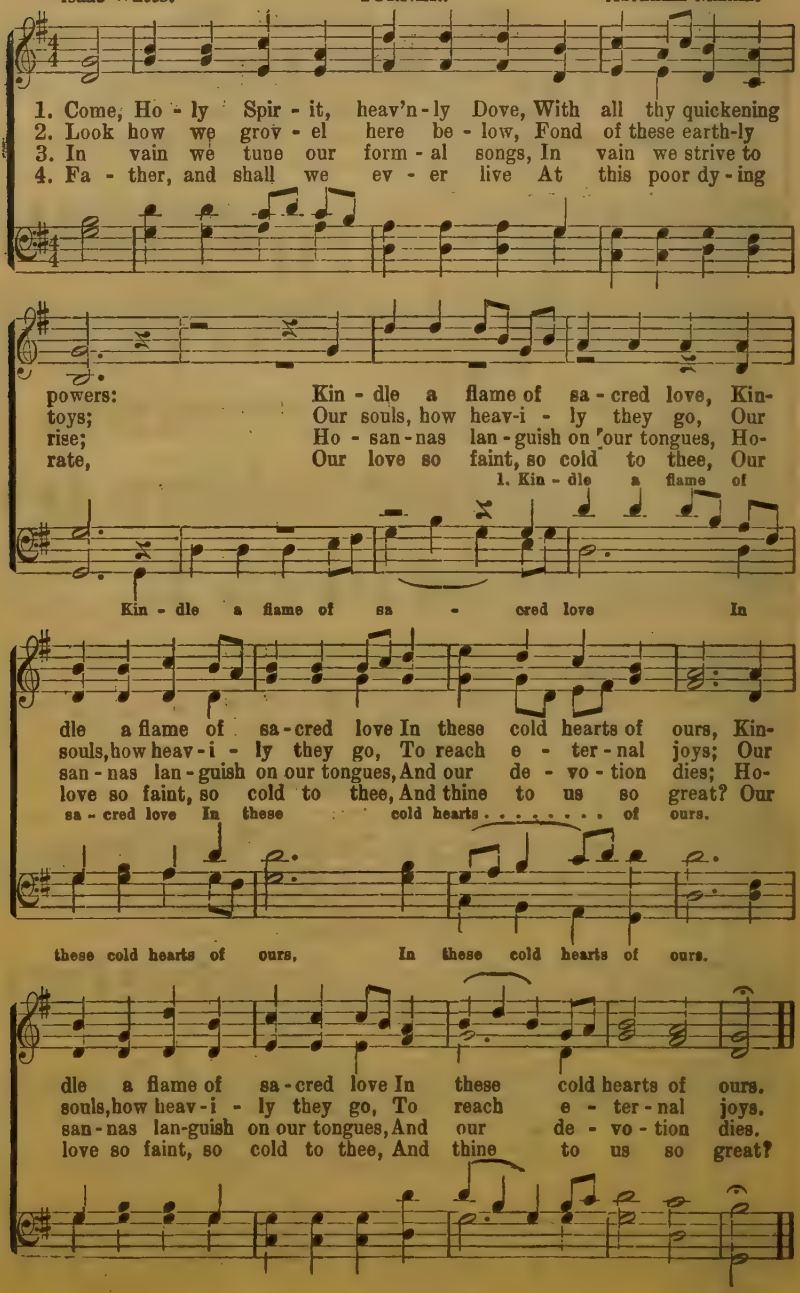

1. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, We cast.....our crowns be-
2. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, The ran - - somed hosts sur-
3. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, Our ris - - en King and
fore Thee; Let ev - 'ry heart o - bey Thy will, And ev - - 'ry voice a-
round Thee; And earthly monarchs clamor forth Their Sov - 'reign, King to
Sav - ior! Thy foes are vanquished, and Thou art Om - nip - o - tent for-
dore Thee. In praise to Thee, our Sav - ior, King, The vi-brant chords of
crown Thee. While those redeemed in a - ges gone, As-semb-led round the
ev - er. Death, sin and hell no lon - ger reign, And Sa-tan's pow'r is
heav - en ring, And ech - o back the might - y strain: All
great white throne, Break forth in - to im - mor - tal song: All
burst in twain; E - ter - nal glo - ry to Thy Name: All
ff
hail! all hail! All hail, all hail, Im - man - u - el!
All hail! all hail!

All Hail, Immanuel!


Chorus.
Hail, ... Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el! Hail, ...
Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Im - man - u - el! Hail to the King we love so well,
Hail! . . . . . .
Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el!
Hail! Im - man - u - el! Glo-ry and hon-or and maj-es-ty,
Hail! . . . . . Glo - - ry and maj-es-ty,
Wis-dom and pow-er be un - to Thee, Now and ev - er - more!
Wis - - dom be un - to Thee,
Hail, ... Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el! Hail, ...
Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Im - man - u - el! Hail to the King we love so well,
Hail! . . . . . .
Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el!
Hail, Im - man - u - el! King of kings and Lord of lords, All hail, Im-man-u-el!
Hail! . . . . . .

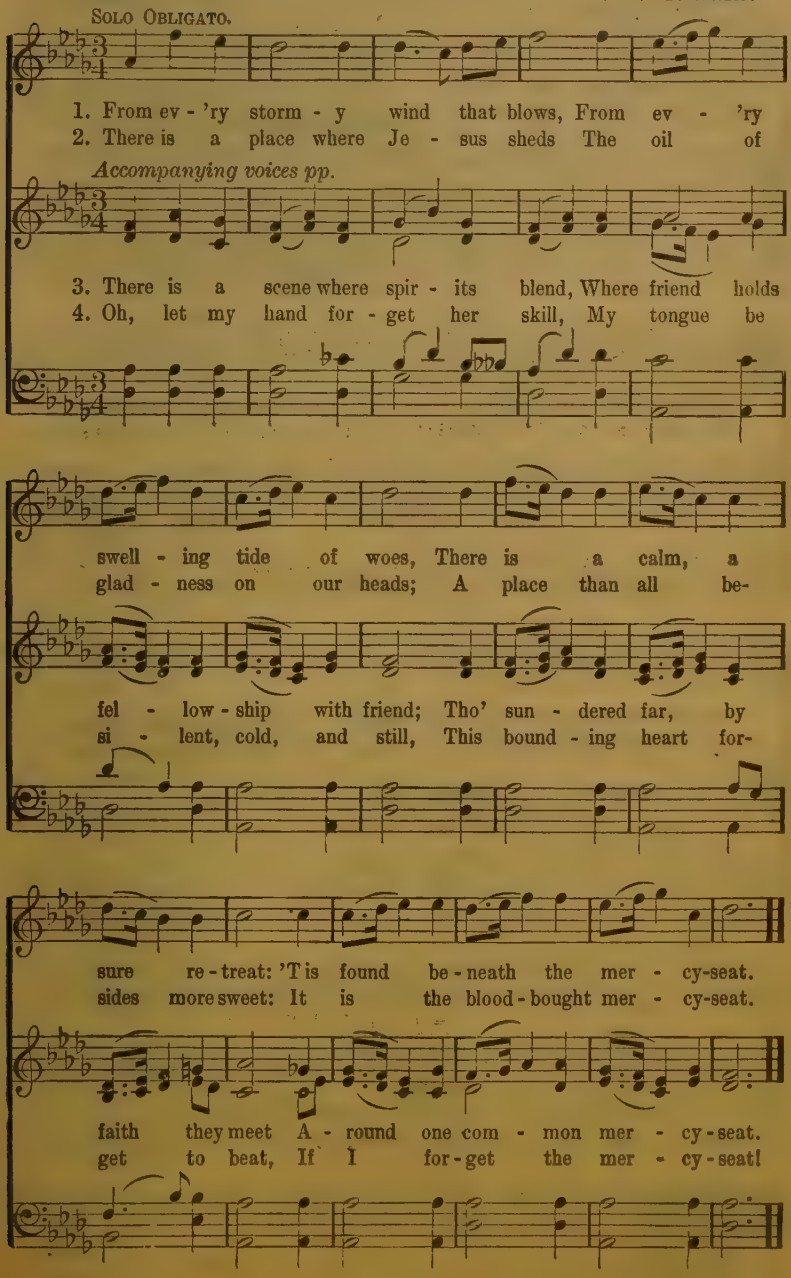
No. 193. Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove.

Isaac Watts. TURNER. Abraham Maxim.


1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n - ly Dove, With all thy quickening
2. Look how we grov - el here be - low, Fond of these earth-ly
3. In vain we tune our form - al songs, In vain we strive to
4. Fa - ther, and shall we ev - er live At this poor dy - ing
powers: Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love, Kin-
toys; Our souls, how heav-i - ly they go, Our
rise; Ho - san - nas lan - guish on our tongues, Ho-
rate, Our love so faint, so cold to thee, Our
1. Kin - dle a flame of
Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In
dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours, Kin-
souls, how heav-i - ly they go, To reach e - ter - nal joys; Our
san - nas lan - guish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies; Ho-
love so faint, so cold to thee, And thine to us so great? Our
sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
these cold hearts of ours, In these cold hearts of ours.
dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
souls, how heav-i - ly they go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.
san - nas lan - guish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.
love so faint, so cold to thee, And thine to us so great?

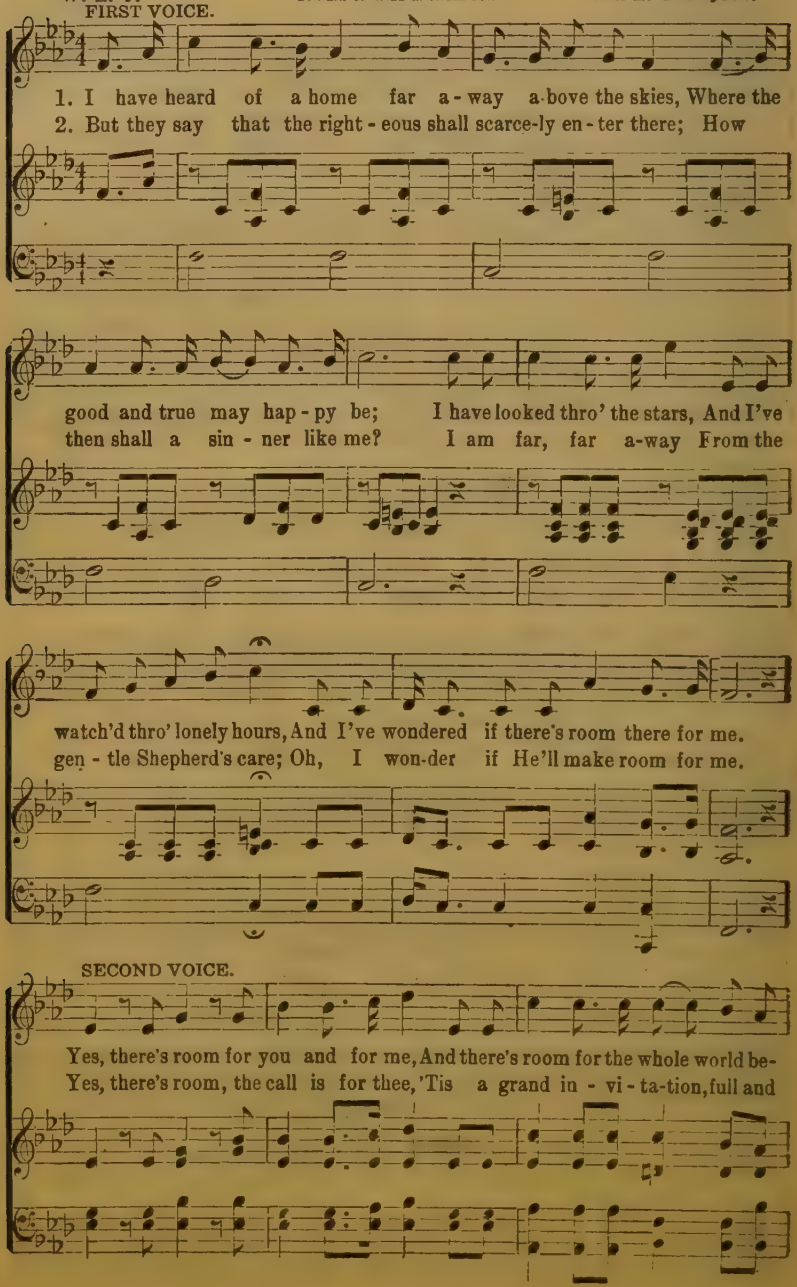
No. 194. From Every Stormy Wind.

H. Stowell. S. Wilder.

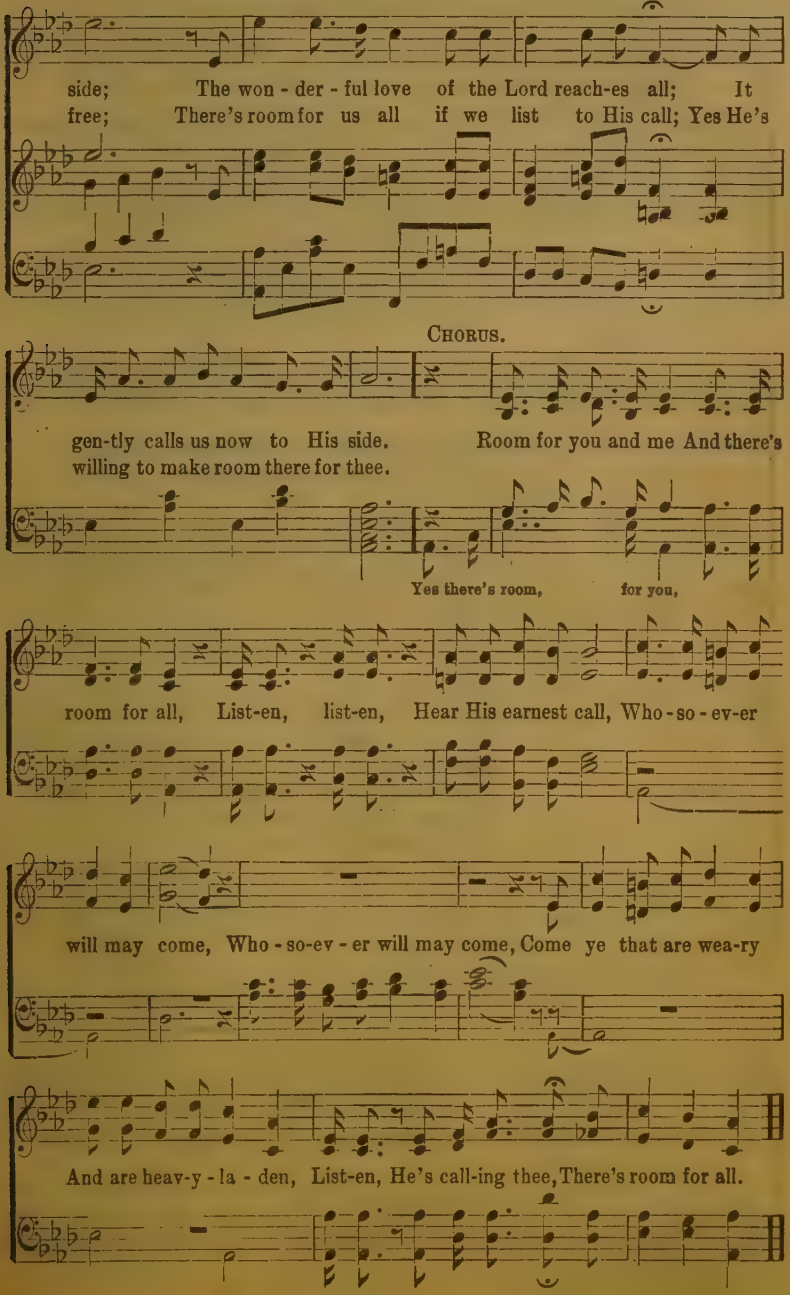

Solo Obligato.
1. From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of
Accompanying voices pp.
3. There is a scene where spir - its blend, Where friend holds
4. Oh, let my hand for - get her skill, My tongue be
swell - ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a
glad - ness on our heads; A place than all be-
fel - low - ship with friend; Tho' sun - dered far, by
si - lent, cold, and still, This bound - ing heart for-
sure re - treat: 'T is found be - neath the mer - cy-seat.
sides more sweet: It is the blood - bought mer - cy-seat.
faith they meet A - round one com - mon mer - cy - seat.
get to beat, If I for - get the mer - cy - seat!

No. 195. I Wonder if There's Room for Me.

W. L. T. BY PER. OF WILL L. THOMPSON Will L. Thompson.

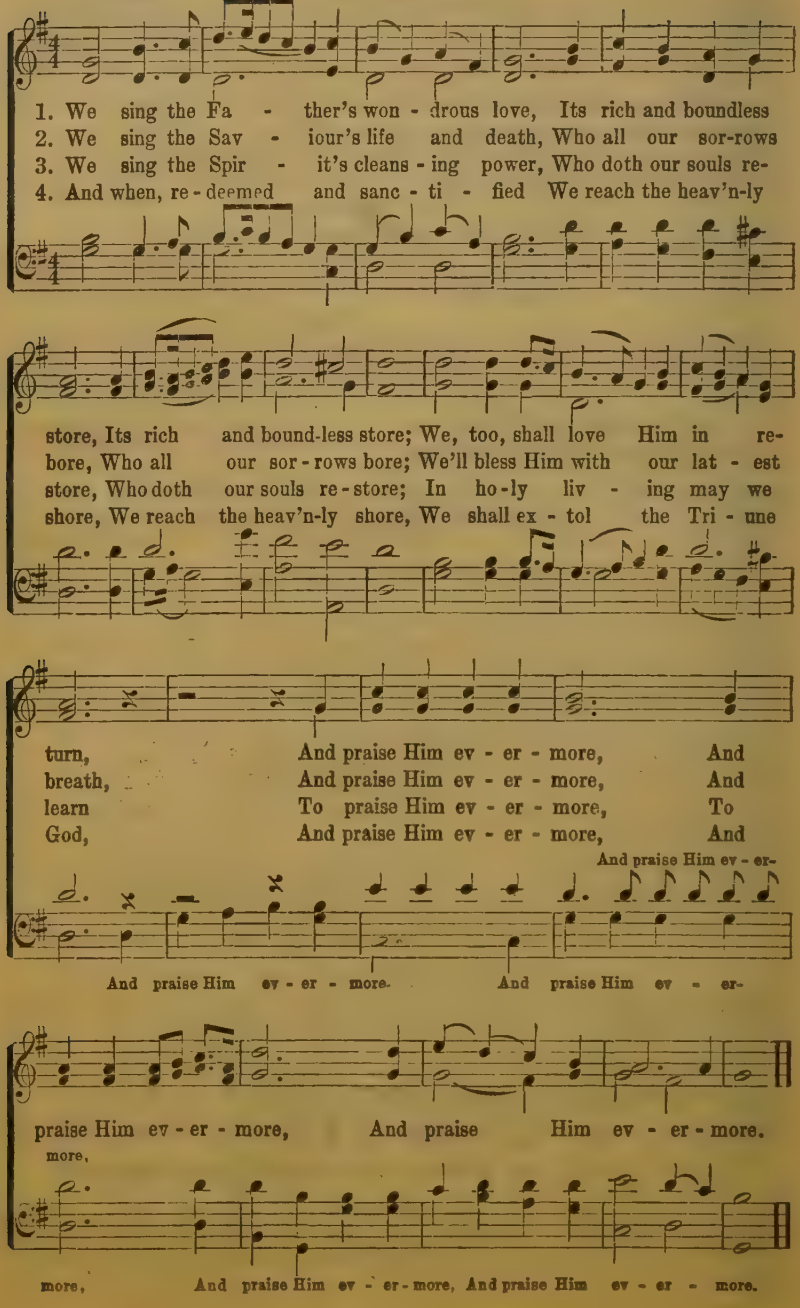

FIRST VOICE.
1. I have heard of a home far a-way a-bove the skies, Where the
2. But they say that the right-eous shall scarce-ly en-ter there; How
good and true may hap-py be; I have looked thro' the stars, And I've
then shall a sin-ner like me? I am far, far a-way From the
watch'd thro' lonely hours, And I've wondered if there's room there for me.
gen-tle Shepherd's care; Oh, I won-der if He'll make room for me.
SECOND VOICE.
Yes, there's room for you and for me, And there's room for the whole world be-
Yes, there's room, the call is for thee, 'Tis a grand in-vi-ta-tion, full and

I Wonder if There's Room for Me.

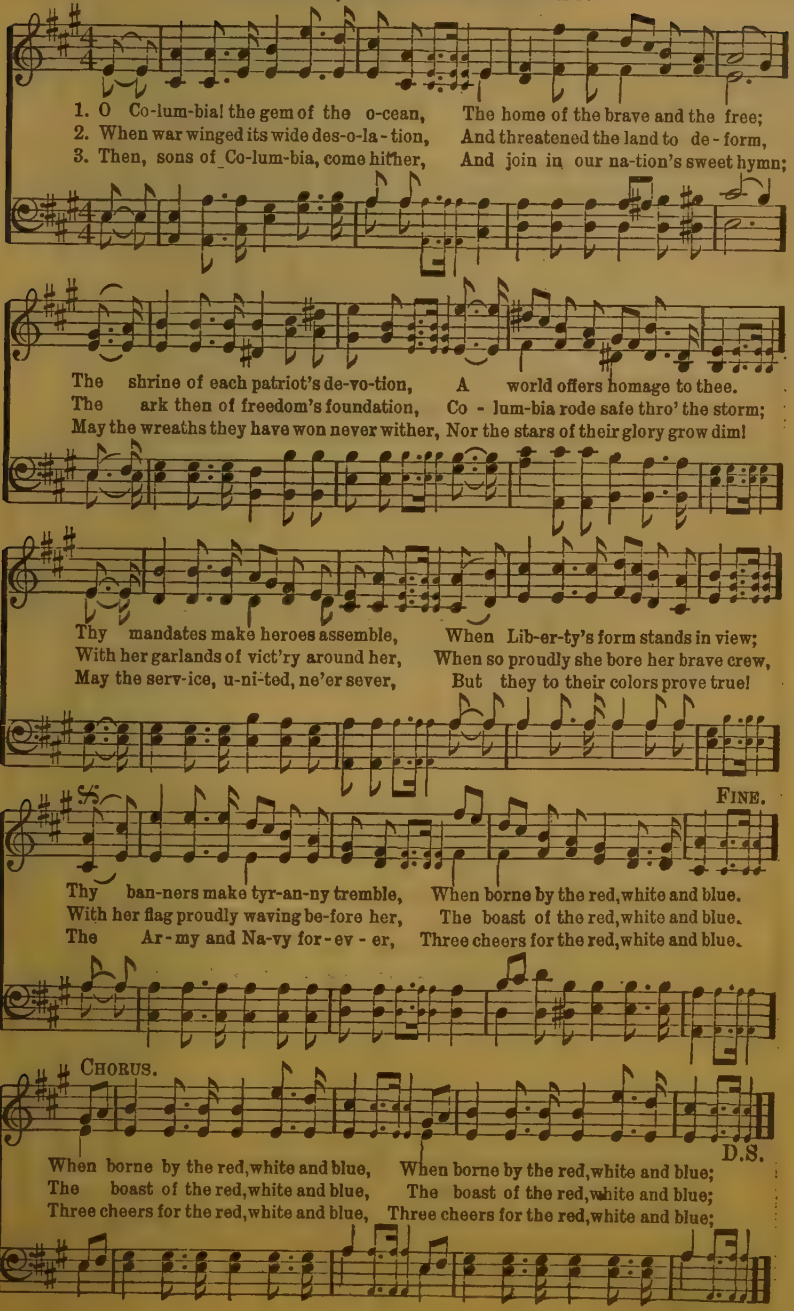

side; The won - der - ful love of the Lord reach-es all; It
free; There's room for us all if we list to His call; Yes He's
CHORUS.
gen-tly calls us now to His side. Room for you and me And there's
willing to make room there for thee.
Yes there's room, for you,
room for all, List-en, list-en, Hear His earnest call, Who - so - ev-er
will may come, Who - so-ev - er will may come, Come ye that are wea-ry
And are heav-y - la - den, List-en, He's call-ing thee, There's room for all.

No. 196. Praise Him Evermore.

Dr. Edwards. (LINGHAM. C. M.)


1. We sing the Fa - ther's won - drous love, Its rich and boundless
2. We sing the Sav - iour's life and death, Who all our sor-rows
3. We sing the Spir - it's cleans - ing power, Who doth our souls re-
4. And when, re - deemed and sanc - ti - fied We reach the heav'n-ly
store, Its rich and bound-less store; We, too, shall love Him in re-
bore, Who all our sor - rows bore; We'll bless Him with our lat - est
store, Who doth our souls re - store; In ho-ly liv - ing may we
shore, We reach the heav'n-ly shore, We shall ex - tol the Tri - une
turn, And praise Him ev - er - more, And
breath, And praise Him ev - er - more, And
learn To praise Him ev - er - more, To
God, And praise Him ev - er - more, And
And praise Him ev - er-
And praise Him ev - er - more. And praise Him ev - er-
praise Him ev - er - more, And praise Him ev - er - more.
more.
more, And praise Him ev - er - more, And praise Him ev - er - more.

No. 197 The Red, White and Blue.


1. O Co-lum-bia! the gem of the o-cean, The home of the brave and the free;
2. When war winged its wide des-o-la-tion, And threatened the land to de-form,
3. Then, sons of Co-lum-bia, come hither, And join in our na-tion's sweet hymn;
The shrine of each patriot's de-vo-tion, A world offers homage to thee.
The ark then of freedom's foundation, Co-lum-bia rode safe thro' the storm;
May the wreaths they have won never wither, Nor the stars of their glory grow dim!
Thy mandates make heroes assemble, When Lib-er-ty's form stands in view;
With her garlands of vict'ry around her, When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
May the serv-ice, u-ni-ted, ne'er sever, But they to their colors prove true!
FINE.
Thy ban-ners make tyr-an-ny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue.
With her flag proudly waving be-fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue.
The Ar-my and Na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.
CHORUS.
D.S.
When borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue;
The boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue;
Three cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue;

No. 198. Song to the Flag.

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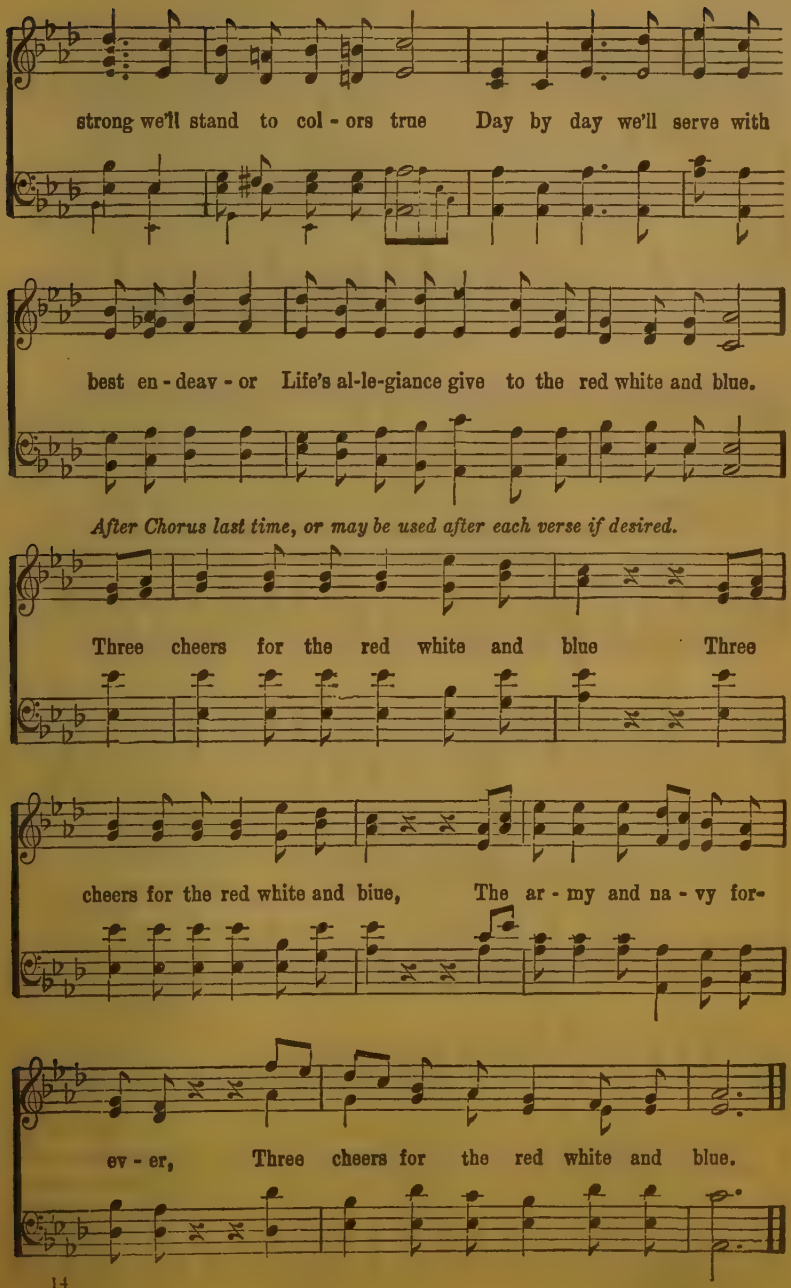
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Edith Sanford Tillotson. B. D. Ackley.

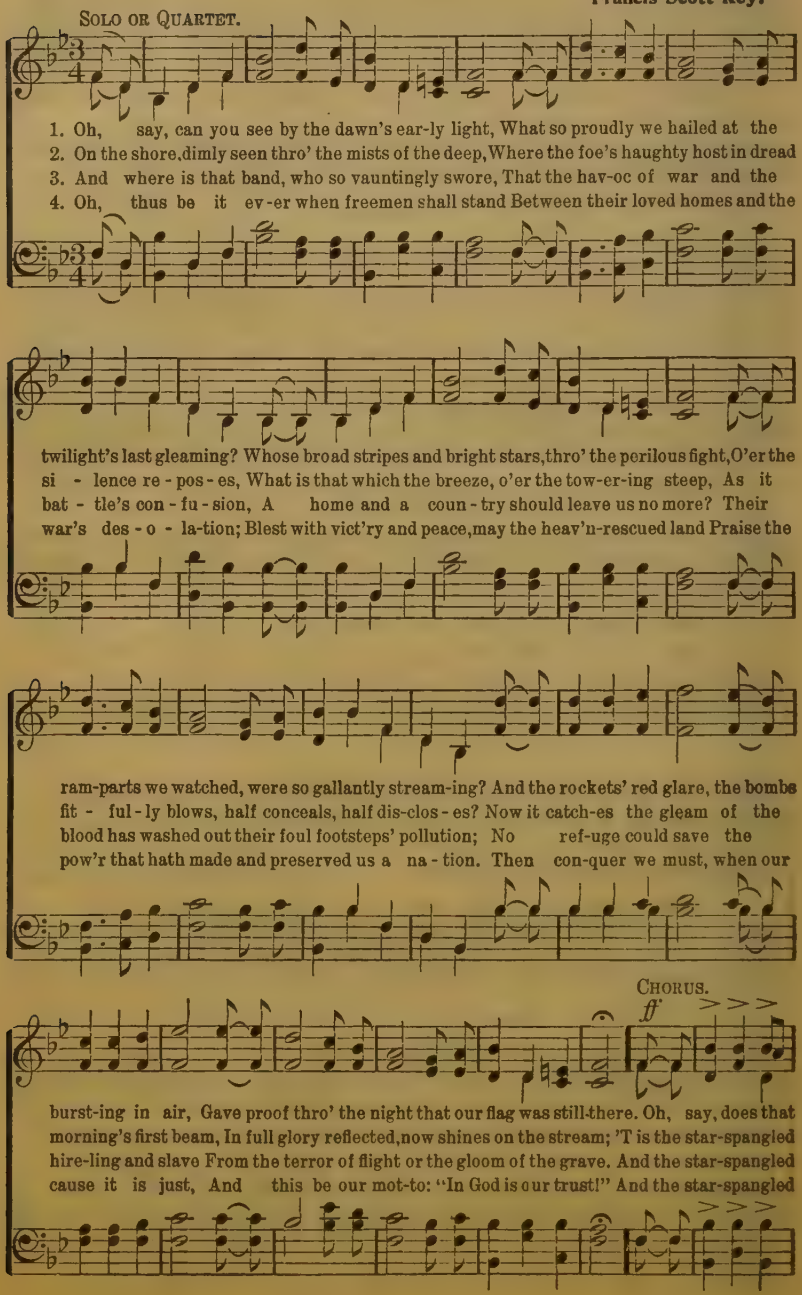
1. Ban - ner bright with thy col - ors shin - ing o'er us,
2. Crim - son bars, you can speak to us of cour - age,
3. Star-gemmed flag, may thy chil - dren long re - mem - ber,
Dear bright flag and the em - blem of the free
Snow - y white, give us peace - ful hearts and pure,
What great price has been paid thy folds to raise;
Hearts beat high when we see thee wave a - bove us
Loy - al blue, may our lives in truth be ground - ed
May we live to be wor - thy of thy keep - ing,
Free - dom's sign art thou o - ver land, o - ver sea:
So we'll wear our col - ors while times shall en - dure:
May we show thee hon - or de - vo - tion and praise.
CHORUS.
Heart and hand we'll pledge to star - ry ban - ner Staunch and

Song to the Flag.

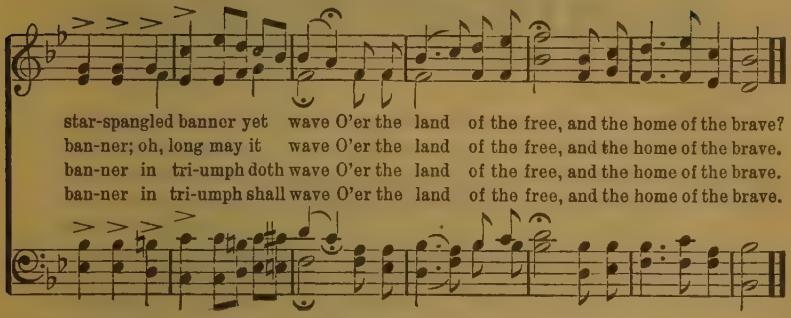

strong we'll stand to col - ors true Day by day we'll serve with
best en - deav - or Life's al-le-giance give to the red white and blue.
After Chorus last time, or may be used after each verse if desired.
Three cheers for the red white and blue Three
cheers for the red white and blue, The ar - my and na - vy for-
ev - er, Three cheers for the red white and blue.

No. 199. The Star-Spangled Banner.

Francis Scott Key.

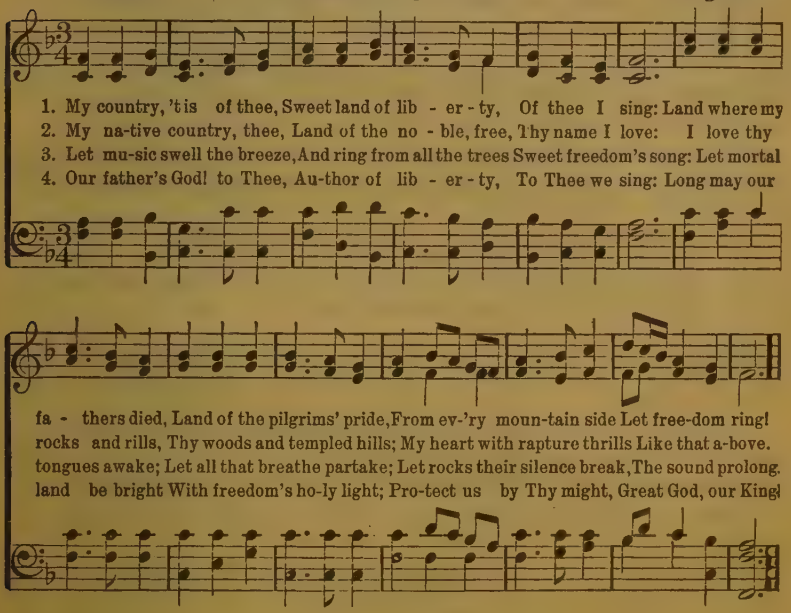

Solo or Quartet.
1. Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proudly we hailed at the
2. On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
3. And where is that band, who so vauntingly swore, That the hav-oc of war and the
4. Oh, thus be it ev-er when freemen shall stand Between their loved homes and the
twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight, O'er the
si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow-er-ing steep, As it
bat - tle's con - fu - sion, A home and a coun - try should leave us no more? Their
war's des - o - la-tion; Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land Praise the
ram-parts we watched, were so gallantly stream-ing? And the rockets' red glare, the bombs
fit - ful - ly blows, half conceals, half dis-clos - es? Now it catch-es the gleam of the
blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution; No ref-uge could save the
pow'r that hath made and preserved us a na - tion. Then con-quer we must, when our
Chorus.
ff
burst-ing in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that
morning's first beam, In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream; 'T is the star-spangled
hire-ling and slave From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave. And the star-spangled
cause it is just, And this be our mot-to: "In God is our trust!" And the star-spangled

The Star-Spangled Banner.


star-spangled banner yet wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?
ban-ner; oh, long may it wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
ban-ner in tri-umph doth wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
ban-ner in tri-umph shall wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

No. 200. America.

S. F. Smith. The National Song of America. **English.**


1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my
2. My na-tive country, thee, Land of the no - ble, free, Thy name I love: I love thy
3. Let mu-sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song: Let mortal
4. Our father's God! to Thee, Au-thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing: Long may our
fa - thers died, Land of the pilgrims' pride, From ev-'ry moun-tain side Let free-dom ring!
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that a-bove.
tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
land be bright With freedom's ho-ly light; Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

No. 201. God Save the King.

The National Song of Britain.

1.
God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King:
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us;
God save the King.

2.
Through every changing scene,
O Lord, preserve our King;
Long may he reign:
His heart inspire and move
With wisdom from above,
And in a nation's love
His throne maintain.

3.
Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign:
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King.

Invitation Hymns

No. 202. Jesus is Calling.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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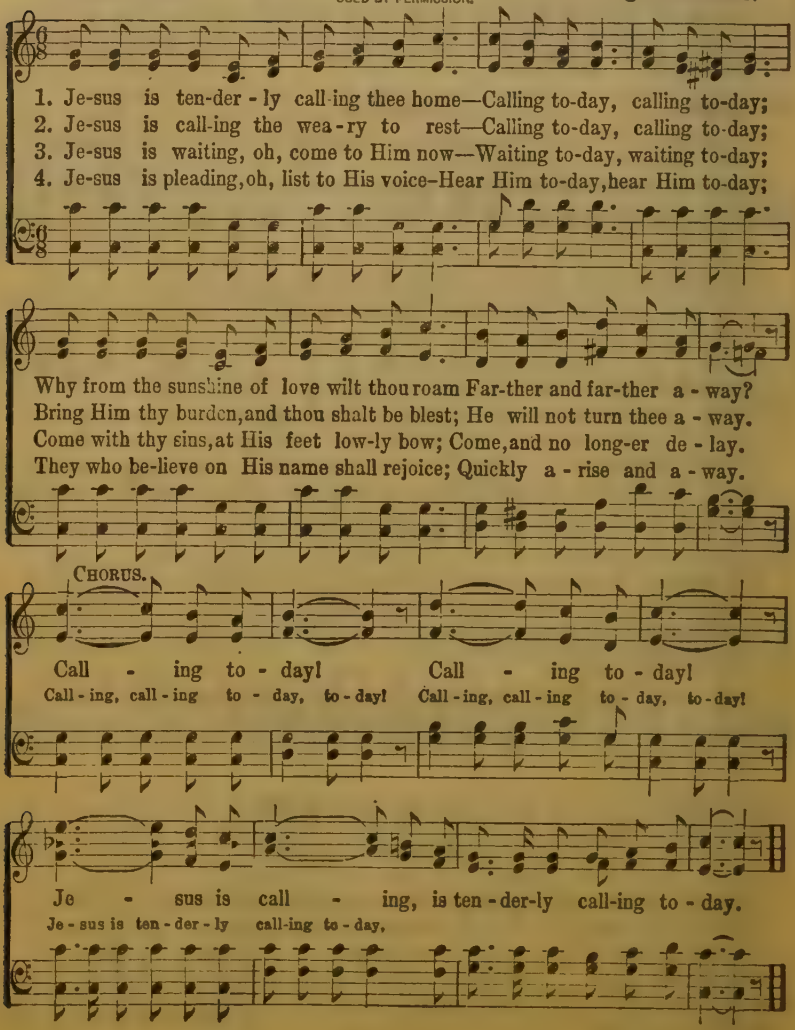
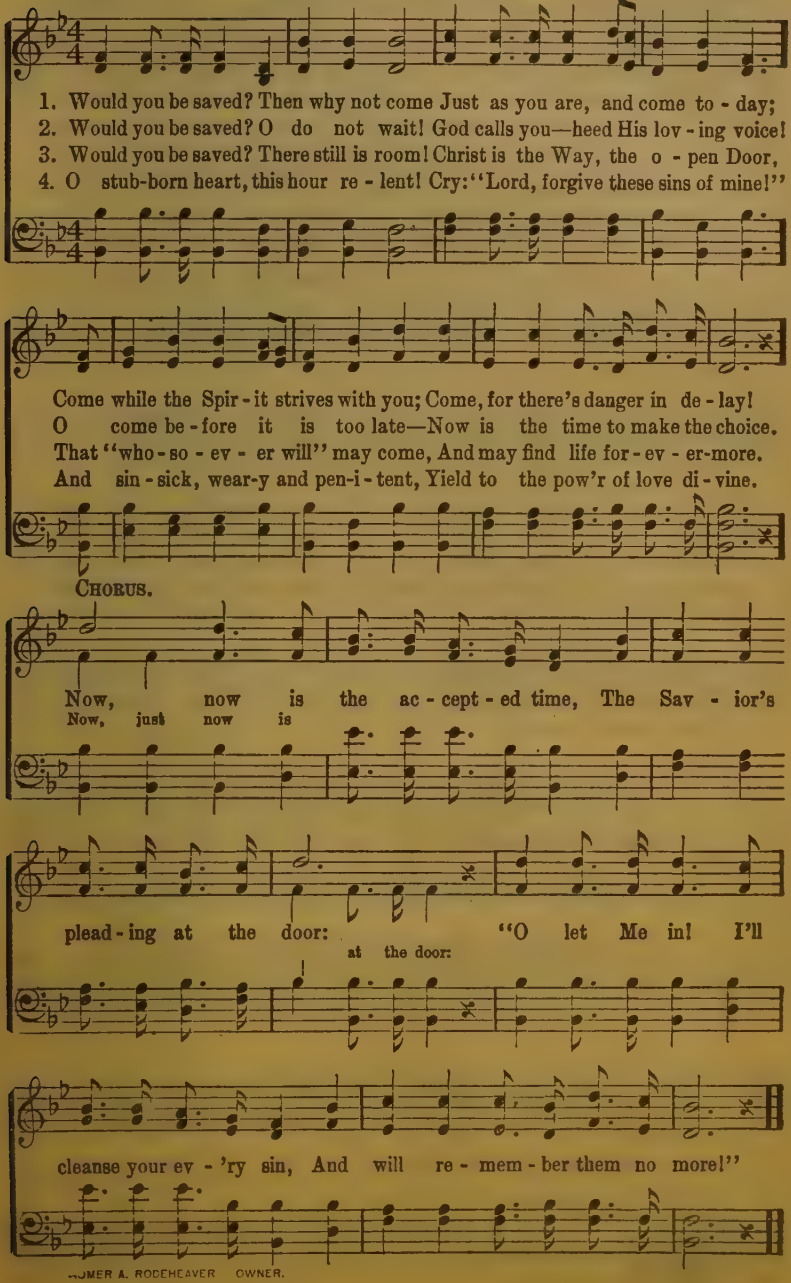

1. Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing thee home—Calling to-day, calling to-day;
2. Je-sus is call-ing the wea-ry to rest—Calling to-day, calling to-day;
3. Je-sus is waiting, oh, come to Him now—Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
4. Je-sus is pleading, oh, list to His voice—Hear Him to-day, hear Him to-day;
Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam Far-ther and far-ther a-way?
Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a-way.
Come with thy sins, at His feet low-ly bow; Come, and no long-er de-lay.
They who be-lieve on His name shall rejoice; Quickly a-rise and a-way.
CHORUS.
Call-ing to-day! Call-ing to-day!
Call-ing, call-ing to-day, to-day! Call-ing, call-ing to-day, to-day!
Je-sus is call-ing, is ten-der-ly call-ing to-day.
Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing to-day,

No. 203. Would You Be Saved.

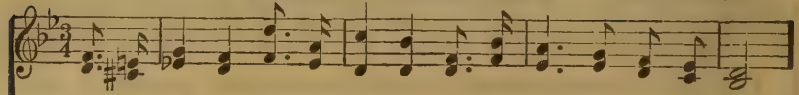
E. E. Rexford. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Dr. S. B. Jackson.


1. Would you be saved? Then why not come Just as you are, and come to - day;
2. Would you be saved? O do not wait! God calls you—heed His lov - ing voice!
3. Would you be saved? There still is room! Christ is the Way, the o - pen Door,
4. O stub-born heart, this hour re - lent! Cry: "Lord, forgive these sins of mine!"
Come while the Spir - it strives with you; Come, for there's danger in de - lay!
O come be - fore it is too late—Now is the time to make the choice.
That "who - so - ev - er will" may come, And may find life for - ev - er-more.
And sin - sick, wear-y and pen-i - tent, Yield to the pow'r of love di - vine.
CHORUS.
Now, now is the ac - cept - ed time, The Sav - ior's
Now, just now is
plead - ing at the door: "O let Me in! I'll
at the door:
cleanse your ev - 'ry sin, And will re - mem - ber them no more!"

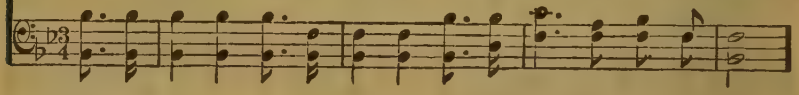
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER OWNER.

No. 204. I Surrender.

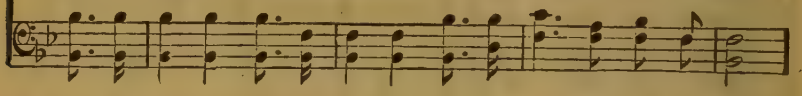
Rev. A. H. Ackley. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO. Lloyd Ten Eyck.



1. Sin has left me sore and bleed-ing, I sur-ren-der all to Thee;
2. Ev-'ry e-vil thing con-fess-ing, I sur-ren-der all to Thee;
3. Fill my heart to o-ver-flow-ing, I sur-ren-der all to Thee;
4. Give me faith lest I should fal-ter, I sur-ren-der all to Thee;
5. May my life ful-fill its du-ty, I sur-ren-der all to Thee;

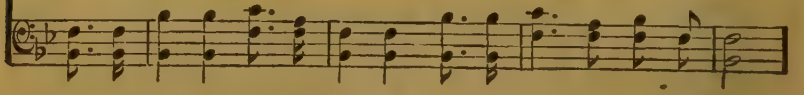


Heal my wounds, my soul is plead-ing, I sur-ren-der all to Thee.
Teach me how to be a bless-ing, I sur-ren-der all to Thee.
Boundless peace and pow'r be-stow-ing, I sur-ren-der all to Thee.
Plac-ing all up-on Thine al-tar, I sur-ren-der all to Thee.
Find in Christ, its strength and beauty, I sur-ren-der all to Thee.



CHORUS.

I sur-ren-der, I sur-ren-der, I sur-ren-der all to Thee;

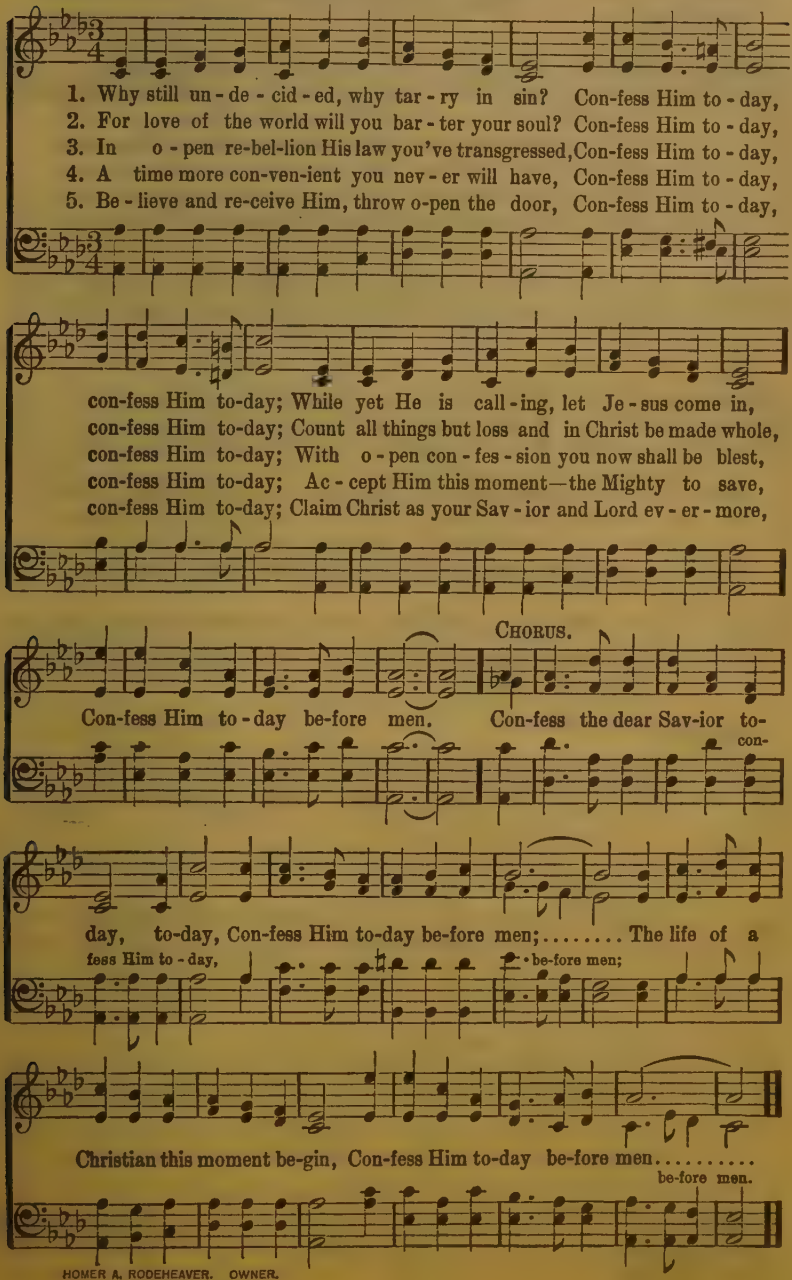


I sur-ren-der, I sur-ren-der, I sur-ren-der all to Thee.

HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

No. 205. Confess Him To-day.

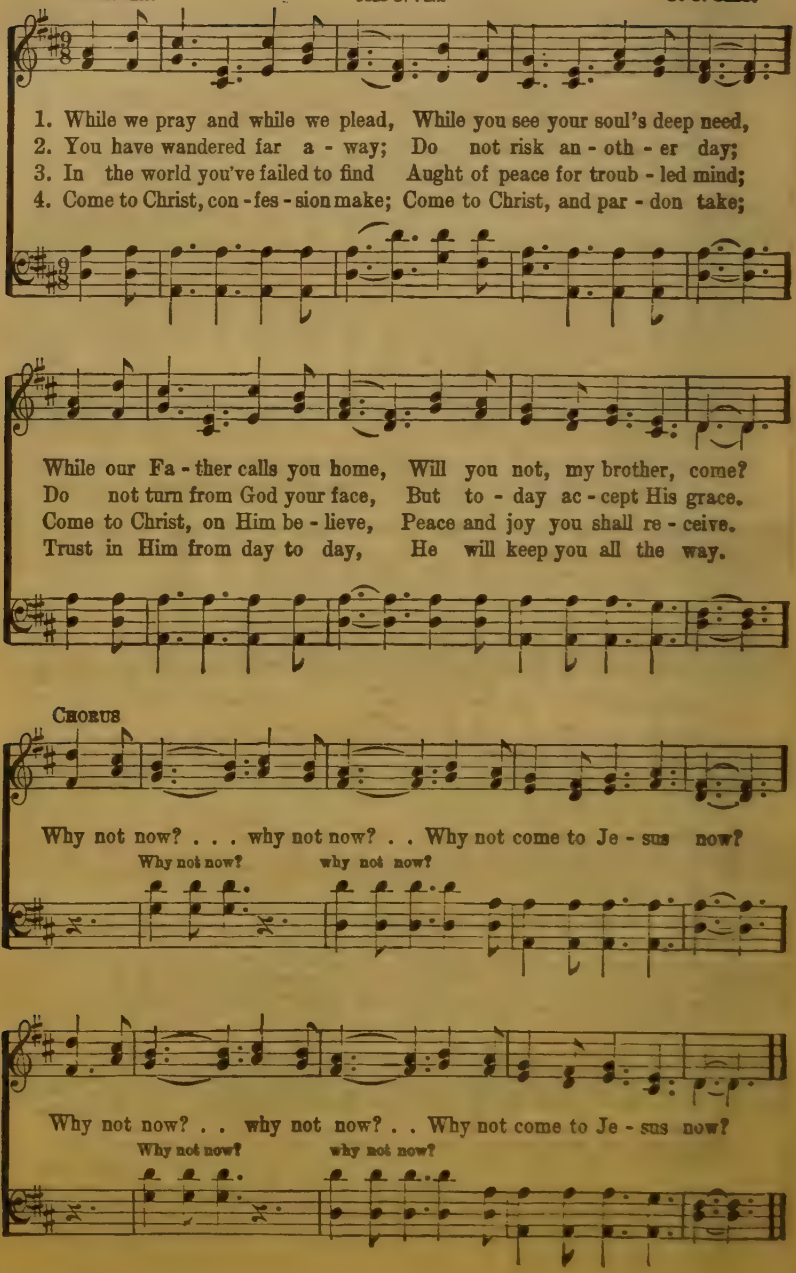
Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. Why still un - de - cid - ed, why tar - ry in sin? Con-fess Him to - day,
2. For love of the world will you bar - ter your soul? Con-fess Him to - day,
3. In o - pen re-bel-lion His law you've transgressed, Con-fess Him to - day,
4. A time more con-ven-ient you nev - er will have, Con-fess Him to - day,
5. Be - lieve and re-ceive Him, throw o-pen the door, Con-fess Him to - day,
con-fess Him to-day; While yet He is call - ing, let Je - sus come in,
con-fess Him to-day; Count all things but loss and in Christ be made whole,
con-fess Him to-day; With o - pen con - fes - sion you now shall be blest,
con-fess Him to-day; Ac - cept Him this moment—the Mighty to save,
con-fess Him to-day; Claim Christ as your Sav - ior and Lord ev - er - more,
CHORUS.
Con-fess Him to - day be-fore men. Con-fess the dear Sav-ior to-
con-
day, to-day, Con-fess Him to-day be-fore men;..... The life of a
fess Him to - day,
be-fore men;
Christian this moment be-gin, Con-fess Him to-day be-fore men.....
be-fore men.

HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. OWNER.

No. 206. Why Not Now?

El Nathan. COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY C. C. CASE. USED BY PER. C. C. Case.


1. While we pray and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wandered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troub - led mind;
4. Come to Christ, con - fes - sion make; Come to Christ, and par - don take;
While our Fa - ther calls you home, Will you not, my brother, come?
Do not turn from God your face, But to - day ac - cept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.
CHORUS
Why not now? . . . why not now? . . Why not come to Je - sus now?
Why not now? why not now?
Why not now? . . why not now? . . Why not come to Je - sus now?
Why not now? why not now?

No. 207. You Need the Savior.

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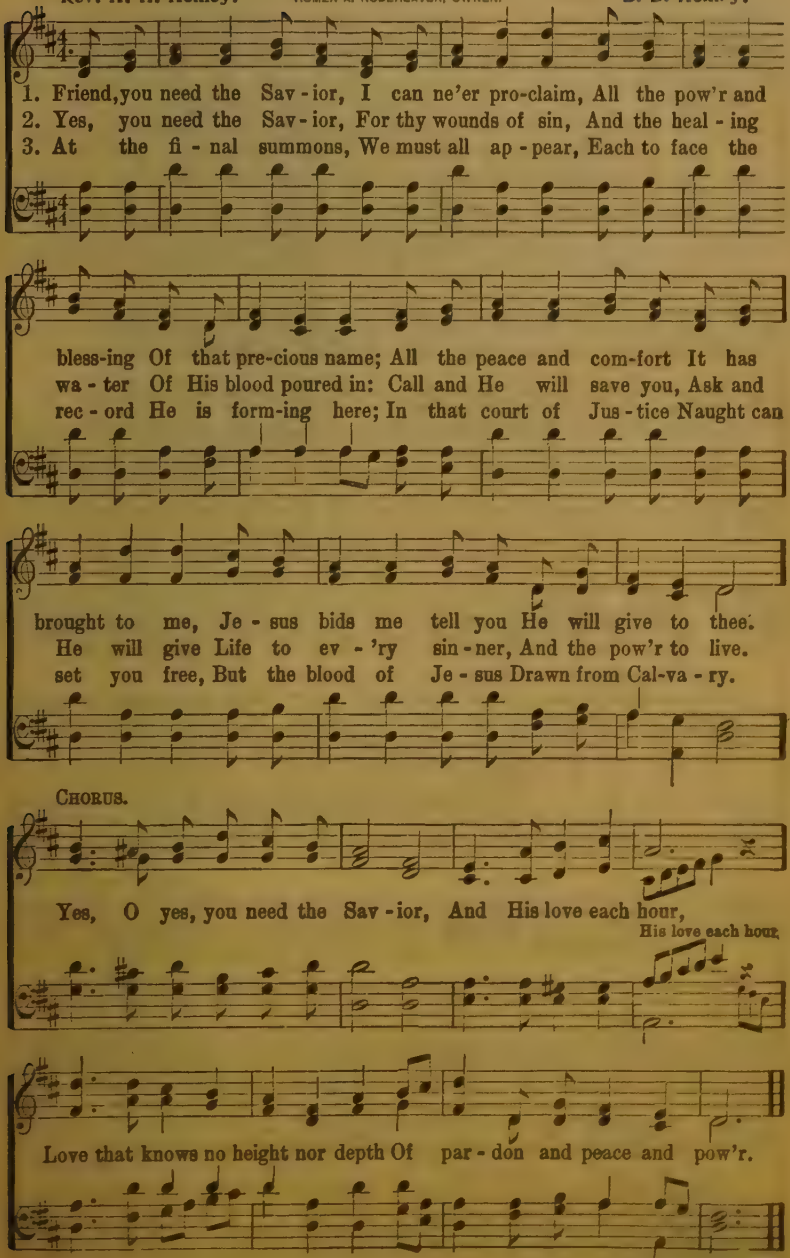
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.


1. Friend, you need the Sav - ior, I can ne'er pro-claim, All the pow'r and
2. Yes, you need the Sav - ior, For thy wounds of sin, And the heal - ing
3. At the fi - nal summons, We must all ap - pear, Each to face the
bless-ing Of that pre-cious name; All the peace and com-fort It has
wa - ter Of His blood poured in: Call and He will save you, Ask and
rec - ord He is form-ing here; In that court of Jus - tice Naught can
brought to me, Je - sus bids me tell you He will give to thee.
He will give Life to ev - 'ry sin - ner, And the pow'r to live.
set you free, But the blood of Je - sus Drawn from Cal-va - ry.
CHORUS.
Yes, O yes, you need the Sav - ior, And His love each hour,
His love each hour
Love that knows no height nor depth Of par - don and peace and pow'r.

No. 208. Still Undecided.

Ernest G. W. Wesley.

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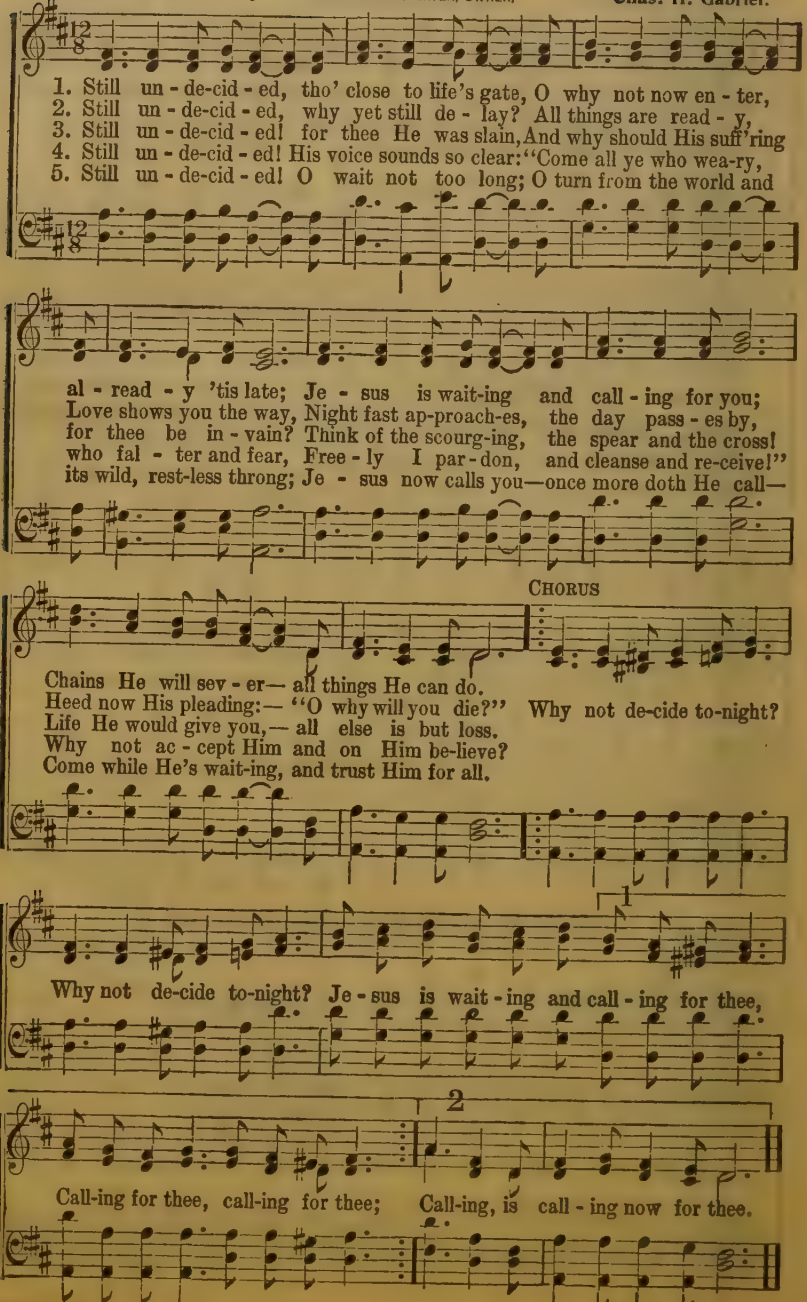
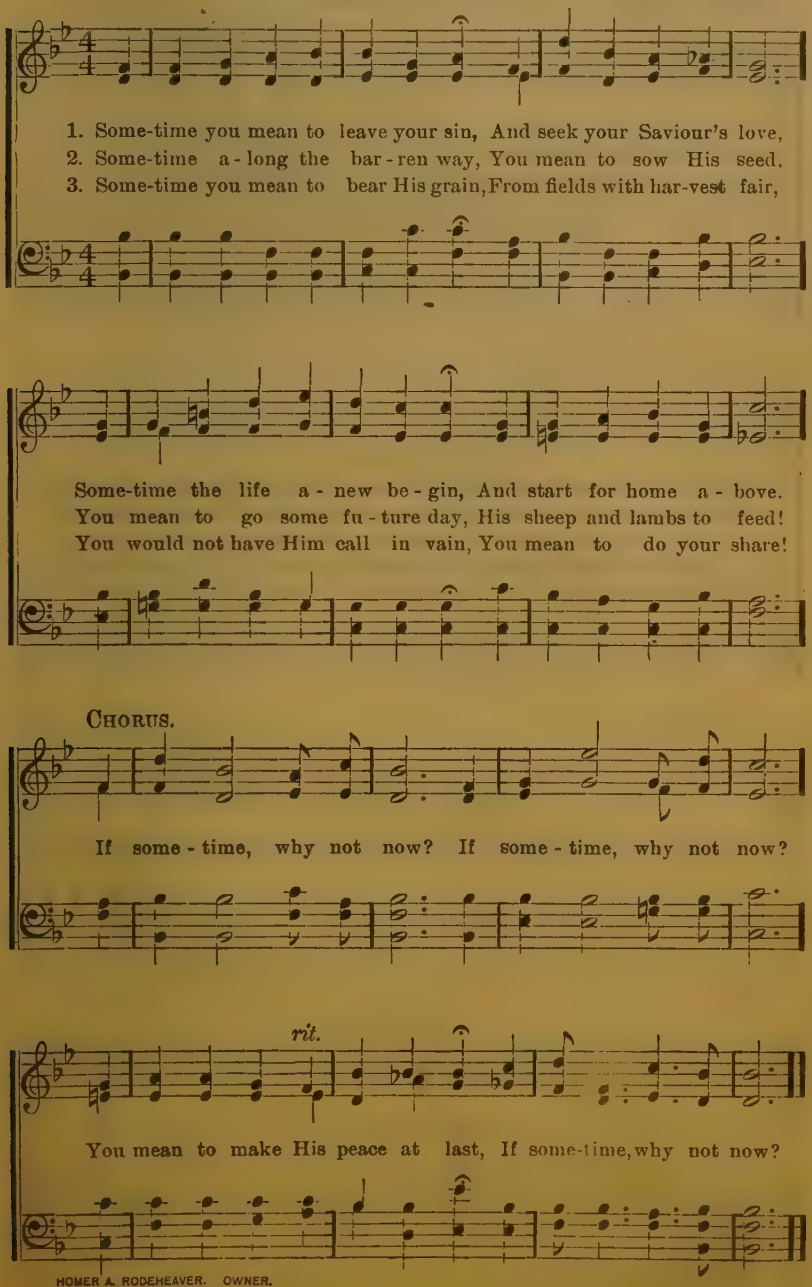
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Still un - de-cid - ed, tho' close to life's gate, O why not now en - ter,
2. Still un - de-cid - ed, why yet still de - lay? All things are read - y,
3. Still un - de-cid - ed! for thee He was slain, And why should His suff'ring
4. Still un - de-cid - ed! His voice sounds so clear: "Come all ye who wea-ry,
5. Still un - de-cid - ed! O wait not too long; O turn from the world and
al - read - y 'tis late; Je - sus is wait-ing and call - ing for you;
Love shows you the way, Night fast ap-proach-es, the day pass - es by,
for thee be in - vain? Think of the scourg-ing, the spear and the cross!
who fal - ter and fear, Free - ly I par - don, and cleanse and re-ceive!"
its wild, rest-less throng; Je - sus now calls you—once more doth He call—
CHORUS
Chains He will sev - er— all things He can do.
Heed now His pleading:— "O why will you die?" Why not de-cide to-night?
Life He would give you,— all else is but loss.
Why not ac - cept Him and on Him be-lieve?
Come while He's wait-ing, and trust Him for all.
1
Why not de-cide to-night? Je - sus is wait - ing and call - ing for thee,
2
Call-ing for thee, call-ing for thee; Call-ing, is call - ing now for thee.

209. If Sometime, Why Not Now?

INA DULEY OGDON. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY B. D. ACKLEY. B. D. ACKLEY.


1. Some-time you mean to leave your sin, And seek your Saviour's love,
2. Some-time a-long the bar-ren way, You mean to sow His seed.
3. Some-time you mean to bear His grain, From fields with har-vest fair,
Some-time the life a-new be-gin, And start for home a-bove.
You mean to go some fu-ture day, His sheep and lambs to feed!
You would not have Him call in vain, You mean to do your share!
CHORUS.
If some-time, why not now? If some-time, why not now?
rit.
You mean to make His peace at last, If some-time, why not now?

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No. 210. I am Coming Home.

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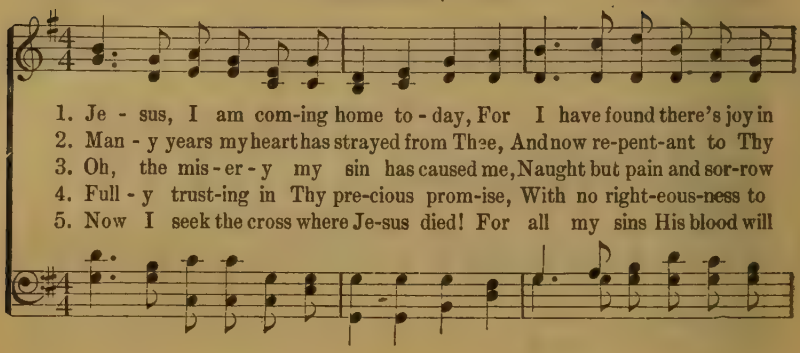
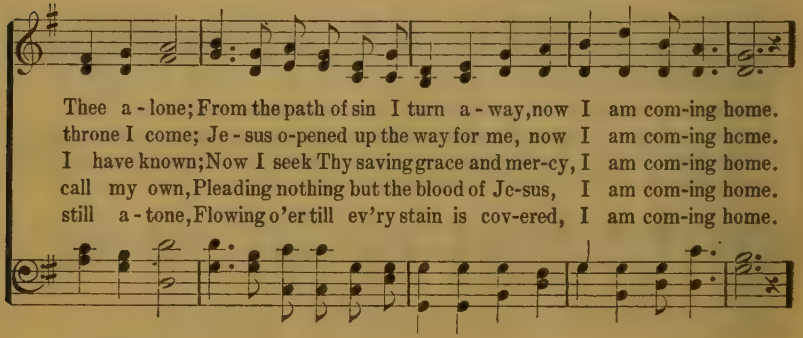
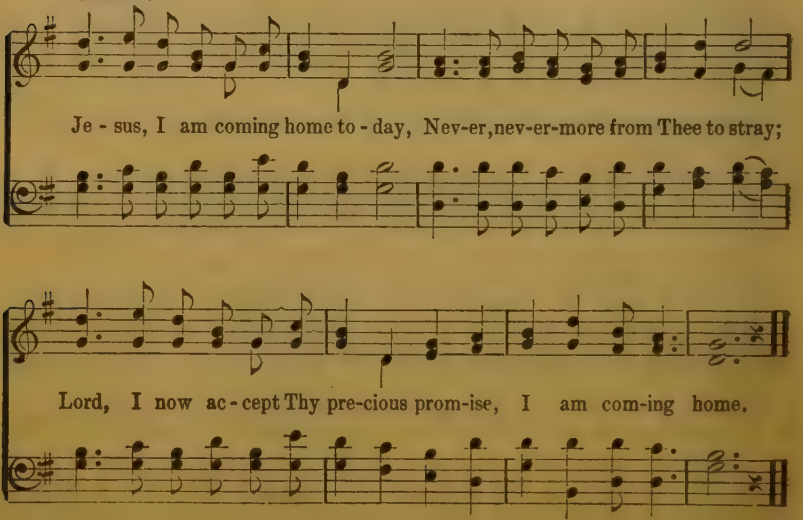
Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.


1. Je - sus, I am com-ing home to - day, For I have found there's joy in
2. Man - y years my heart has strayed from Thee, And now re-pent-ant to Thy
3. Oh, the mis - er - y my sin has caused me, Naught but pain and sor-row
4. Full - y trust-ing in Thy pre-cious prom-ise, With no right-eous-ness to
5. Now I seek the cross where Je-sus died! For all my sins His blood will

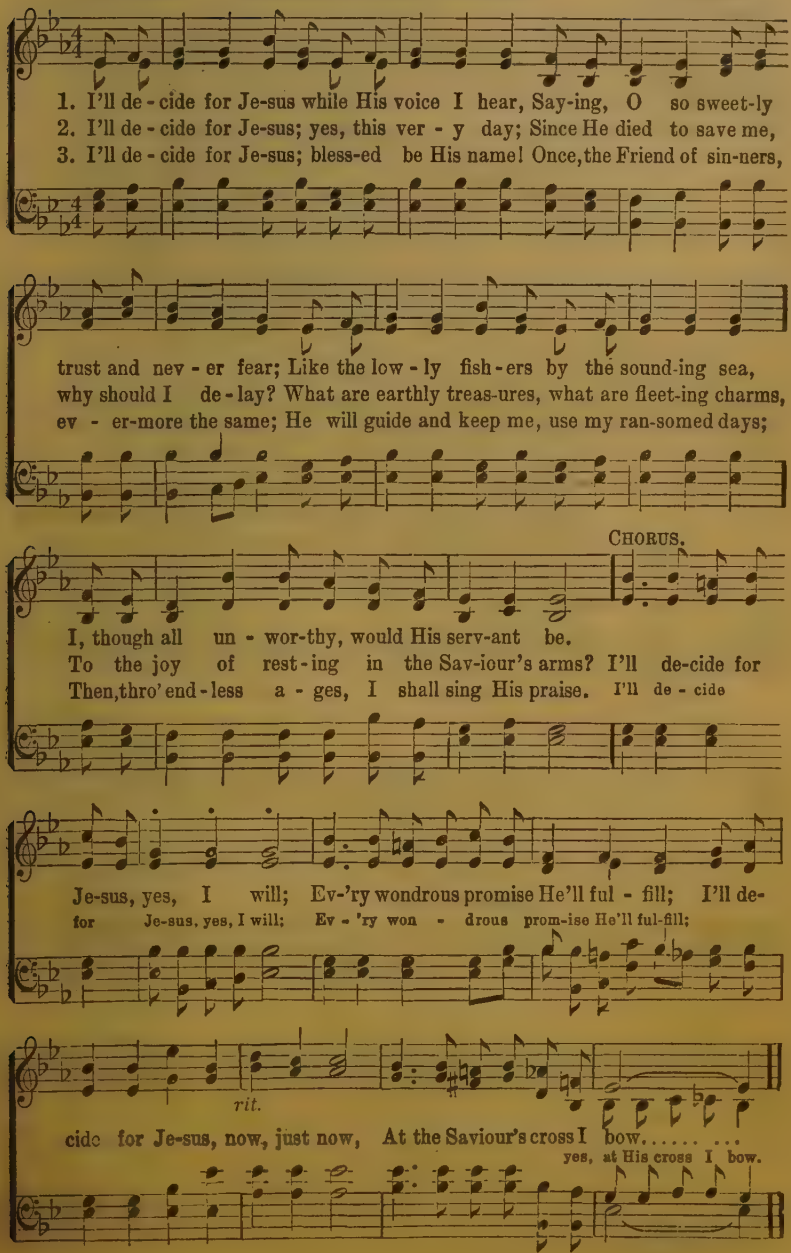

Thee a - lone; From the path of sin I turn a - way, now I am com-ing home.
throne I come; Je - sus o-pened up the way for me, now I am com-ing home.
I have known; Now I seek Thy saving grace and mer-cy, I am com-ing home.
call my own, Pleading nothing but the blood of Je-sus, I am com-ing home.
still a - tone, Flowing o'er till ev'ry stain is cov-ered, I am com-ing home.

CHORUS.



No. 211. I'll Decide For Jesus.

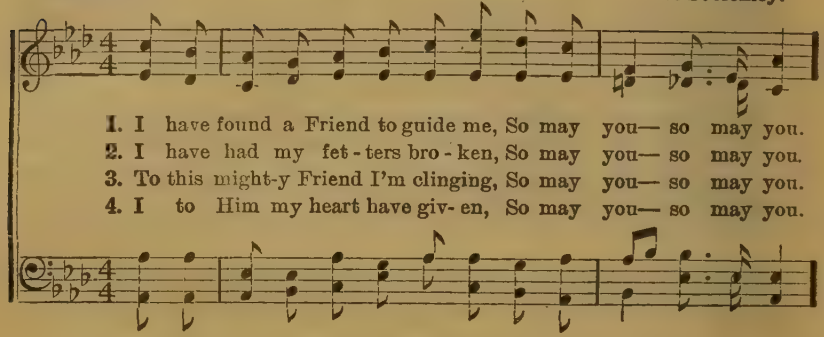
E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. B. D. Ackley.

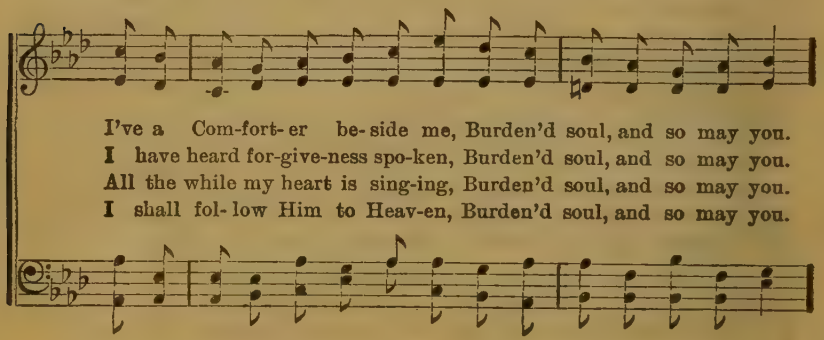

1. I'll de - cide for Je-sus while His voice I hear, Say-ing, O so sweet-ly
2. I'll de - cide for Je-sus; yes, this ver - y day; Since He died to save me,
3. I'll de - cide for Je-sus; bless-ed be His name! Once, the Friend of sin-ners,
trust and nev - er fear; Like the low - ly fish - ers by the sound-ing sea,
why should I de - lay? What are earthly treas-ures, what are fleet-ing charms,
ev - er-more the same; He will guide and keep me, use my ran-somed days;
CHORUS.
I, though all un - wor-thy, would His serv-ant be.
To the joy of rest - ing in the Sav-iour's arms? I'll de-cide for
Then, thro' end - less a - ges, I shall sing His praise. I'll de - cide
Je-sus, yes, I will; Ev-'ry wondrous promise He'll ful - fill; I'll de-
for Je-sus, yes, I will; Ev - 'ry won - drous prom-ise He'll ful-fill;
rit.
cide for Je-sus, now, just now, At the Saviour's cross I bow.....
yes, at His cross I bow.

No. 212. So May You.

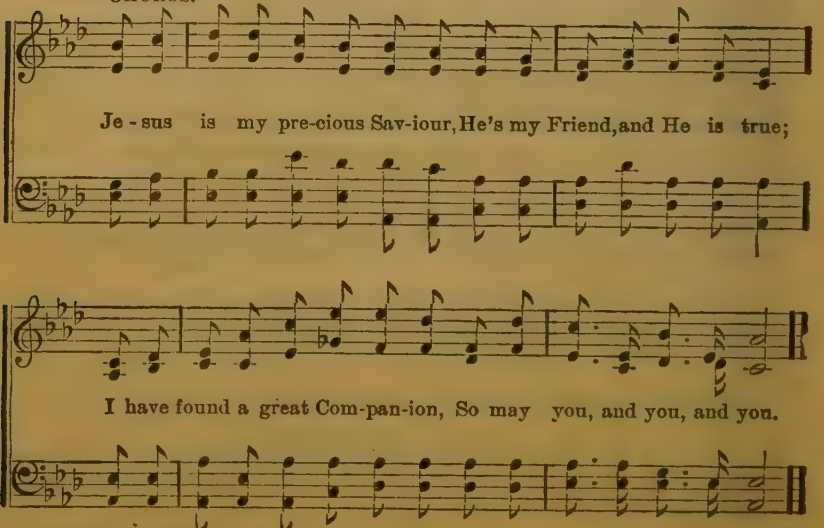
COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO.

James Rowe. B. D. Ackley.


1. I have found a Friend to guide me, So may you— so may you.
2. I have had my fet-ters bro-ken, So may you— so may you.
3. To this might-y Friend I'm clinging, So may you— so may you.
4. I to Him my heart have giv-en, So may you— so may you.


I've a Com-fort-er be-side me, Burden'd soul, and so may you.
I have heard for-give-ness spo-ken, Burden'd soul, and so may you.
All the while my heart is sing-ing, Burden'd soul, and so may you.
I shall fol-low Him to Heav-en, Burden'd soul, and so may you.

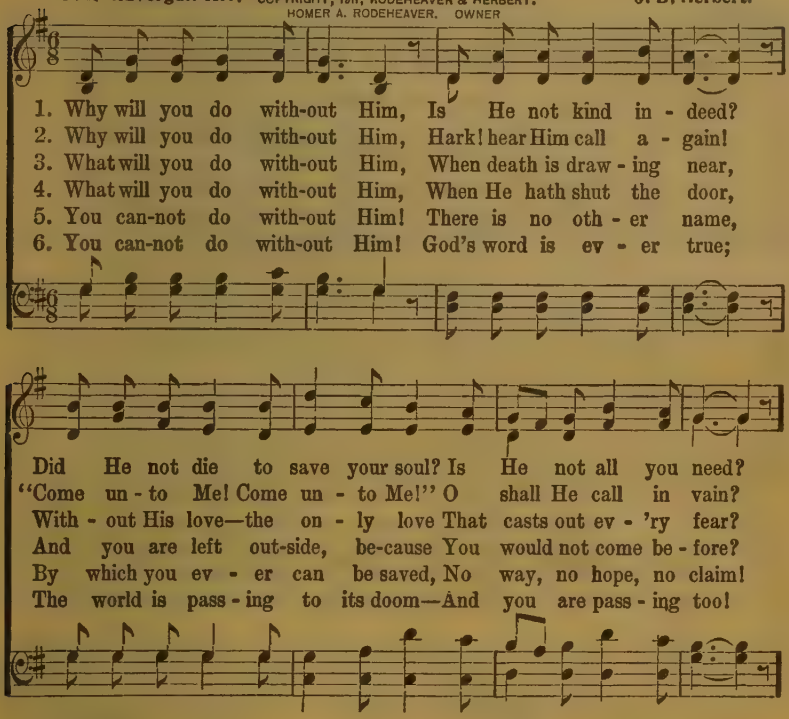
CHORUS.



HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. OWNER.

No. 213. Why Will You Do Without Him?

F. R. Havergal. Arr. COPYRIGHT, 1911, RODEHEAVER & HERBERT. HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER J. B. Herbert.


1. Why will you do with-out Him, Is He not kind in - deed?
2. Why will you do with-out Him, Hark! hear Him call a - gain!
3. What will you do with-out Him, When death is draw - ing near,
4. What will you do with-out Him, When He hath shut the door,
5. You can-not do with-out Him! There is no oth - er name,
6. You can-not do with-out Him! God's word is ev - er true;
Did He not die to save your soul? Is He not all you need?
"Come un - to Me! Come un - to Me!" O shall He call in vain?
With - out His love—the on - ly love That casts out ev - 'ry fear?
And you are left out-side, be-cause You would not come be - fore?
By which you ev - er can be saved, No way, no hope, no claim!
The world is pass - ing to its doom—And you are pass - ing too!
CHORUS.
1-2. Why will you, why will you, Why will you do with-out Him?
3-4. What will you, what will you, What will you do with-out Him?
5-6. You can-not, you can-not, You can-not do with-out Him!
Why will you, why will you, Why will you do with-out Him?
What will you, what will you, What will you do with-out Him?
You can-not, you can-not You can-not do with-out Him!

No. 214. At The Cross.

Isaac Watts.

COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY R. E. HUDSON.
USED BY PER.

R. E. Hudson.

1. Alas! and did my Savior bleed, And did my Sov'reign die,
Would He devote that sa- cred head For such a worm as I?

2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groan'd upon the tree,
A - maz-ing pit-y, grace unknown! And love beyond degree

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the burden of my heart roll'd a-way, roll'd a-way,
It was there by faith I received my sight, And now I am happy all the day.

No. 215. Ring the Bells of Heaven.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Rev. Wm. O. Cushing.

Joyfully.

Geo. F. Root.

FINE.

1. Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day, For a soul re-turn-ing from the wild;
See! the Father meets him out upon the way, Wel-coming His weary wand'ring child.

2. Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day, For the wand'rer now is re-con-ciled;
Yes, a soul is rescued from his sinful way, And is born a-new a ransomed child.

3. Ring the bells of heaven! spread the feast today, Angels swell the glad triumphant strain,
Tell the joy-ful tidings! bear it far a - way, For a precious soul is born a - gain.

D.C.—'Tis the ransom'd army, like a mighty sea, Pealing forth the anthem of the free.

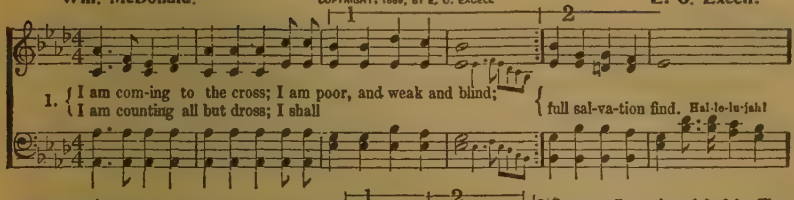
CHORUS.

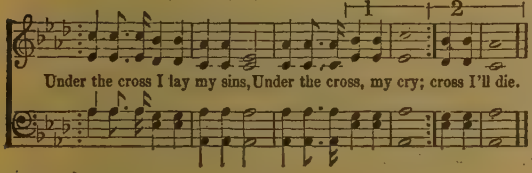
D. C.

Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the an-gels sing; Glo - ry! glo-ry! how the lond harps ring;

No. 216. Under the Gross.

Wm. McDonald. COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.



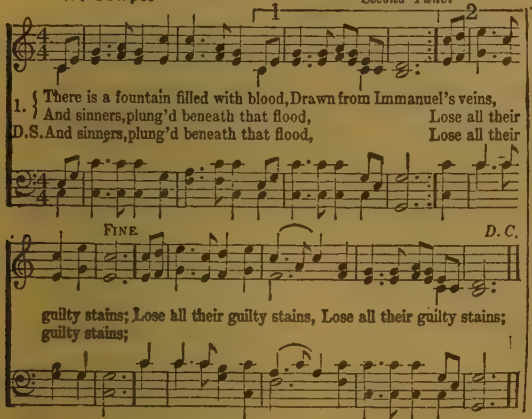


2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee
Long has evil reign'd within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store,
Soul and body Thine to be,
Wholly Thine forevermore.

No. 217. There is a Fountain.

W. Cowper *Second Tune.* Lowell Mason.


1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their
D.S. And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their
FINE.
D. C.
guilty stains; Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains;
guilty stains;

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, tho' vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

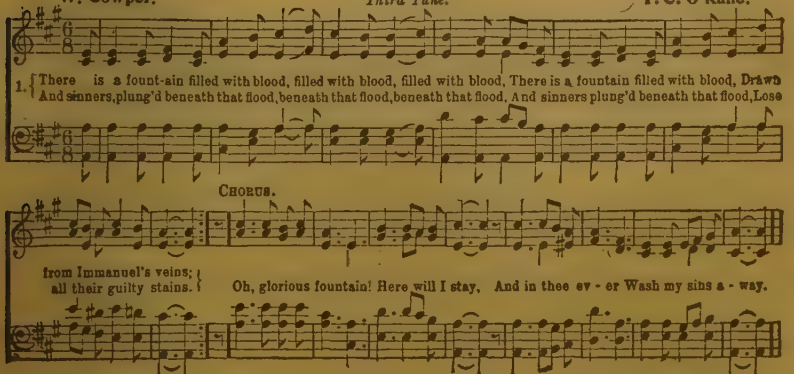
3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious [blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more

4 E'er since by faith I saw the [stream
Thy flowing wounds supply
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering [tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

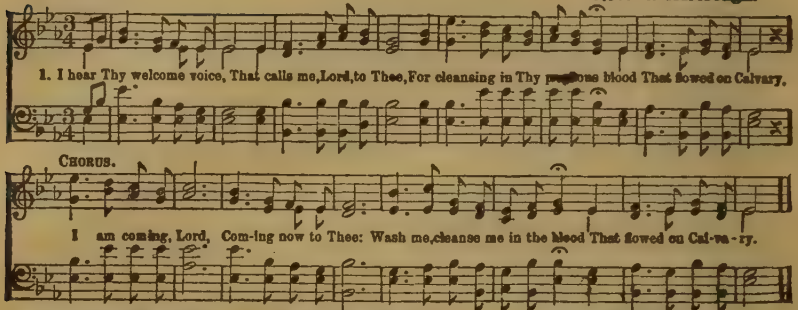
No. 218. Glorious Fountain.

W. Cowper. *Third Tune.* T. C. O'Kane.


1. There is a fount-ain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood, There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood, And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose
CHORUS.
from Immanuel's veins;
all their guilty stains.
Oh, glorious fountain! Here will I stay, And in thee ev - er Wash my sins a - way.

No. 219. I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H. Rev. L. Hartsough.


1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleansing in Thy precious blood That flowed on Calvary.
CHORUS.
I am coming, Lord, Coming now to Thee: Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Calvary.

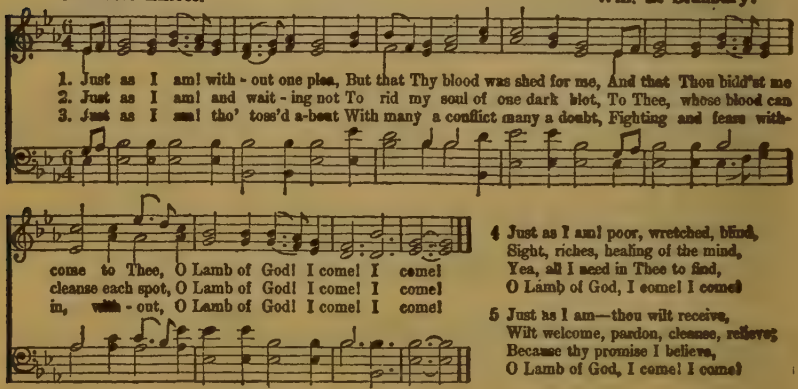
2 Tho' coming weak and vile
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on,
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust
For earth and heav'n above.

4 And He assurance gives
To loyal hearts and true,
That ev'ry promise is fulfilled
To those who hear and do.

No. 220. Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. Wm. B. Bradbury.

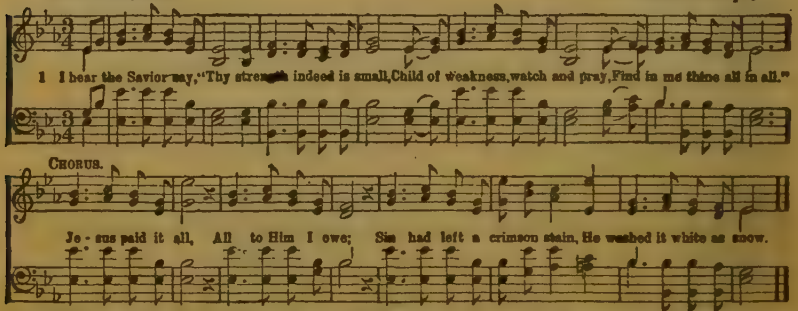

1. Just as I am! without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou bidd'st me
2. Just as I am! and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To Thee, whose blood can
3. Just as I am! tho' toss'd a-bout With many a conflict many a doubt, Fighting and fears with-
come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
in, with - out, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

No. 221. Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. H. M. Hall. John T. Grape.


1 I hear the Saviour say, "Thy strength indeed is small, Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all."
CHORUS.
Je - sus paid it all, All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

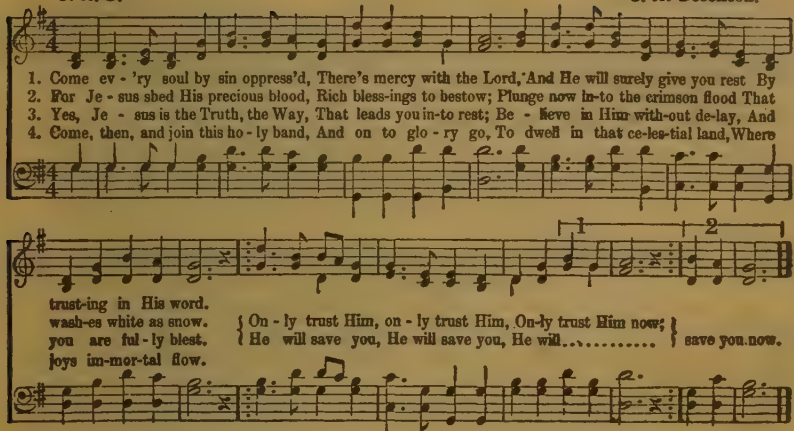
2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.

4 And when, before the throne,
I stand in Him complete
"Jesus died my soul to save,"
My lips shall still repeat.

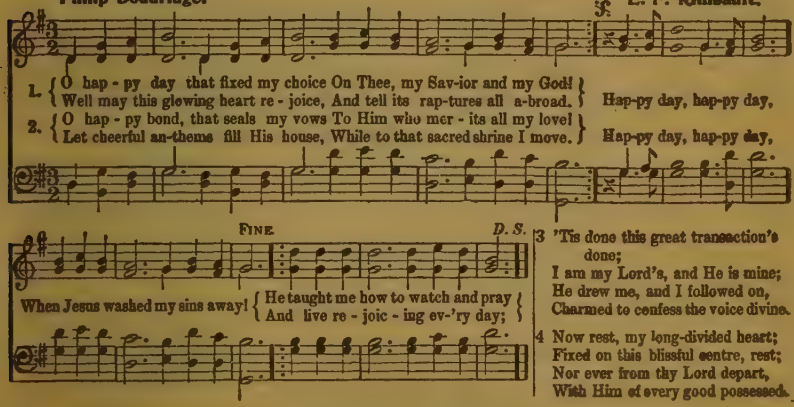
No. 222. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. — J. H. Stockton.


1. Come ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will surely give you rest By trust-ing in His word.
2. For Je - sus shed His precious blood, Rich bless-ings to bestow; Plunge now in-to the crimson flood That wash-es white as snow.
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest; Be - lieve in Him with-out de-lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go, To dwell in that ce-les-tial land, Where joys im-mor-tal flow.
1
2
On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On-ly trust Him now; He will save you, He will save you, He will..... save you now.

No. 223. O Happy Day.

Philip Doddridge. — E. F. Rimbault.

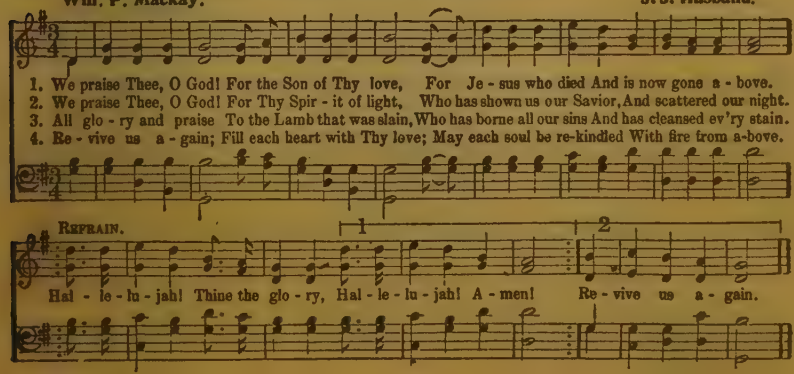

1. O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God! Well may this glowing heart re - joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. Hap-py day, hap-py day,
2. O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love! Let cheerful an-thems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move. Hap-py day, hap-py day,
FINE
D. S.
When Jesus washed my sins away! He taught me how to watch and pray And live re - joic - ing ev-'ry day;

3 'Tis done this great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

No. 224. Revive Us Again.

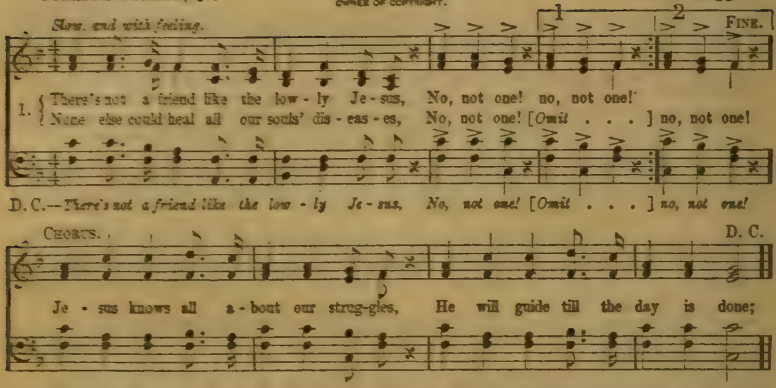
Wm. P. Mackay. — J. J. Husband.


1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who died And is now gone a - bove.
2. We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our Savior, And scattered our night.
3. All glo - ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins And has cleansed ev'ry stain.
4. Re - vive us a - gain; Fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-kindled With fire from a-bove.
REFRAIN.
1
2
Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! Re - vive us a - gain.

No. 225. No, Not One.

Johnson Oatman, Jr. Geo. C. Hugg.

USED BY PERMISSION OF GEO. C. HUGG, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.


Slow, and with feeling.
1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
None else could heal all our souls' dis - eas - es, No, not one! [Omit . . .] no, not one!
D. C.—There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! [Omit . . .] no, not one!
CHORUS.
D. C.
Je - sus knows all a - bout our strug-gles, He will guide till the day is done;

2 No friend like Him is so high and holy, No, etc.
And yet no friend is so meek and lowly, No, etc.

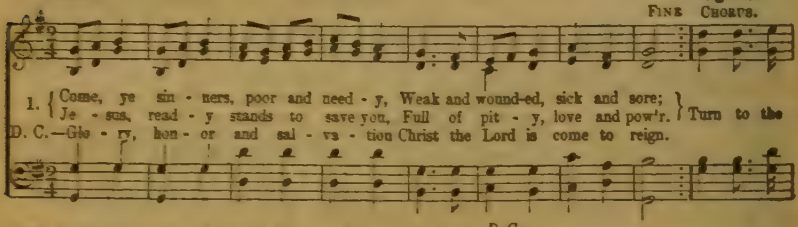
3 There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, etc.
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, etc.

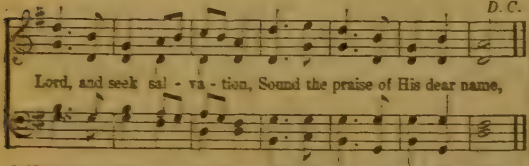
4 Did ever saint find this Friend forsake him? No, etc.
Or sinner find that He would not take Him? No, etc.

5 Was e'er a gift like the Savior given? No, etc.
Will He refuse us a home in heaven? No, etc.

No. 226. Come, Ye Sinners.

Hart. J. Ingalls.


FINE CHORUS.
1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore;
Je - sus, ready stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r. Turn to the
D. C.—Glo - ry, hon - or and sal - va - tion Christ the Lord is come to reign.



2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh.

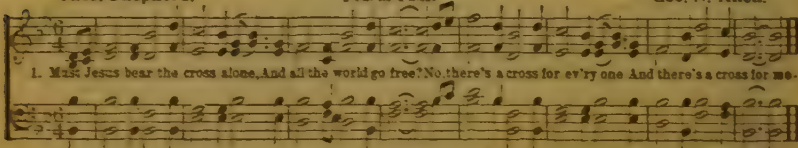
3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies,
On the bloody tree behold Him!
Hear Him cry, before He dies.

No. 227. Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

Thos. Shepherd. *Fourth Tune.* Geo. N. Allen.



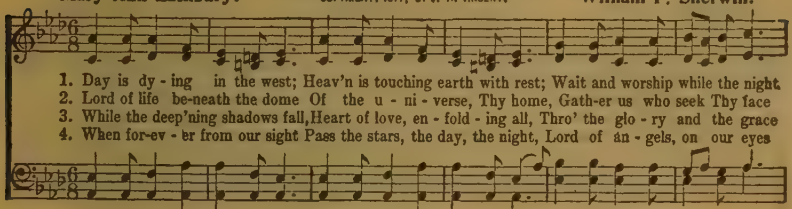
2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

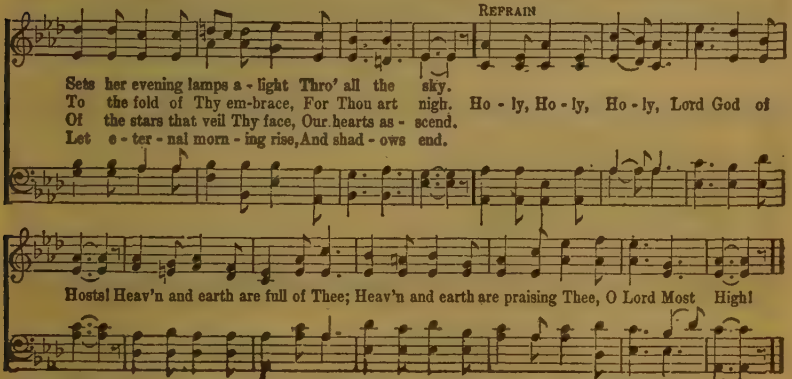
3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

4 Upon the crystal pavement, down,
At Jesus pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown
And His dear name repeat.

No. 228. Day is Dying in the West.

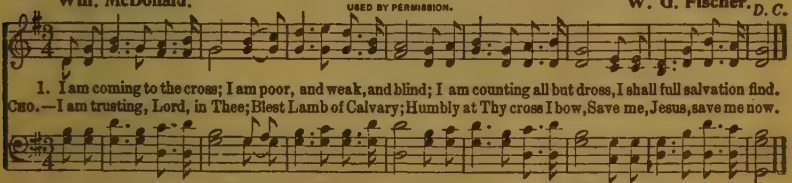
Mary Ann Lathbury. COPYRIGHT, 1877, BY J. H. VINCENT. William F. Sherwin.


1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and worship while the night
2. Lord of life be-neath the dome Of the u - ni - verse, Thy home, Gath-er us who seek Thy face
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of love, en - fold - ing all, Thro' the glo - ry and the grace
4. When for-ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of an - gels, on our eyes


REFRAIN
Sets her evening lamps a - light Thro' all the sky.
To the fold of Thy em-brace, For Thou art nigh. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of
Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as - scend.
Let e - ter - nal morn - ing rise, And shad - ows end.
Hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of Thee; Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord Most High!

No. 229. I am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

Wm. McDonald. USED BY PERMISSION. W. G. Fischer. D. C.


1. I am coming to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind; I am counting all but dross, I shall full salvation find.
CHO.—I am trusting, Lord, in Thee; Blest Lamb of Calvary; Humbly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Jesus, save me now.

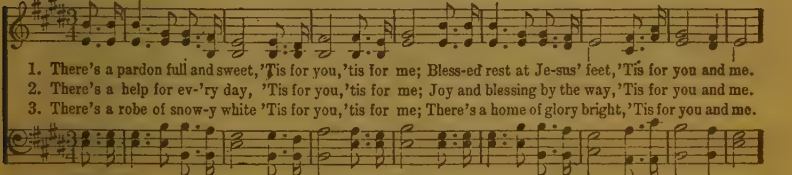
2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

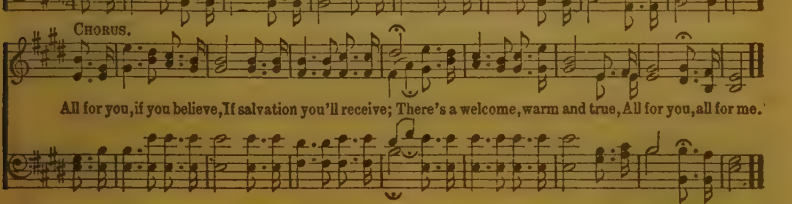
3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be,
Wholly Thine forevermore.

4 In the promises I trust
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

No. 230. 'Tis For You and Me.

E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.


1. There's a pardon full and sweet, 'Tis for you, 'tis for me; Blessed rest at Jesus' feet, 'Tis for you and me.
2. There's a help for ev'ry day, 'Tis for you, 'tis for me; Joy and blessing by the way, 'Tis for you and me.
3. There's a robe of snow-y white 'Tis for you, 'tis for me; There's a home of glory bright, 'Tis for you and me.



No. 231. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

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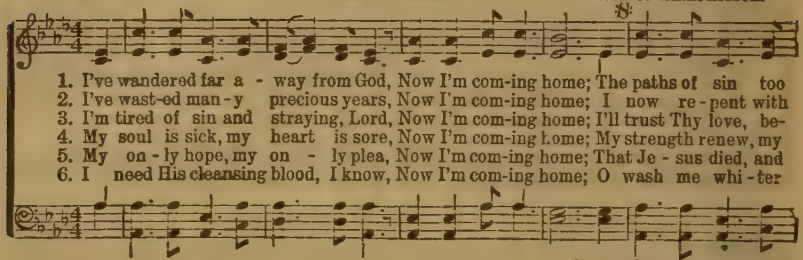
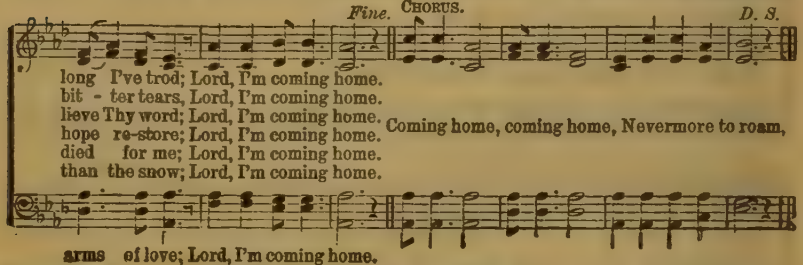
W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. I've wandered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home; The paths of sin too
2. I've wast-ed man - y precious years, Now I'm com-ing home; I now re - pent with
3. I'm tired of sin and straying, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home; I'll trust Thy love, be-
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home; My strength renew, my
5. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm com-ing home; That Je - sus died, and
6. I need His cleansing blood, I know, Now I'm com-ing home; O wash me whi - ter
D. S.—O - pen wide Thine

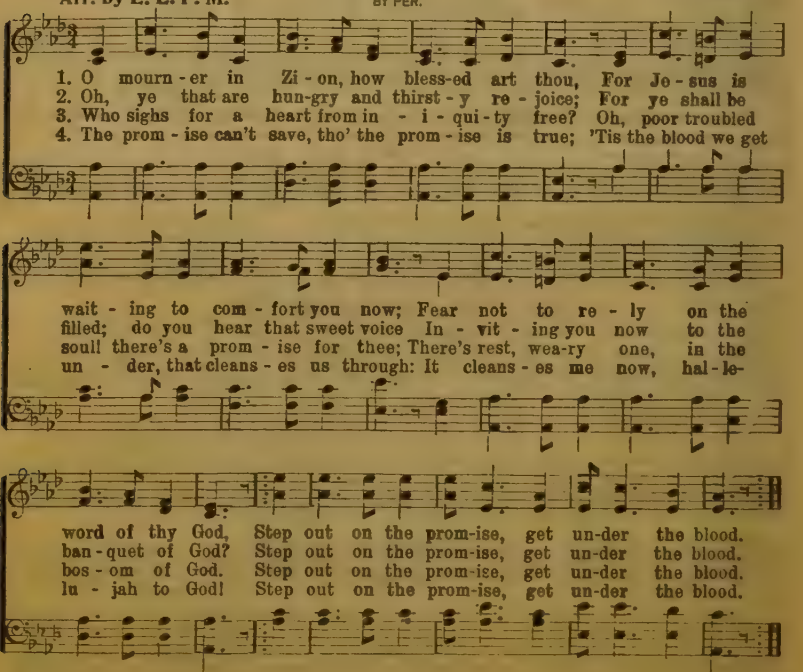

Fine.
CHORUS.
D. S.
long I've trod; Lord, I'm coming home.
bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm coming home.
lieve Thy word; Lord, I'm coming home.
hope re-store; Lord, I'm coming home.
died for me; Lord, I'm coming home.
than the snow; Lord, I'm coming home.
Coming home, coming home, Nevermore to roam,
arms of love; Lord, I'm coming home.

No. 232. Step Out on the Promise.

Maggie Potter. Arr. by E. E. P. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. F. MILLER. BY PER.

E. F. Miller.


1. O mourn - er in Zi - on, how bless-ed art thou, For Je - sus is
2. Oh, ye that are hun-gry and thirst - y re - joice; For ye shall be
3. Who sighs for a heart from in - i - qui - ty free? Oh, poor troubled
4. The prom - ise can't save, tho' the prom - ise is true; 'Tis the blood we get
wait - ing to com - fort you now; Fear not to re - ly on the
filled; do you hear that sweet voice In - vit - ing you now to the
soul! there's a prom - ise for thee; There's rest, wea-ry one, in the
un - der, that cleans - es us through: It cleans - es me now, hal - le-
word of thy God, Step out on the prom-ise, get un-der the blood.
ban - quet of God? Step out on the prom-ise, get un-der the blood.
bos - om of God. Step out on the prom-ise, get un-der the blood.
lu - jah to God! Step out on the prom-ise, get un-der the blood.

No. 233. Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

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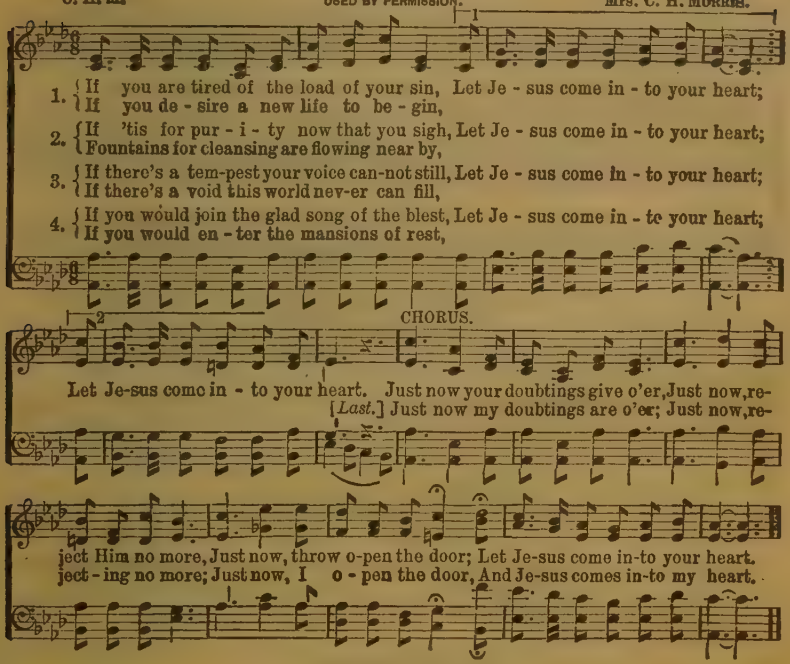
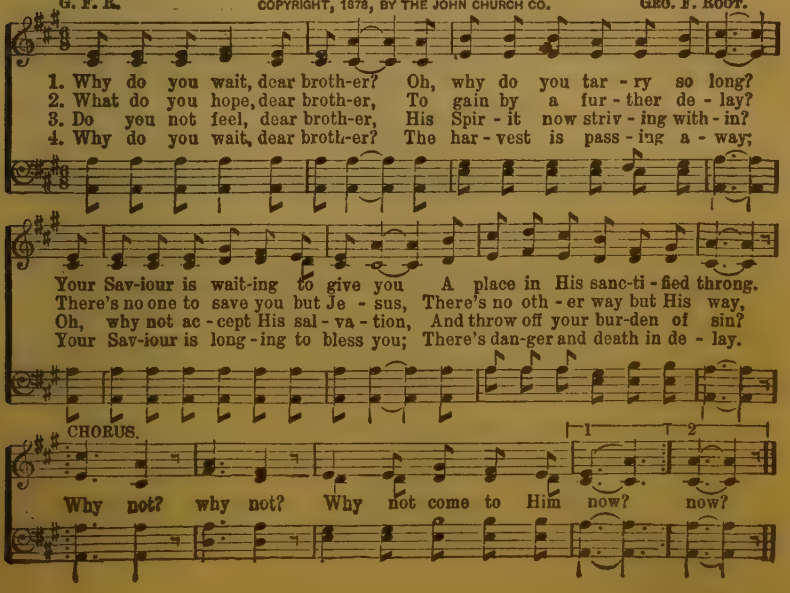
C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.


1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
If you de - sire a new life to be - gin,
2. If 'tis for pur - i - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
Fountains for cleansing are flowing near by,
3. If there's a tem-pest your voice can-not still, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
If there's a void this world nev-er can fill,
4. If you would join the glad song of the blest, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
If you would en - ter the mansions of rest,
CHORUS.
Let Je-sus come in - to your heart. Just now your doubtings give o'er, Just now, re-
[Last.] Just now my doubtings are o'er; Just now, re-
ject Him no more, Just now, throw o-pen the door; Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.
ject - ing no more; Just now, I o - pen the door, And Je-sus comes in-to my heart.

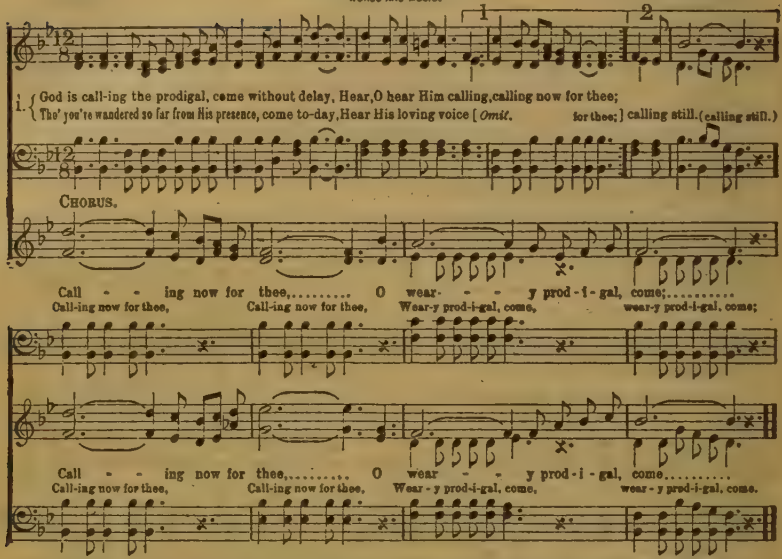
No. 234. Why Do You Wait?

G. F. R. COPYRIGHT, 1878, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. GEO. F. ROOT.


1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er? Oh, why do you tar - ry so long?
2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a fur - ther de - lay?
3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir - it now striv - ing with - in?
4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er? The har - vest is pass - ing a - way;
Your Sav-iour is wait-ing to give you A place in His sanc-ti - fied throng.
There's no one to save you but Je - sus, There's no oth - er way but His way,
Oh, why not ac - cept His sal - va - tion, And throw off your bur-den of sin?
Your Sav-iour is long - ing to bless you; There's dan-ger and death in de - lay.
CHORUS.
1 2
Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now? now?

No. 235. Calling the Prodigal.

C. H. G. COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.

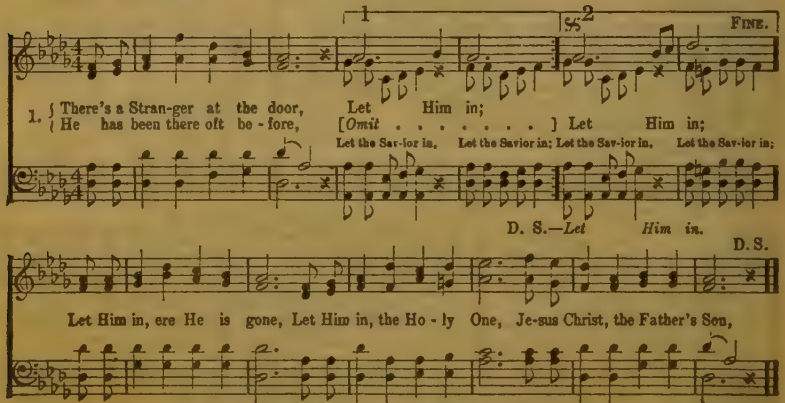

1
2
1. God is call-ing the prodigal, come without delay, Hear, O hear Him calling, calling now for thee;
Tho' you're wandered so far from His presence, come to-day, Hear His loving voice [Omit. for thee;] calling still. (calling still.)
CHORUS.
Call - - ing now for thee,..... O wear- - - y prod-i-gal, come;.....
Call-ing now for thee, Call-ing now for thee, Wear-y prod-i-gal, come, wear-y prod-i-gal, come;
Call - - ing now for thee,..... O wear- - - y prod-i-gal, come.....
Call-ing now for thee, Call-ing now for thee, Wear-y prod-i-gal, come, wear-y prod-i-gal, come.

2 Patient, loving, and tenderly still the Father pleads,
Hear, O hear Him calling, calling now for thee;
Oh! return while the Spirit in mercy intercedes,
Hear His loving voice calling still.

3 Come, there's bread in the house of thy Father, and to spare,
Hear, O hear Him calling, calling now for thee;
Lo! the table is spread and the feast is waiting there,
Hear His loving voice calling still.

No. 236. Let Him In.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL. E. O. Excell.


1
2
FINE.
1. There's a Stran-ger at the door, Let Him in;
He has been there oft be-fore, [Omit . . . . .] Let Him in;
Let the Sav-ior in. Let the Savior in; Let the Sav-ior in. Let the Sav-ior in;
D. S.—Let Him in.
D.S.
Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho-ly One, Je-sus Christ, the Father's Son,

2 Open now to Him your heart,
Let Him in;
If you wait He will depart,
Let Him in;
Let Him in, He is your Friend,
He your soul will sure defend,
He will keep you to the end,
Let Him in.

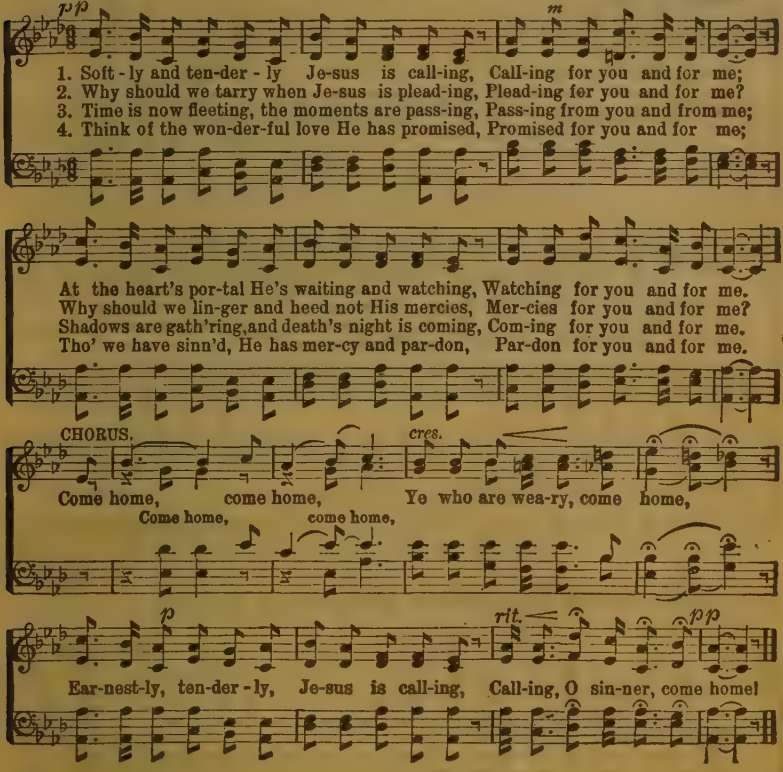
3 Hear you now His loving voice?
Let Him in;
Now, oh, now make Him your choice,
Let Him in;
He is standing at your door,
Joy to you He will restore,
And His name you will adore,
Let Him in.

4 Now admit the heavenly Guest,
Let Him in;
He will make for you a feast,
Let Him in;
He will speak your sins forgiven,
And when earth-ties all are riven,
He will take you home to heaven,
Let Him in.

No. 237. Softly and Tenderly.

BY PER. WILL L. THOMPSON & CO., E. LIVERPOOL, O., AND THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.


pp
m
1. Soft - ly and ten-der - ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Je-sus is plead-ing, Plead-ing for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are pass-ing, Pass-ing from you and from me;
4. Think of the won-der-ful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;
At the heart's por-tal He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we lin-ger and heed not His mercies, Mer-cies for you and for me?
Shadows are gath'ring, and death's night is coming, Com-ing for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinn'd, He has mer-cy and par-don, Par-don for you and for me.
CHORUS.
cres.
Come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home,
Come home, come home,
p
rit.
pp
Ear-nest-ly, ten-der-ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!

No. 238. While Jesus Whispers.

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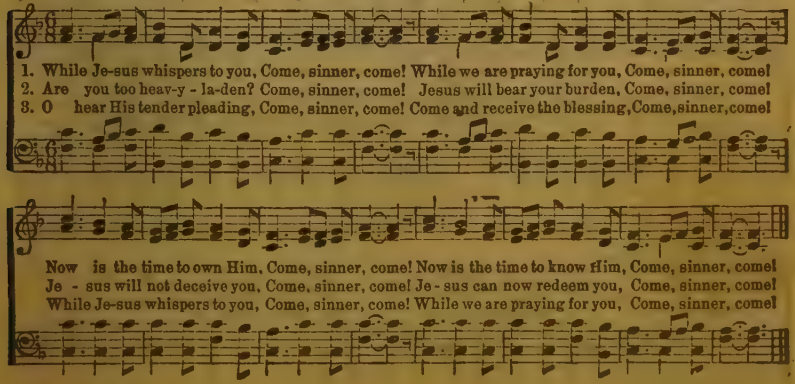
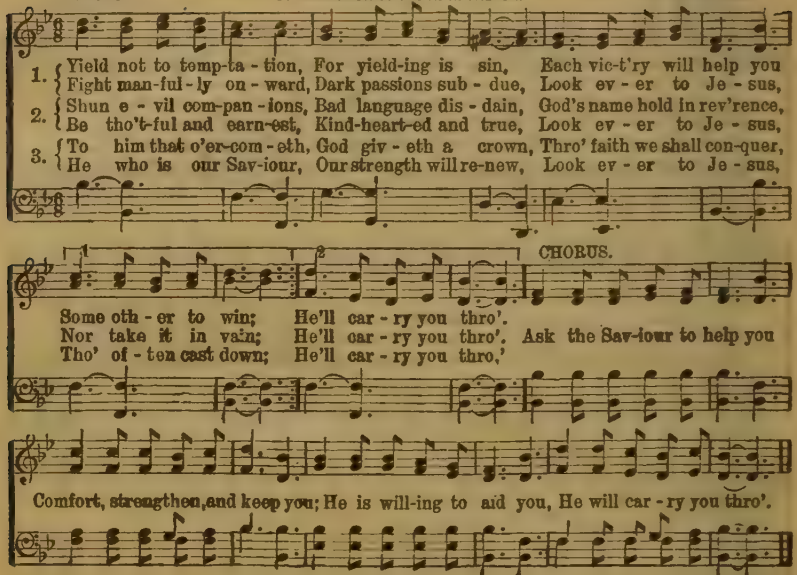
W. E. WITTER. H. R. PALMER.


1. While Je-sus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!
2. Are you too heav-y - la-den? Come, sinner, come! Jesus will bear your burden, Come, sinner, come!
3. O hear His tender pleading, Come, sinner, come! Come and receive the blessing, Come, sinner, come!
Now is the time to own Him, Come, sinner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sinner, come!
Je - sus will not deceive you, Come, sinner, come! Je - sus can now redeem you, Come, sinner, come!
While Je-sus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!

No. 239. Yield Not to Temptation.

H. P. P. BY PERMISSION OF DR. H. R. PALMER. H. R. PALMER.


1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yield-ing is sin, Each vic-t'ry will help you
Fight man-ful-ly on-ward, Dark passions sub-due, Look ev-er to Je-sus,
2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis-dain, God's name hold in rev'rence,
Be tho't-ful and earn-est, Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev-er to Je-sus,
3. To him that o'er-com-eth, God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall con-quer,
He who is our Sav-iour, Our strength will re-new, Look ev-er to Je-sus,
CHORUS.
Some oth-er to win; He'll car-ry you thro'.
Nor take it in vain; He'll car-ry you thro'. Ask the Sav-iour to help you
Tho' of-ten cast down; He'll car-ry you thro,'
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you; He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you thro'.

No. 240. When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

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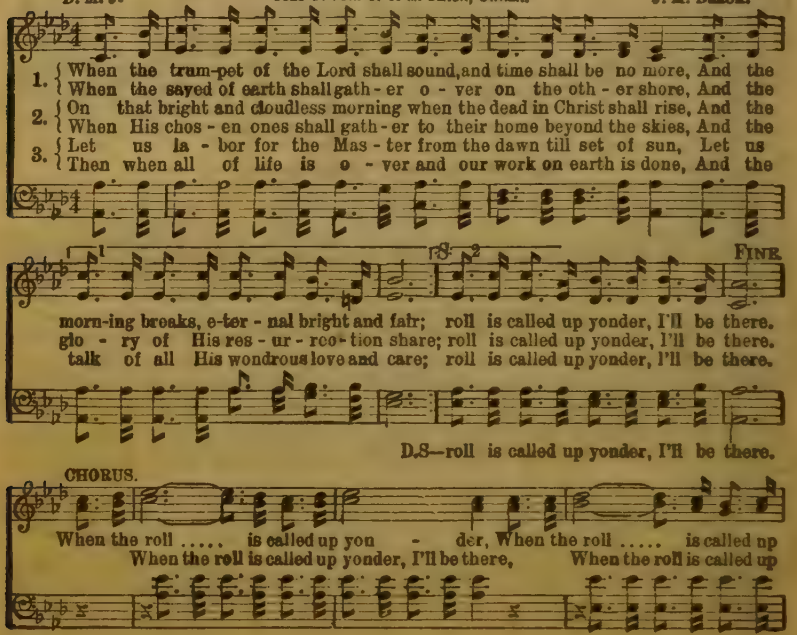
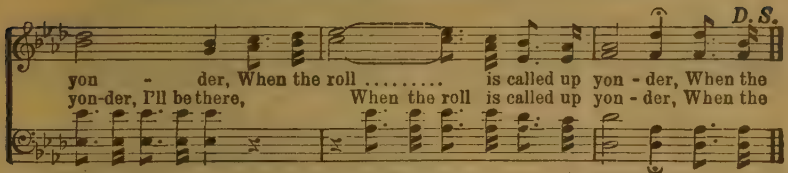
USED BY PER. OF J. M. BLACK, OWNER.

B. M. J. J. M. BLACK.


1. When the trum-pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the
When the saved of earth shall gath-er o-ver on the oth-er shore, And the
2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the
When His chos-en ones shall gath-er to their home beyond the skies, And the
3. Let us la-bor for the Mas-ter from the dawn till set of sun, Let us
Then when all of life is o-ver and our work on earth is done, And the
FINE.
morn-ing breaks, e-ter-nal bright and fair; roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
glo-ry of His res-ur-rec-tion share; roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
talk of all His wondrous love and care; roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
D.S.—roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
CHORUS.
When the roll ..... is called up yon-der, When the roll ..... is called up
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there, When the roll is called up

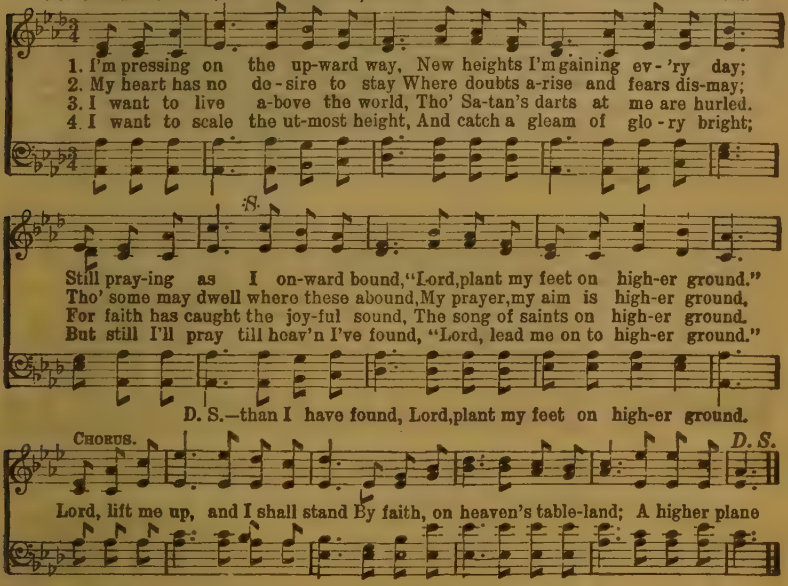
When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.



No. 241. Higher Ground.

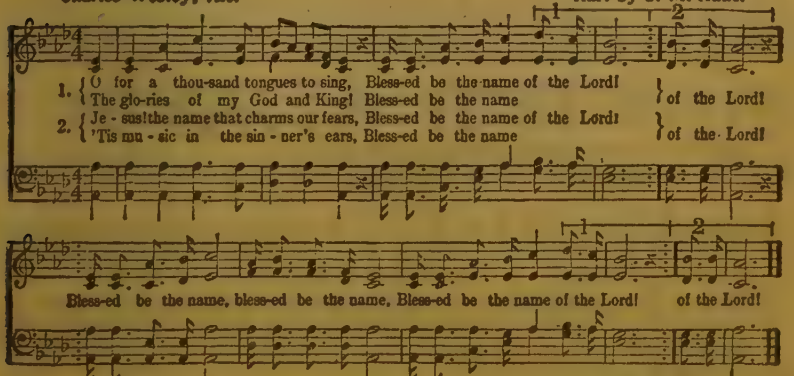
COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. JOHN J. HOOD, OWNER. USED BY PER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. I'm pressing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gaining ev-'ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts a-rise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Sa-tan's darts at me are hurled.
4. I want to scale the ut-most height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright;
S.
Still pray-ing as I on-ward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground."
Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My prayer, my aim is high-er ground.
For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on high-er ground.
But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to high-er ground."
D. S.—than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground.
CHORUS.
D. S.
Lord, lift me up, and I shall stand By faith, on heaven's table-land; A higher plane

No. 242 Blessed Be the Name.

Charles Wesley, Alt. Har. by J. M. Hunt.


1
2
1. { O for a thou-sand tongues to sing, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord! / The glo-ries of my God and King! Bless-ed be the name } of the Lord!
2. { Je - sus! the name that charms our fears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord! / 'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears, Bless-ed be the name } of the Lord!
1
2
Bless-ed be the name, bless-ed be the name, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord! of the Lord!

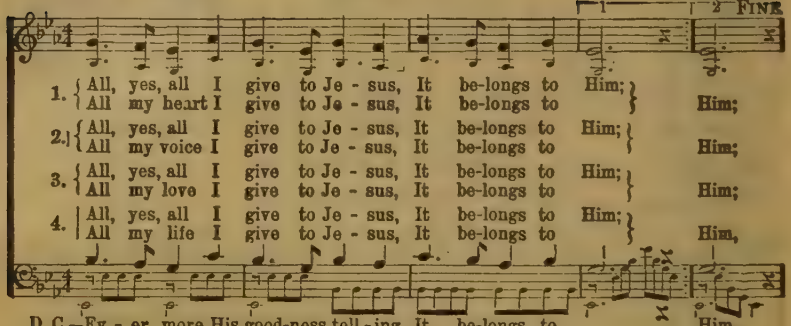
3 He breaks the pow'r of canceled sin, Blessed be etc,
His blood can make the foulest clean, Blessed be etc,

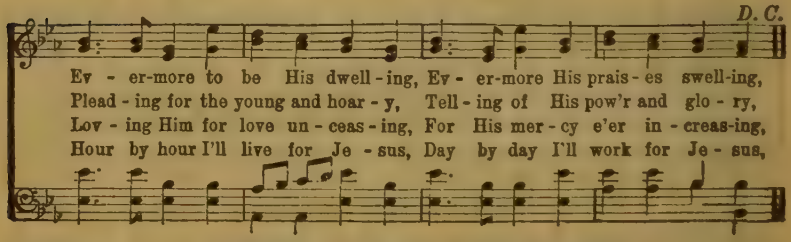
4 I never shall forget that day, Blessed be etc,
When Jesus washed my sins away, Blessed be etc,

No. 243. All for Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. EXCELL.

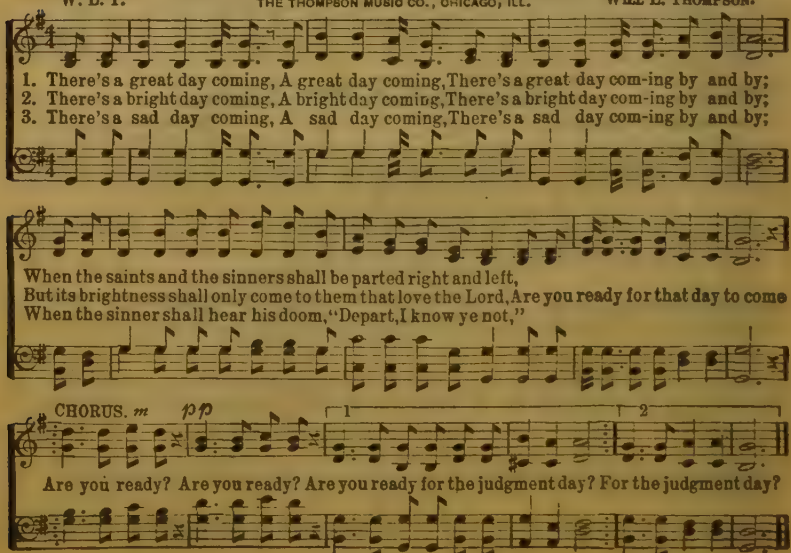

1 2 FINE
1. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him; All my heart I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;
2. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him; All my voice I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;
3. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him; All my love I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;
4. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him; All my life I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him,
D. C.—Ev - er more His good-ness tell - ing, It be-longs to Him.
Sing-ing o'er and o'er the sto - ry, It be-longs to Him.
For His watch-care nev - er ceas - ing, It be-longs to Him.
Ev - er-more I'll hon - or Je - sus; All be-longs to Him.


D. C.
Ev - er-more to be His dwell - ing, Ev - er-more His prais - es swell-ing,
Plead - ing for the young and hoar - y, Tell - ing of His pow'r and glo - ry,
Lov - ing Him for love un - ceas - ing, For His mer - cy e'er in - creas-ing,
Hour by hour I'll live for Je - sus, Day by day I'll work for Je - sus,

No. 244. There's a Great Day Coming.

USED BY PER. W. L. THOMPSON & CO., EAST LIVERPOOL, O., AND THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

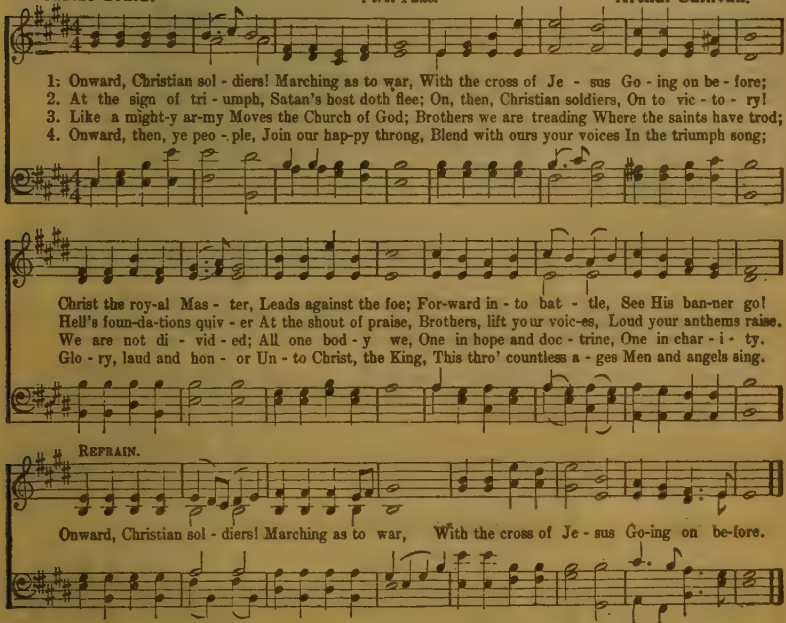
W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.


1. There's a great day coming, A great day coming, There's a great day com-ing by and by;
2. There's a bright day coming, A bright day coming, There's a bright day com-ing by and by;
3. There's a sad day coming, A sad day coming, There's a sad day com-ing by and by;
When the saints and the sinners shall be parted right and left,
But its brightness shall only come to them that love the Lord, Are you ready for that day to come
When the sinner shall hear his doom, "Depart, I know ye not,"
CHORUS. m pp 1 2
Are you ready? Are you ready? Are you ready for the judgment day? For the judgment day?

Devotional Hymns.

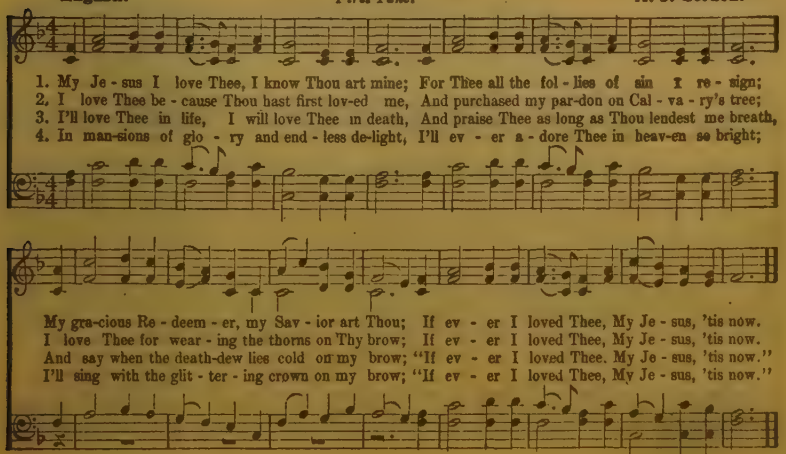
No. 245. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Gould. *First Tune.* Arthur Sullivan.


1. Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore;
2. At the sign of tri - umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers, On to vic - to - ry!
3. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the Church of God; Brothers we are treading Where the saints have trod;
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voices In the triumph song;
Christ the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads against the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ner go!
Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise, Brothers, lift your voic-es, Loud your anthems raise.
We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King, This thro' countless a - ges Men and angels sing.
REFRAIN.
Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore.

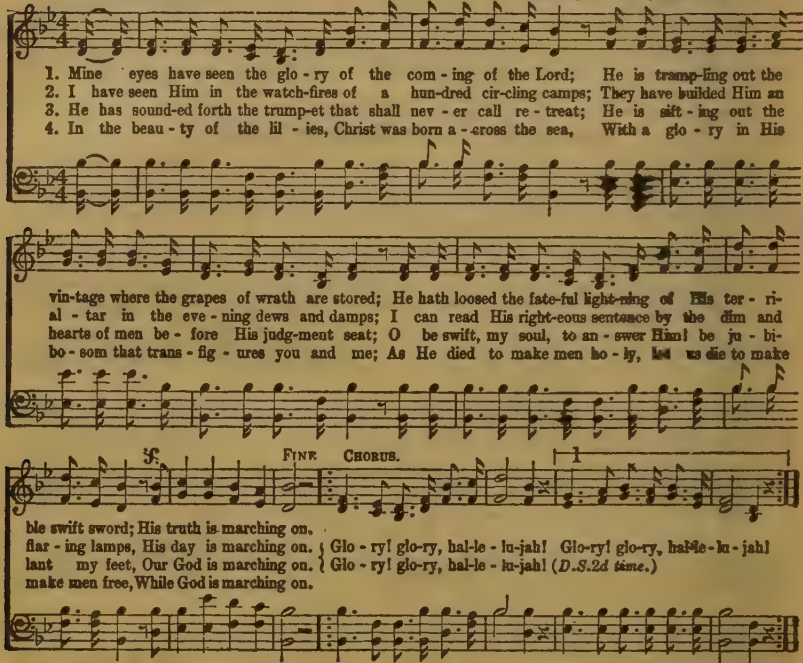
No. 246. My Jesus I Love Thee.

English. *First Tune.* A. J. Gordon.


1. My Je - sus I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov-ed me, And purchased my par-don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath,
4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end - less de-light, I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav-en so bright;
My gra-cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - ior art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow; "If ev - er I loved Thee. My Je - sus, 'tis now."
I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow; "If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now."

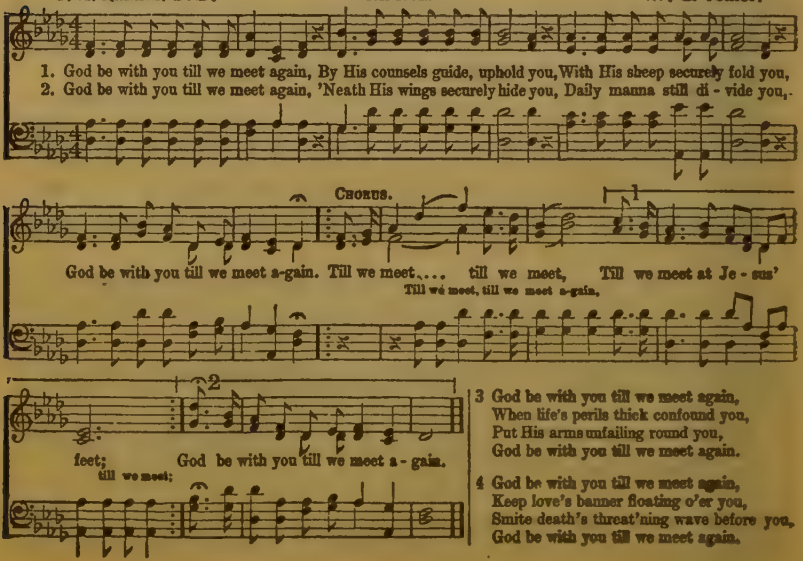
No. 247. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Julia Ward Howe. Melody, "Glory Hallelujah."


1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is tramp-ling out the
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred cir-cling camps; They have builded Him an
3. He has sound-ed forth the trump-et that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is sift - ing out the
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a glo - ry in His
vin-tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the fate-ful light-ning of His ter - ri-
al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can read His right-eous sentence by the dim and
hearts of men be - fore His judg-ment seat; O be swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi-
bo - som that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make
FINE. CHORUS.
ble swift sword; His truth is marching on.
fiar - ing lamps, His day is marching on. Glo - ry! glo-ry, hal-le - lu-jah! Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le - lu - jah!
lant my feet, Our God is marching on. Glo - ry! glo-ry, hal-le - lu-jah! (D.S.2d time.)
make men free, While God is marching on.

No. 248. God Be With You.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. COPYRIGHT, BY J. E. RANKIN, D. D. USED BY PER. W. G. Tomer.

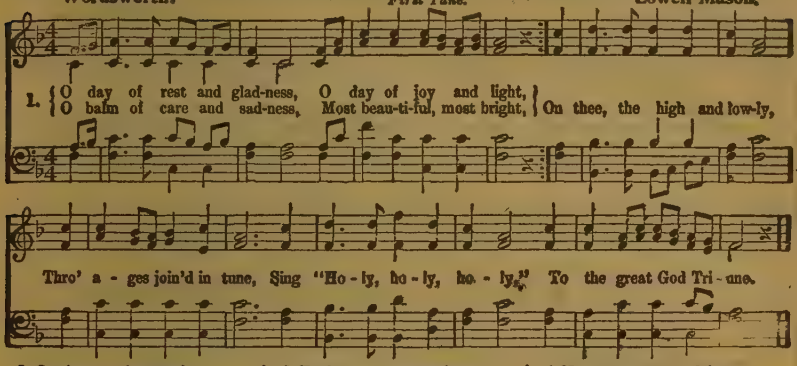

1. God be with you till we meet again, By His counsels guide, uphold you, With His sheep securely fold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath His wings securely hide you, Daily manna still di - vide you,
CHORUS.
God be with you till we meet a-gain. Till we meet.... till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus'
Till we meet, till we meet a-gain.
feet; God be with you till we meet a - gain.
till we meet;

3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again.

4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.

No. 249. O Day of Rest and Gladness.

Wordsworth. *First Tune.* Lowell Mason.


1. O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sad-ness, Most beau-ti-ful, most bright,
On thee, the high and low-ly,
Thro' a - ges join'd in tune, Sing "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,"
To the great God Tri - une.

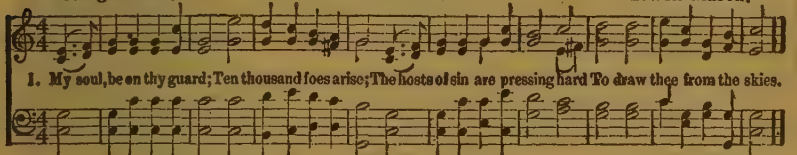
2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth
On thee, our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.

No. 250. My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.

George Heath. Lowell Mason.



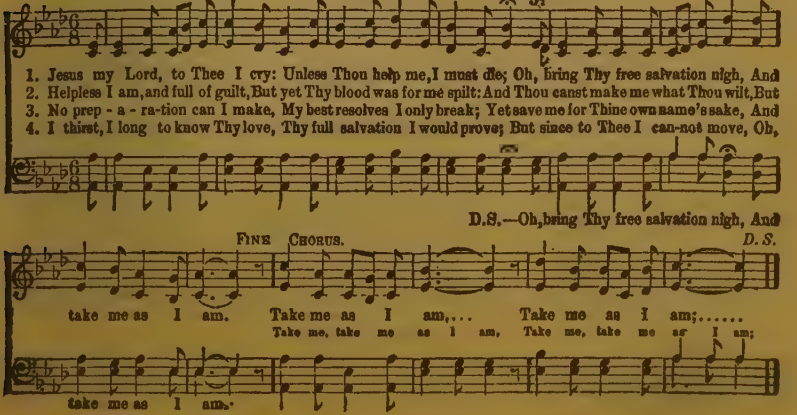
2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God:
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To His divine abode.

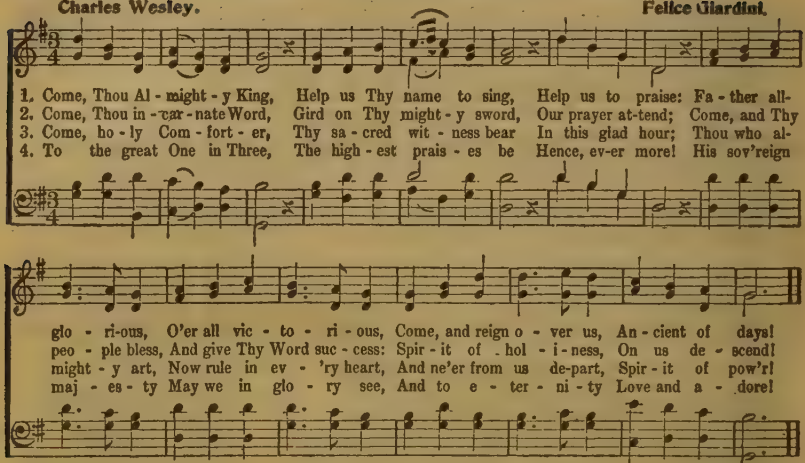
No. 251. Take Me As I Am.

J. H. S. J. H. Stockton.


1. Jesus my Lord, to Thee I cry: Unless Thou help me, I must die; Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh, And
2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet Thy blood was for me spilt: And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, But
3. No prep - a - ra-tion can I make, My best resolves I only break; Yet save me for Thine own name's sake, And
4. I thirst, I long to know Thy love, Thy full salvation I would prove; But since to Thee I can-not move, Oh,
D.S.—Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh, And
FINE CHORUS.
D. S.
take me as I am. Take me as I am,... Take me as I am;.....
Take me, take me as I am, Take me, take me as I am;
take me as I am.

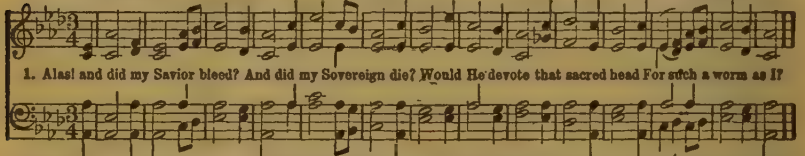
No. 252 Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley. Felice Giardini.


1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Fa - ther all-
2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword, Our prayer at-tend; Come, and Thy
3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear In this glad hour; Thou who al-
4. To the great One in Three, The high - est prais - es be Hence, ev-er more! His sov'reign
glo - ri-ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days!
peo - ple bless, And give Thy Word suc - cess: Spir - it of hol - i - ness, On us de - scend!
might - y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir - it of pow'r!
maj - es - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore!

No. 253. Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

Issac Watts. *Second Tune.* Hugh Wilson.



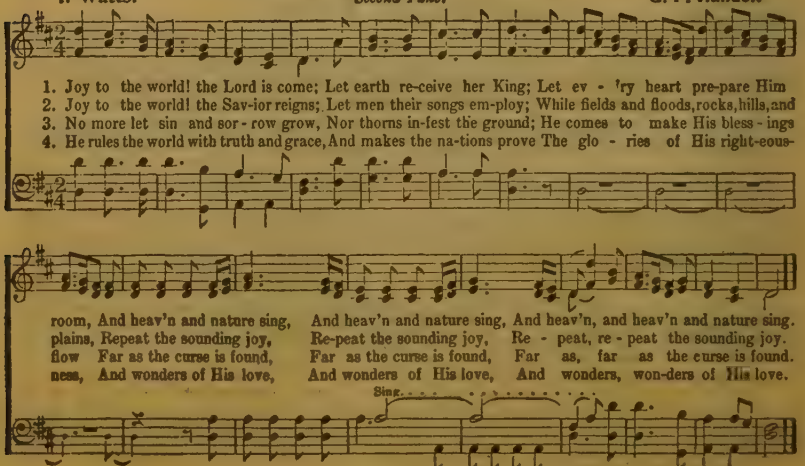
2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide
And shut His glories in, [died,
When Christ, the mighty Maker,
For man, the creature's sin.

4 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

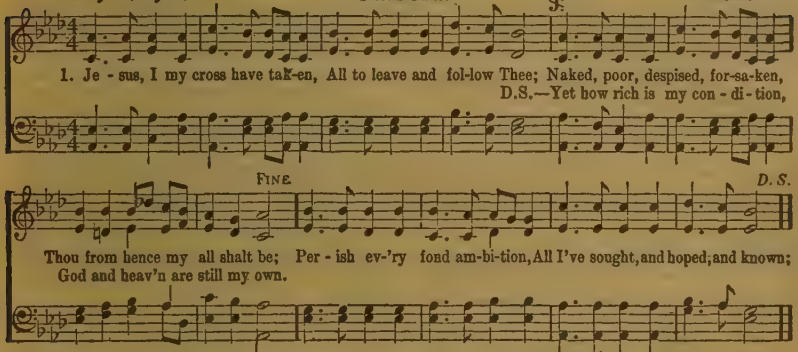
No 254. Joy to the World.

I. Watts. *Second Tune.* G. F. Handel.


1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre-pare Him
2. Joy to the world! the Sav-ior reigns; Let men their songs em-ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
3. No more let sin and sor - row grow, Nor thorns in-fest the ground; He comes to make His bless - ings
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove The glo - ries of His right-eous-
room, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing.
plains, Repeat the sounding joy, Re-peat the sounding joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sounding joy.
flow Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
ness, And wonders of His love, And wonders of His love, And wonders, won-ders of His love.
Sing.
And heav'n and na - ture sing. And heav'n and na - ture sing

No. 255. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

Henry F. Lyte. *Second Tune.* Mozart.


1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak-en, All to leave and fol-low Thee; Naked, poor, despised, for-sa-ken,
D.S.—Yet how rich is my con - di - tion,
FINE.
D. S.
Thou from hence my all shalt be; Per - ish ev-'ry fond am-bi-tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
God and heav'n are still my own.

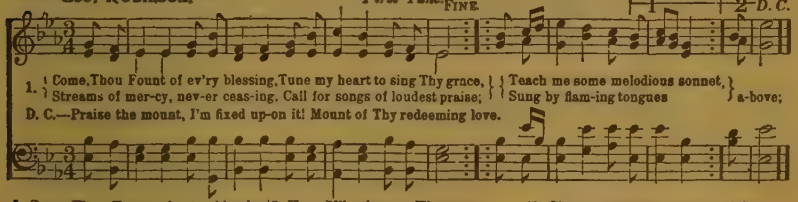
2 Let the world despise, forsake me,
They have left my Savior, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like man, untrue:
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun
Show Thy face and all is bright

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee, "Abba Father,"
I have stayed my heart on Thee;
Stormy clouds may o'er me gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Led by faith, and winged by prayer
Heav'n's eternal day's before thee
God will safely guide thee there,
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

No. 256. Come, Thou Fount.

Geo. Robinson. *First Tune.* John Wyth.


FINE.
1 2 D. C.
1. Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace, Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loudest praise; Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove;
D. C.—Praise the mount, I'm fixed up-on it! Mount of Thy redeeming love.

1 Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it!
Mount of Thy redeeming love.

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'll come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love; [it,
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal
Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 257. Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett. Hans George Naegeli.

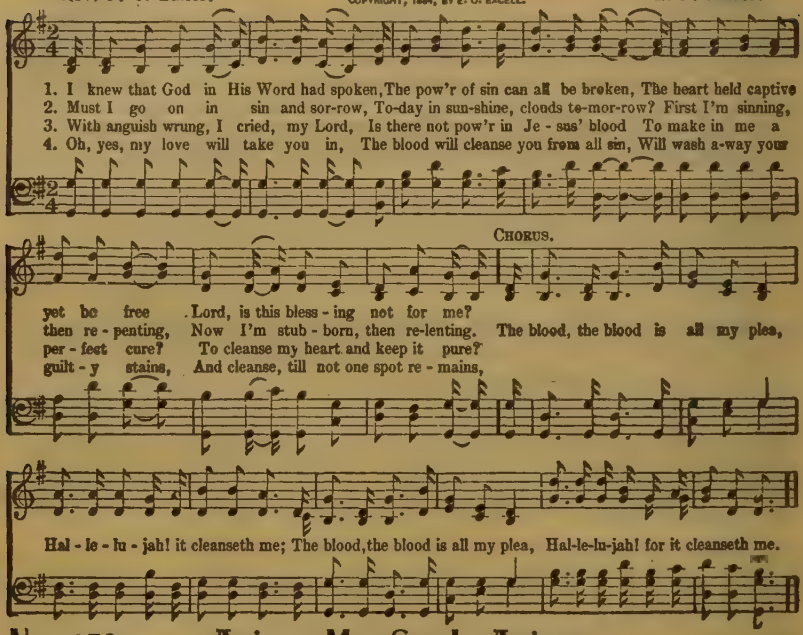
2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers; [one,
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

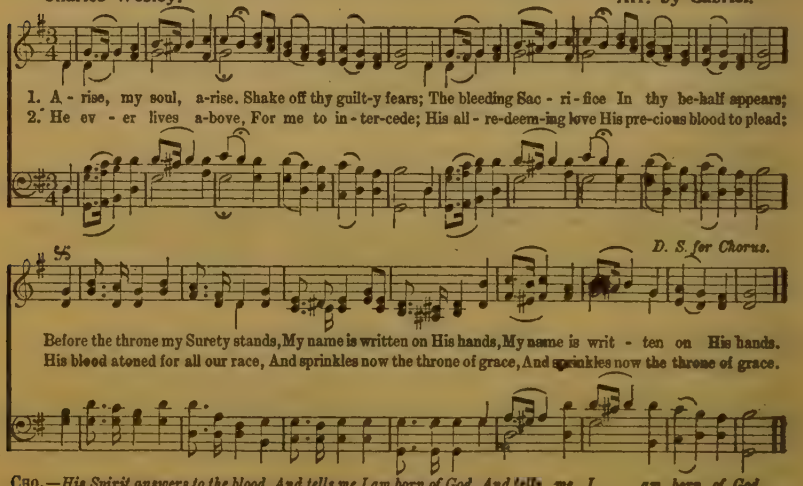
No. 258. The Blood is All my Plea.

Rev. F. C. Baker. COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. F. Miller.


1. I knew that God in His Word had spoken, The pow'r of sin can all be broken, The heart held captive
2. Must I go on in sin and sor-row, To-day in sun-shine, clouds to-mor-row? First I'm sinning,
3. With anguish wrung, I cried, my Lord, Is there not pow'r in Je - sus' blood To make in me a
4. Oh, yes, my love will take you in, The blood will cleanse you from all sin, Will wash a-way your
CHORUS.
yet be free Lord, is this bless - ing not for me?
then re - penting, Now I'm stub - born, then re-lenting. The blood, the blood is all my plea,
per - fect cure? To cleanse my heart and keep it pure?
guilt - y stains, And cleanse, till not one spot re - mains,
Hal - le - lu - jah! it cleanseth me; The blood, the blood is all my plea, Hal-le-lu-jah! for it cleanseth me.

No. 259. Arise, My Soul, Arise.

Charles Wesley. Arr. by Gabriel.


1. A - rise, my soul, a-rise. Shake off thy guilt-y fears; The bleeding Sac - ri - fice In thy be-half appears;
2. He ev - er lives a-bove, For me to in - ter-cede; His all - re-deem-ing love His pre-cious blood to plead;
D. S. for Chorus.
Before the throne my Surety stands, My name is written on His hands, My name is writ - ten on His hands.
His blood atoned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

CHO.—*His Spirit answers to the blood, And tells me I am born of God, And tells me I am born of God.*

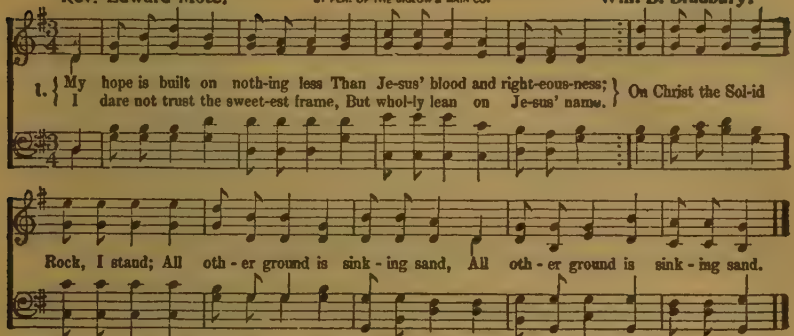
3 Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me;
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
"Nor let the ransomed sinner die,"
"Nor let the ransomed sinner die."

4 The Father hears Him pray,
His dear Anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of His Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 To God I'm reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for His child;
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And "Father, Abba, Father," cry.
And "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

No. 260. The Solid Rock.

Rev. Edward Mote. BY PER. OF THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and right-eous-ness;
I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name.
On Christ the Sol-id
Rock, I stand; All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand, All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand.

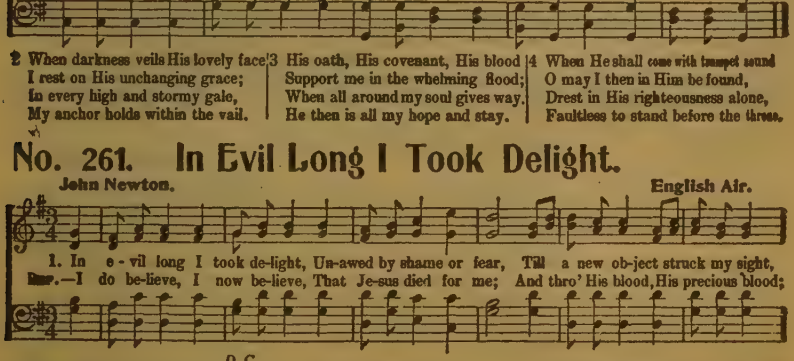
2 When darkness veils His lovely face
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail.

3 His oath, His covenant, His blood
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When He shall come with trumpet sound
O may I then in Him be found,
Drest in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.

No. 261. In Evil Long I Took Delight.

John Newton. English Air.


1. In e-vil long I took de-light, Un-awed by shame or fear, Till a new ob-ject struck my sight,
Rep.—I do be-lieve, I now be-lieve, That Je-sus died for me; And thro' His blood, His precious blood;
D. C.
And stopped my wild ca-reer.
I shall from sin be free.

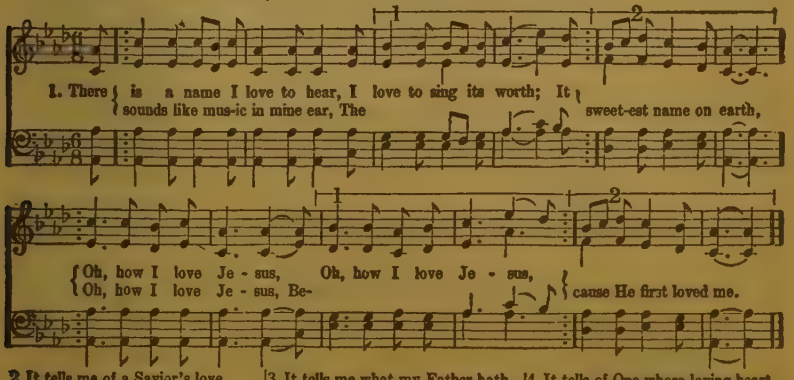
2 I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed His languid eyes on me,
As near His cross I stood.

3 Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look:
It seemed to charge me with His death,
Tho' not a word He spoke.

4 My conscience felt and owned
It plunged me in despair; [the guilt;
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
And helped to nail Him there.

5 A second look He gave, which said
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for Thy ransom paid;
I die that thou mayst live."

No. 262. Oh, How I Love Jesus.


1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It sounds like mus-ic in mine ear, The sweet-est name on earth,
Oh, how I love Je-sus, Oh, how I love Je-sus,
Oh, how I love Je-sus, Be-cause He first loved me.

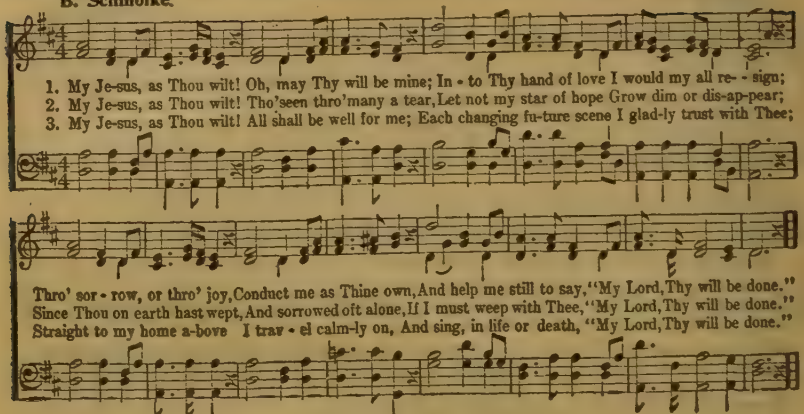
2 It tells me of a Savior's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood;
The sinner's perfect plea.

3 It tells me what my Father hath
In store for every day,
And tho' I tread a darksome path,
Yields sunshine all the way.

4 It tells of One whose loving heart
Can feel my deepest woe,
Who in each sorrow bears a part,
That none can bear below.

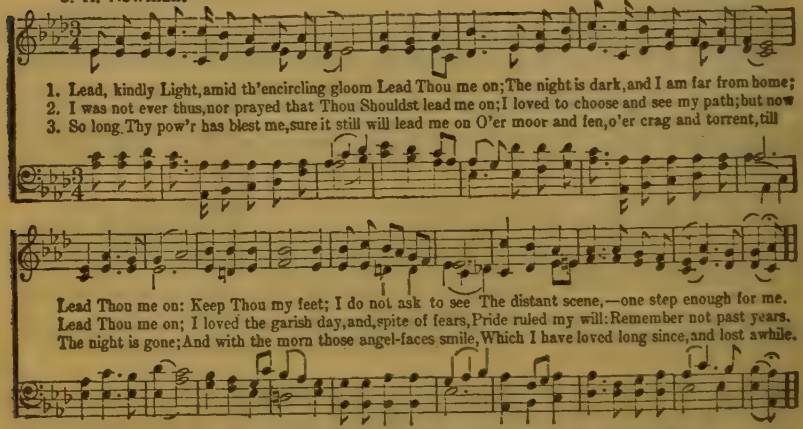
No. 263. My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

B. Schmolke. Weber.


1. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re- - sign;
2. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! Tho'seen thro'many a tear, Let not my star of hope Grow dim or dis-ap-pear;
3. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me; Each changing fu-ture scene I glad-ly trust with Thee;
Thro' sor - row, or thro' joy, Conduct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
Since Thou on earth hast wept, And sorrowed oft alone, If I must weep with Thee, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
Straight to my home a-bove I trav - el calm-ly on, And sing, in life or death, "My Lord, Thy will be done."

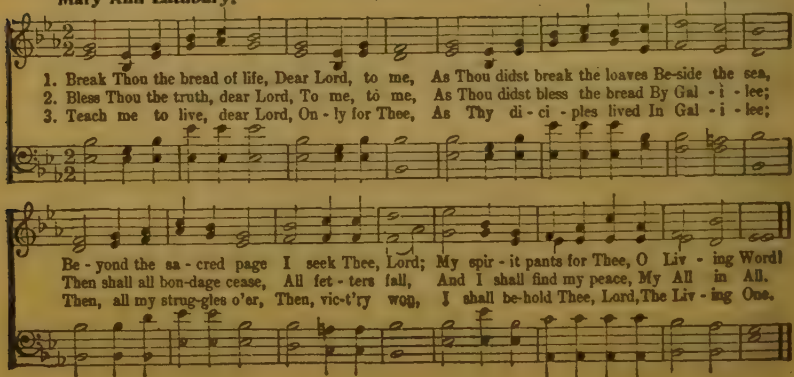
No. 264. Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman. John B. Dykes.


1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom Lead Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home;
2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now
3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still will lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
Lead Thou me on: Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene, —one step enough for me.
Lead Thou me on; I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: Remember not past years.
The night is gone; And with the morn those angel-faces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

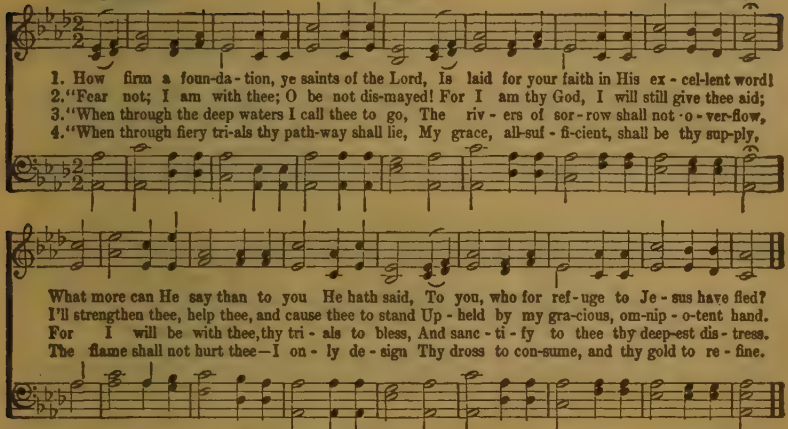
No. 265. Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary Ann Lathbury. William F. Sherwin.


1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves Be-side the sea,
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst bless the bread By Gal - i - lee;
3. Teach me to live, dear Lord, On - ly for Thee, As Thy di - ci - ples lived In Gal - i - lee;
Be - yond the sa - cred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O Liv - ing Word!
Then shall all bon-dage cease, All fet - ters fall, And I shall find my peace, My All in All.
Then, all my strug-gles o'er, Then, vic-t'ry won, I shall be-hold Thee, Lord, The Liv - ing One.

No. 266. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. *First Tune.* Anne Steele.

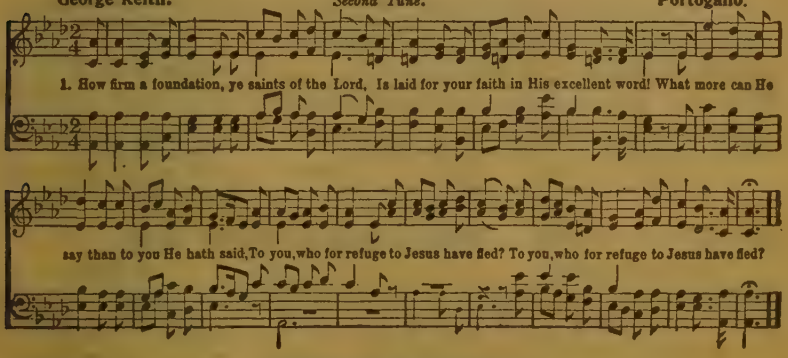

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His ex-cel-lent word!
2. "Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dis-mayed! For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
3. "When through the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of sor-row shall not o-ver-flow,
4. "When through fiery tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all-suf-fi-cient, shall be thy sup-ply,
What more can He say than to you He hath said, To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand Up-held by my gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand.
For I will be with thee, thy tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
The flame shall not hurt thee—I on-ly de-sign Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-fine.

5 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake."

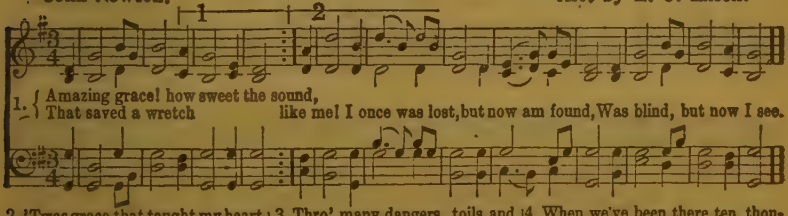
No. 267. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. *Second Tune.* Portogallo.


1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His excellent word! What more can He
say than to you He hath said, To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled? To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

No. 268. Amazing Grace.

John Newton. Arr. by E. O. Excell.



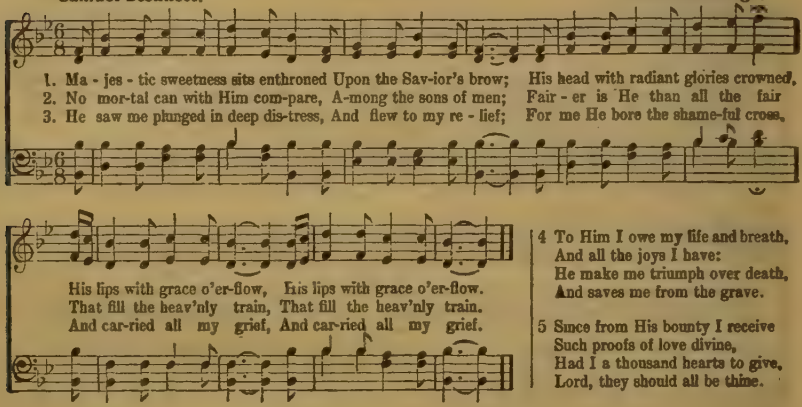
2 'Twas grace that taught my heart
And grace my fears relieved; [to fear
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

3 Thro' many dangers, toils and
I have already come; [snares,
'Tis grace hath bro't me safe thus
And grace will lead me home. [far,

4 When we've been there ten thou-
Bright shining as the sun, [sand years
We've no less days to sing God's
Than when we first begun. [praise

No. 269. Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned,

Samuel Stennett. Thomas Hastings.

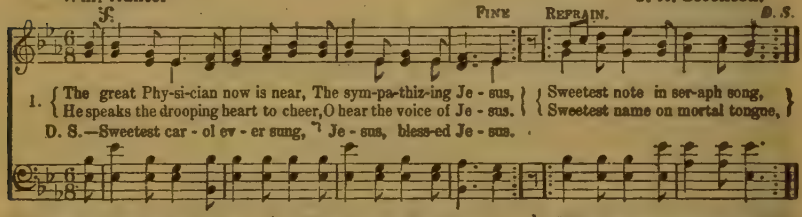

1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Upon the Sav-ior's brow; His head with radiant glories crowned,
2. No mor-tal can with Him com-pare, A-mong the sons of men; Fair - er is He than all the fair
3. He saw me plunged in deep dis-tress, And flew to my re - lief; For me He bore the shame-ful cross,
His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.
That fill the heav'nly train, That fill the heav'nly train.
And car-ried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.

4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have:
He make me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

5 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

No. 270. The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter J. H. Stockton.


FINE
REFRAIN.
D. S.
1. { The great Phy-si-cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz-ing Je - sus, } { Sweetest note in ser-aph song, }
{ He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je - sus. } { Sweetest name on mortal tongue, }
D. S.—Sweetest car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.

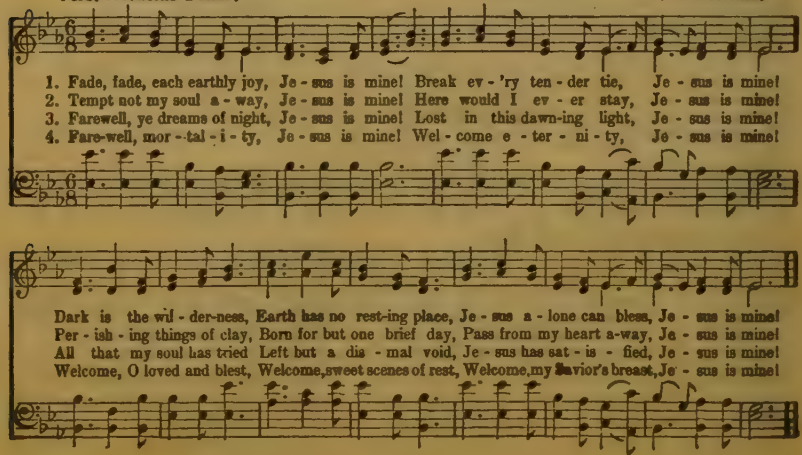
2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh! hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

No. 271. Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

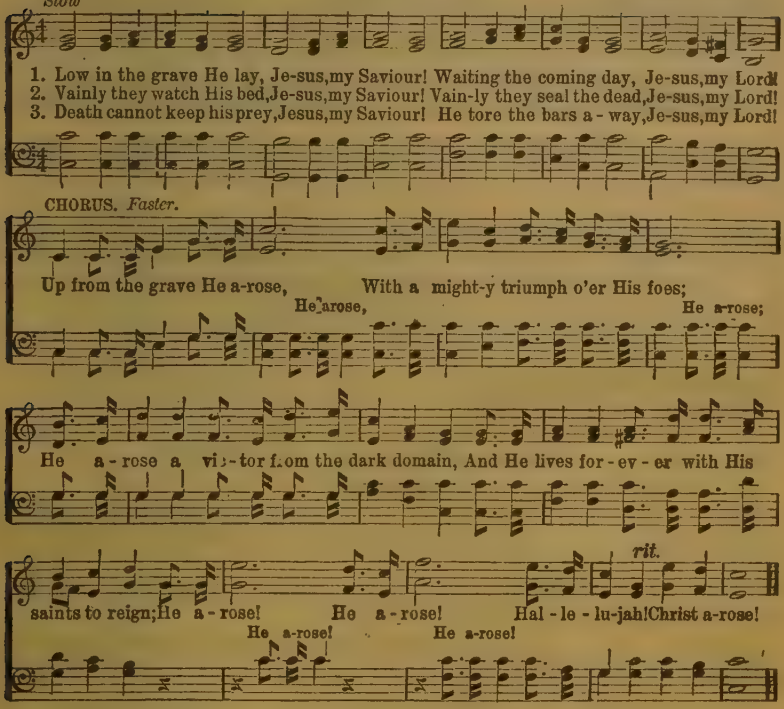
Mrs. Horatius Bonar. T. E. Perkins.


1. Fade, fade, each earthly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break ev - 'ry ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine!
2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine!
3. Farewell, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this dawn-ing light, Je - sus is mine!
4. Fare-well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come e - ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine!
Dark is the wil - der-ness, Earth has no rest-ing place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
Per - ish - ing things of clay, Born for but one brief day, Pass from my heart a-way, Je - sus is mine!
All that my soul has tried Left but a dis - mal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and blest, Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Savior's breast, Je - sus is mine!

No. 272. Christ Arose!

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION.

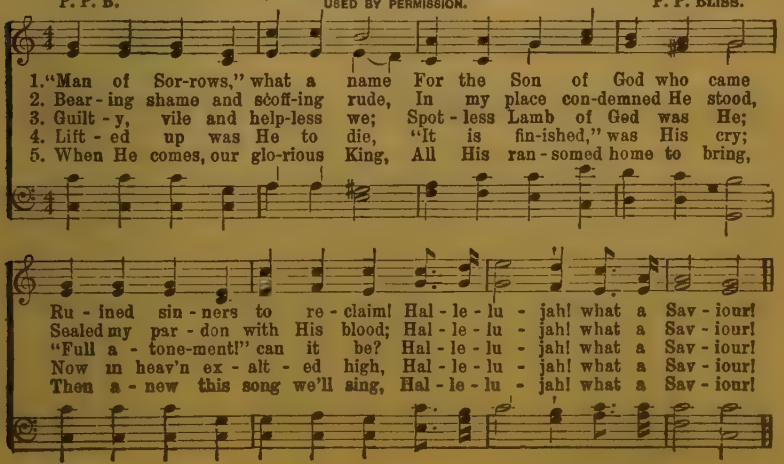
R. L. *Slow* — ROBERT LOWRY.


1. Low in the grave He lay, Je-sus, my Saviour! Waiting the coming day, Je-sus, my Lord!
2. Vainly they watch His bed, Je-sus, my Saviour! Vain-ly they seal the dead, Je-sus, my Lord!
3. Death cannot keep his prey, Jesus, my Saviour! He tore the bars a-way, Je-sus, my Lord!
CHORUS. Faster.
Up from the grave He a-rose, With a might-y triumph o'er His foes;
He arose, He a-rose;
He a-rose a vic-tor from the dark domain, And He lives for-ev-er with His
rit.
saints to reign; He a-rose! He a-rose! Hal-le-lu-jah! Christ a-rose!
He a-rose! He a-rose!

No. 273. Hallelujah! What a Saviour!

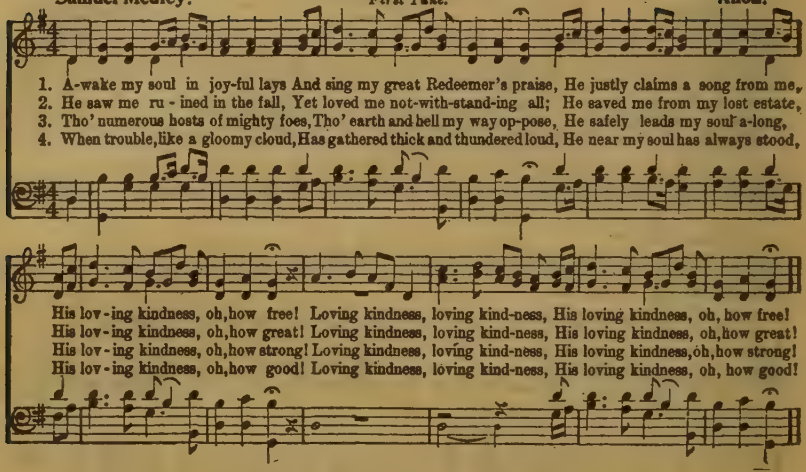
COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. USED BY PERMISSION.

P. P. B. — P. P. BLISS.


1. "Man of Sor-rows," what a name For the Son of God who came
2. Bear-ing shame and scoff-ing rude, In my place con-demned He stood,
3. Guilt-y, vile and help-less we; Spot-less Lamb of God was He;
4. Lift-ed up was He to die, "It is fin-ished," was His cry;
5. When He comes, our glo-rious King, All His ran-somed home to bring,
Ru-ined sin-ners to re-claim! Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-iour!
Sealed my par-don with His blood; Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-iour!
"Full a-tone-ment!" can it be? Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-iour!
Now in heav'n ex-alt-ed high, Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-iour!
Then a-new this song we'll sing, Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-iour!

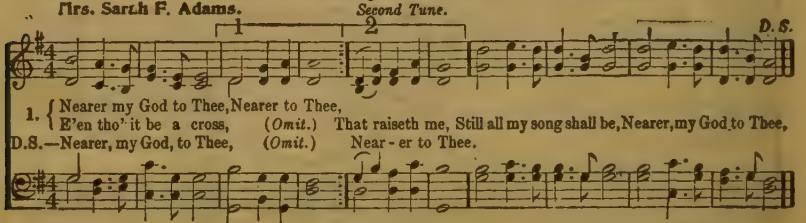
No. 274. Loving Kindness.

Samuel Medley. *First Tune.* Anon.


1. A-wake my soul in joy-ful lays And sing my great Redeemer's praise, He justly claims a song from me,
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me not-with-stand-ing all; He saved me from my lost estate,
3. Tho' numerous hosts of mighty foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op-pose, He safely leads my soul a-long,
4. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gathered thick and thundered loud, He near my soul has always stood,
His lov-ing kindness, oh, how free! Loving kindness, loving kind-ness, His loving kindness, oh, how free!
His lov-ing kindness, oh, how great! Loving kindness, loving kind-ness, His loving kindness, oh, how great!
His lov-ing kindness, oh, how strong! Loving kindness, loving kind-ness, His loving kindness, oh, how strong!
His lov-ing kindness, oh, how good! Loving kindness, loving kind-ness, His loving kindness, oh, how good!

No. 275. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams. *Second Tune.*


1
2
D. S.
1. Nearer my God to Thee, Nearer to Thee,
E'en tho' it be a cross, (*Omit.*) That raiseth me, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee,
D.S.—Nearer, my God, to Thee, (*Omit.*) Near - er to Thee.

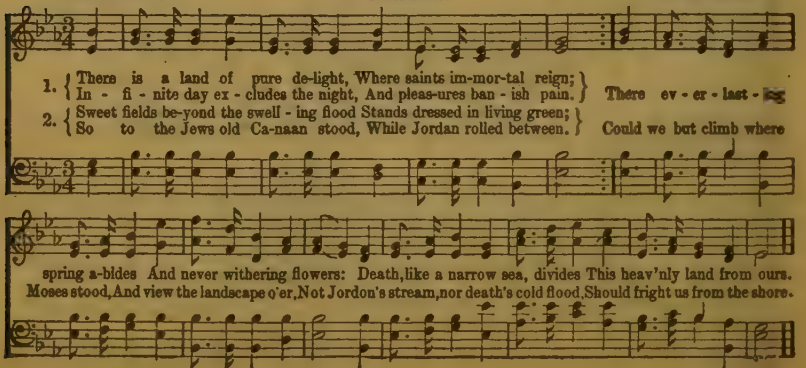
2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

4 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

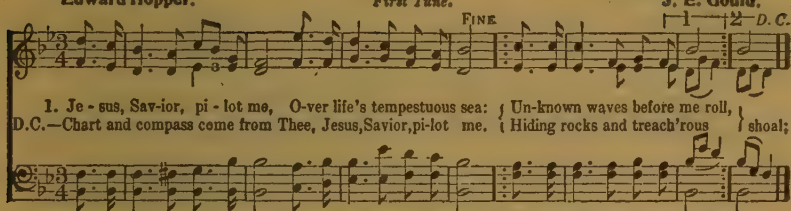
No. 276. There Is a Land Of Pure Delight.

Isaac Watts. *First Tune.* J. C. H. Rink.


1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign;
In - fi - nite day ex - cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban - ish pain.
There ev - er - last - ing
2. Sweet fields be-yond the swell - ing flood Stands dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Ca-naan stood, While Jordan rolled between.
Could we but climb where
spring a-bides And never withering flowers: Death, like a narrow sea, divides This heav'nly land from ours.
Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er, Not Jordon's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

No. 277. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper. *First Tune.* J. E. Gould.


FINE
D. C.
1. Je - sus, Sav-ior, pi - lot me, O-ver life's tempestuous sea: { Un-known waves before me roll,
D.C.—Chart and compass come from Thee, Jesus, Savior, pi-lot me. { Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;

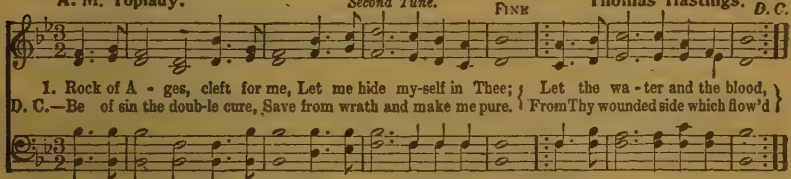
1 Jesus, Savior, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea:
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Chart and compass come from Thee
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves, obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twix me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

No. 278. Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. *Second Tune.* Thomas Hastings.


FINE
D. C.
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee; { Let the wa - ter and the blood,
D. C.—Be of sin the doub-le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure. { From Thy wounded side which flow'd

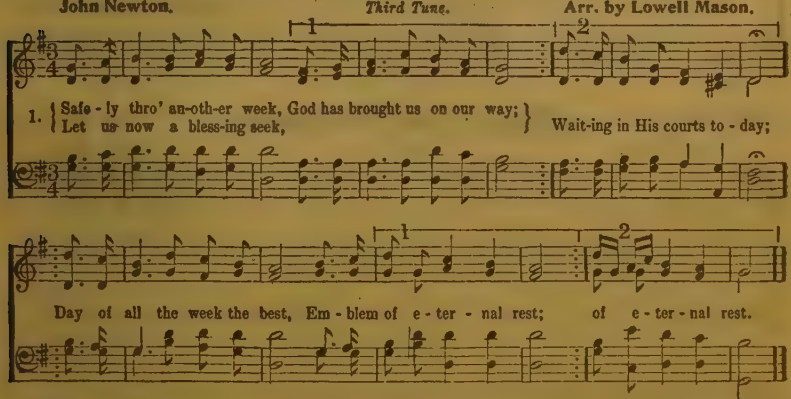
1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 279. Safely Through Another Week.

John Newton. *Third Tune.* Arr. by Lowell Mason.


1
2
1. { Safe - ly thro' an-oth-er week, God has brought us on our way;
{ Let us now a bless-ing seek, Wait-ing in His courts to - day;
Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest; of e - ter - nal rest.

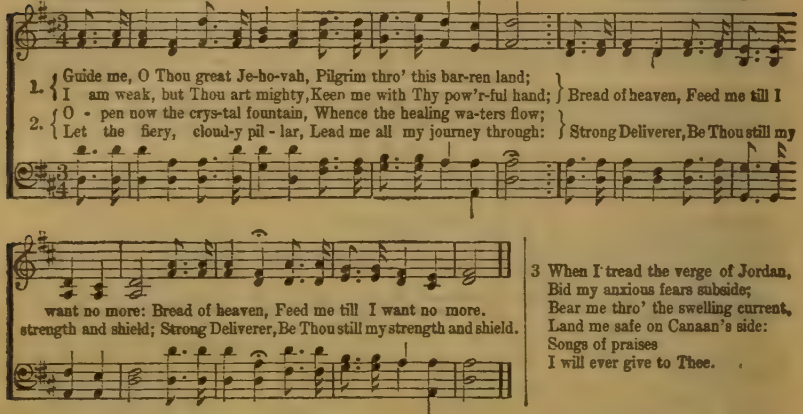
2 While we pray for pard'ning grace,
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciled face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

3 Here we come Thy name to praise;
Let us feel Thy pesence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief to all complaints;
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

No. 280. Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

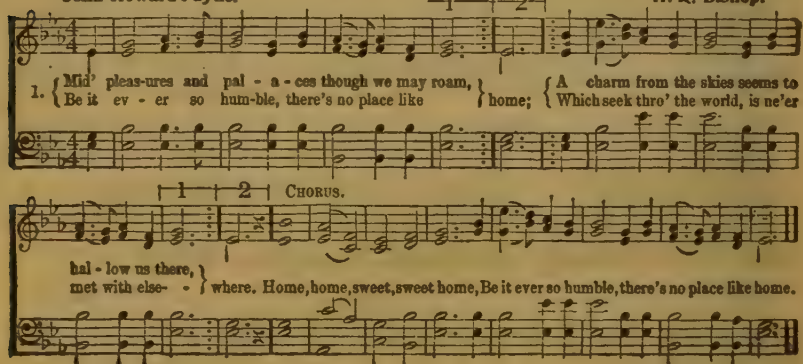
William Williams. *First Tune.* Thomas Hastings.


1. Guide me, O Thou great Je-ho-vah, Pilgrim thro' this bar-ren land; I am weak, but Thou art mighty, Keep me with Thy pow'r-ful hand; Bread of heaven, Feed me till I
2. O - pen now the crys-tal fountain, Whence the healing wa-ters flow; Let the fiery, cloud-y pil - lar, Lead me all my journey through: Strong Deliverer, Be Thou still my
want no more: Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.
strength and shield; Strong Deliverer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me thro' the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

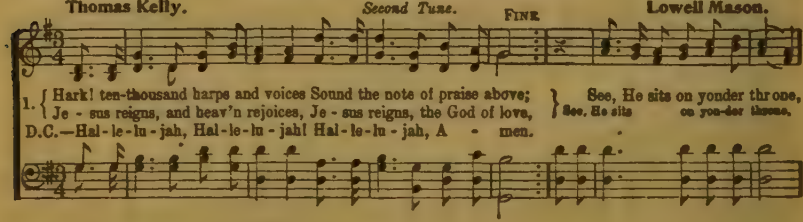
No. 281. Home, Sweet Home.

John Howard Payne. H. R. Bishop.

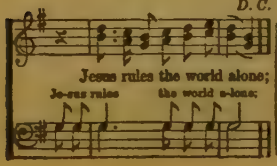

1. Mid' pleas-ures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, Be it ev - er so hum-ble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to Which seek thro' the world, is ne'er
CHORUS.
hal - low us there, met with else- - where. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

No. 282. Hark! Ten Thousand.

Thomas Kelly. *Second Tune.* FINE Lowell Mason.


1. Hark! ten-thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise above; Je - sus reigns, and heav'n rejoices, Je - sus reigns, the God of love, See, He sits on yonder throne,
D.C.—Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

D. C.

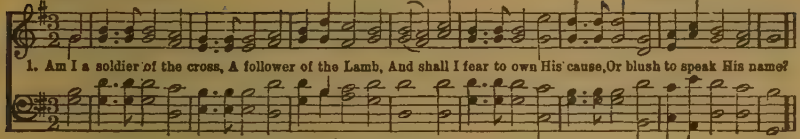


2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens,
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens,
Cheers and charms Thy saints on earth;
When we think of love like Thine,
Lord, we own it love divine:

3 King of glory, reign forever;
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.

No. 283. Am I a Soldier?

Isaac Watts. *First Tune.* Thos. A. Arne.



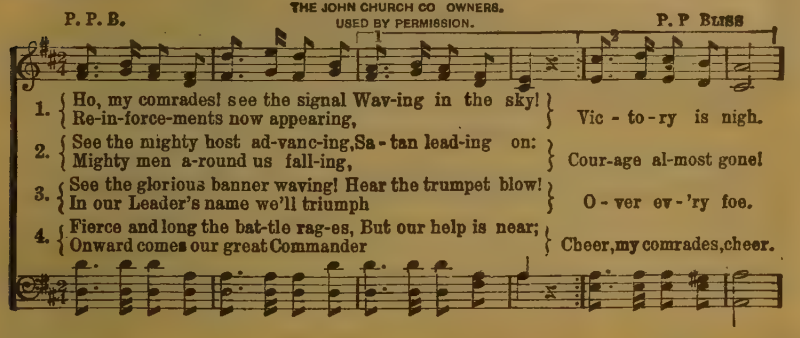
2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease, [prize,
While others fought to win the
And sailed thro' bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

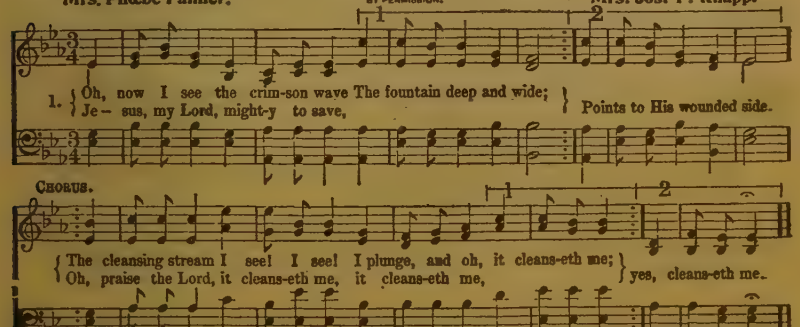
No. 284. Hold the Fort.

P. P. B. THE JOHN CHURCH CO OWNERS. USED BY PERMISSION. P. P Bliss


1. Ho, my comrades! see the signal Wav-ing in the sky! Re-in-force-ments now appearing, Vic - to - ry is nigh.
2. See the mighty host ad-vanc-ing, Sa - tan lead-ing on: Mighty men a-round us fall-ing, Cour-age al-most gone!
3. See the glorious banner waving! Hear the trumpet blow! In our Leader's name we'll triumph O - ver ev - 'ry foe.
4. Fierce and long the bat-tle rag-es, But our help is near; Onward comes our great Commander Cheer, my comrades, cheer.
CHORUS.
"Hold the fort, for I am coming," Jesus signals still; Wave the answer back to heaven, "By Thy grace we will."

No. 285. The Cleansing Wave.

Mrs. Phœbe Palmer. BY PERMISSION. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.


1. Oh, now I see the crim-son wave The fountain deep and wide; Je - sus, my Lord, might-y to save, Points to His wounded side.
CHORUS.
The cleansing stream I see! I see! I plunge, and oh, it cleans-eth me; Oh, praise the Lord, it cleans-eth me, it cleans-eth me, yes, cleans-eth me.

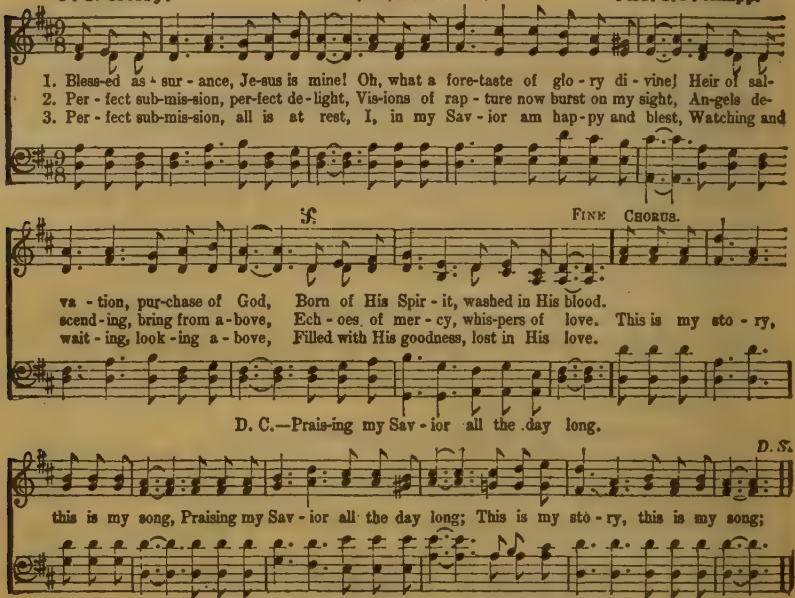
2 I see the new creation rise,
I hear the speaking blood:
It speaks! polluted nature dies—
Sinks 'neath the crimson flood.

3 I rise to walk in heav'n's own light,
Above the world and sin, [white
With heart made pure and garments
And Christ enthroned within.

4 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus know,
My Jesus crucified.

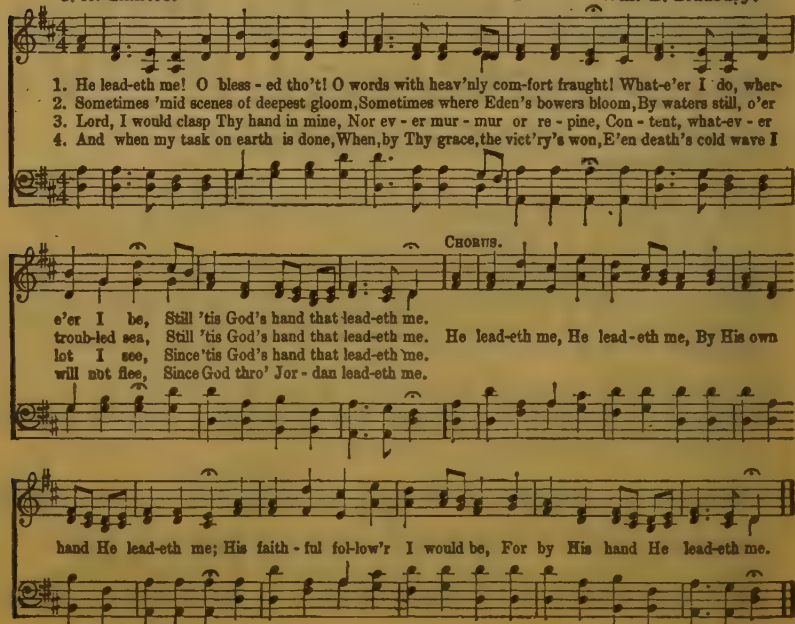
No. 286. Blessed Assurance.

F. J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1873, BY JOS. F. KNAPP. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.


1. Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal-
2. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap - ture now burst on my sight, An-gels de-
3. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I, in my Sav - ior am hap-py and blest, Watching and
FINE
CHORUS.
va - tion, pur-chase of God, Born of His Spir - it, washed in His blood.
scend-ing, bring from a-bove, Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto - ry,
wait - ing, look - ing a - bove, Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.
D. C.—Prais-ing my Sav - ior all the day long.
D. S.
this is my song, Praising my Sav - ior all the day long; This is my sto - ry, this is my song;

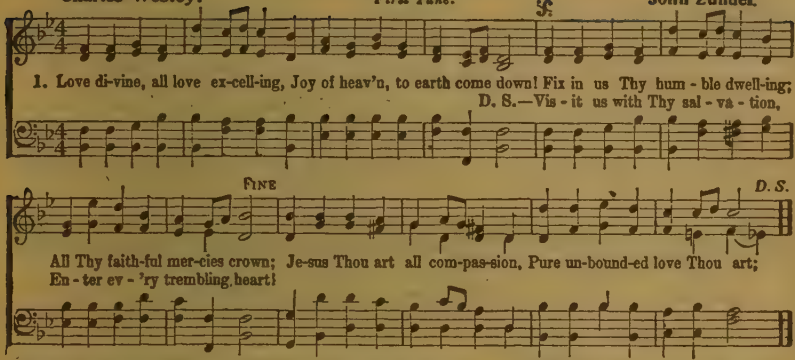
No. 287. He Leadeth Me.

J. H. Gilmore. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. He lead-eth me! O bless - ed tho't! O words with heav'nly com-fort fraught! What-e'er I do, wher-
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, By waters still, o'er
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur or re - pine, Con - tent, what-ev - er
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vict'ry's won, E'en death's cold wave I
CHORUS.
e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
troub-led sea, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me. He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, By His own
lot I see, Since 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead-eth me.
hand He lead-eth me; His faith - ful fol-low'r I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

No. 288 Love Divine.

Charles Wesley. *First Tune.* John Zundel.


1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cell-ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down! Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwell-ing;
D. S.—Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion,
FINE
D. S.
All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown; Je-sus Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure un-bound-ed love Thou art;
En-ter ev-'ry trembling heart!

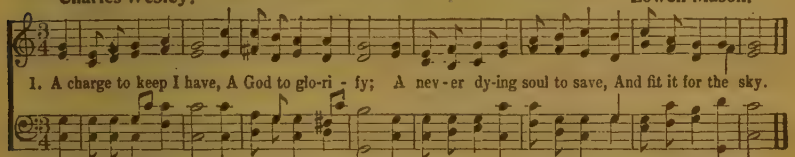
2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty!

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temple leave:
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love!

4 Finish then Thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

No. 289. A Charge to Keep.

Charles Wesley. Lowell Mason.



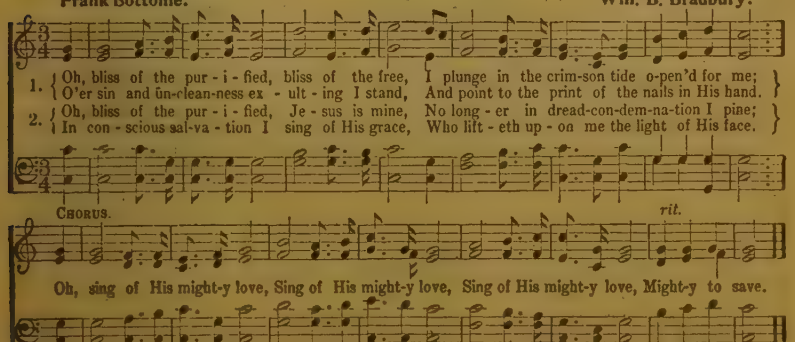
2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
Oh, may it all my pow'rs engage,
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

No. 290. O Sing of His Mighty Love.

Frank Bottome. Wm. B. Bradbury.

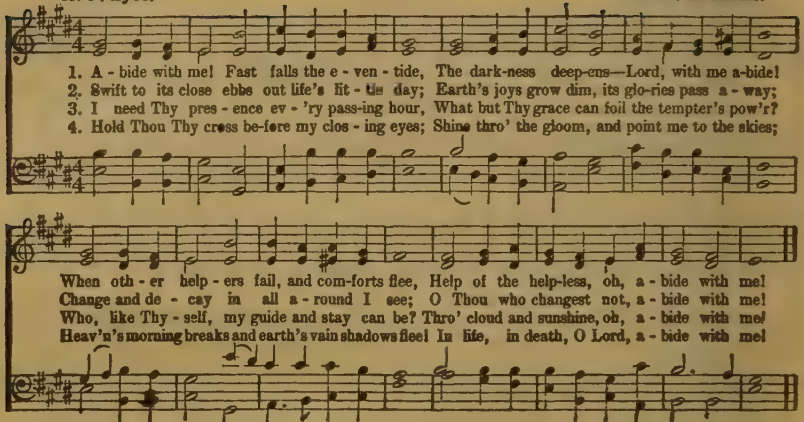

1. Oh, bliss of the pur-i-fied, bliss of the free, I plunge in the crim-son tide o-pen'd for me;
O'er sin and un-clean-ness ex-ult-ing I stand, And point to the print of the nails in His hand.
2. Oh, bliss of the pur-i-fied, Je-sus is mine, No long-er in dread-con-dem-na-tion I pine;
In con-scious sal-va-tion I sing of His grace, Who lift-eth up-on me the light of His face.
CHORUS.
rit.
Oh, sing of His might-y love, Sing of His might-y love, Sing of His might-y love, Might-y to save.

3 Oh, bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!
No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure;
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,
No tears but may dry them on Jesus' breast.

4 O Jesus the crucified! Thee will I sing,
My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King;
My soul, filled with rapture, shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph in death in the "Mighty to Save."

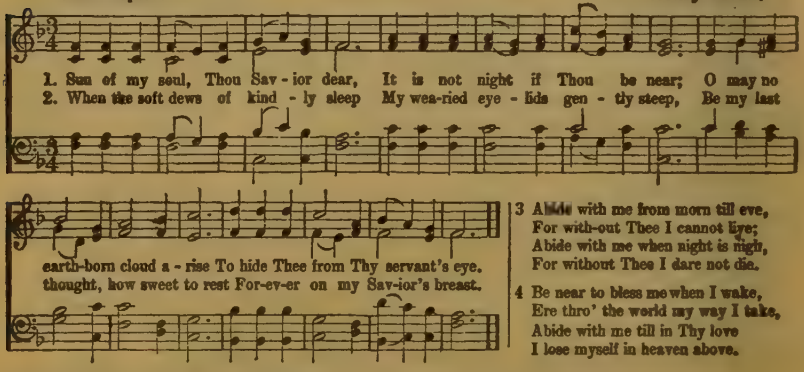
No. 291. Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte. Wm. H. Monk.


1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark-ness deep-ens—Lord, with me a-bide!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo-ries pass a - way;
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour, What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be-fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies;
When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me!
Change and de - cay in all a - round I see; O Thou who changest not, a - bide with me!
Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a - bide with me!
Heav'n's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

No. 292. Sun of My Soul.

John Kepler. Henry Monk.

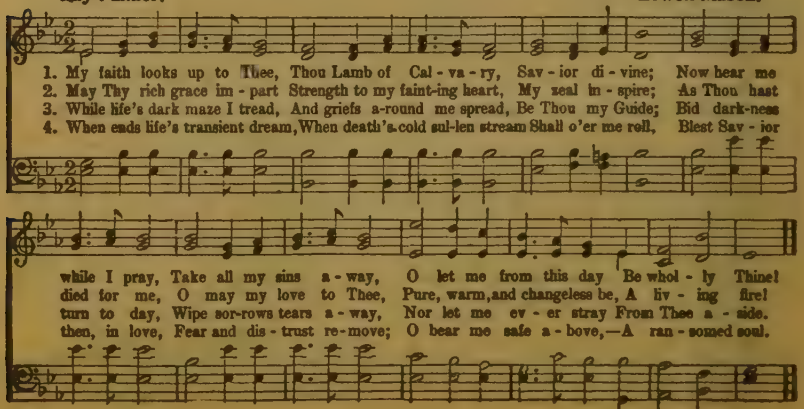

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near; O may no
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea-ried eye - lids gen - tly steep, Be my last
earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eye.
thought, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For with-out Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere thro' the world my way I take,
Abide with me till in Thy love
I lose myself in heaven above.

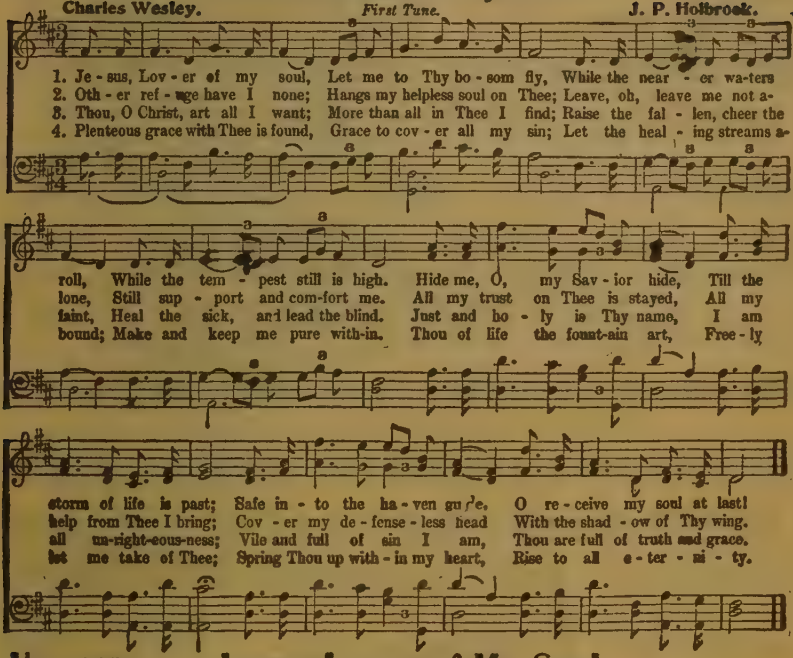
No. 293. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. Lowell Mason.


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - ior di - vine; Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint-ing heart, My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a-round me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark-ness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sul-len stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - ior
while I pray, Take all my sins a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!
turn to day, Wipe sor-rows tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
then, in love, Fear and dis - trust re-move; O bear me safe a - bove,—A ran - somed soul.

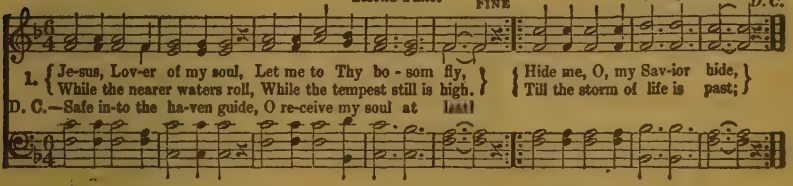
No. 294. Jesus Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley. *First Tune.* J. P. Holbrook.


1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the near - er wa-ters
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, oh, leave me not a-
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; Raise the fal - len, cheer the
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin; Let the heal - ing streams a-
roll, While the tem - pest still is high. Hide me, O, my Sav - ior hide, Till the
lone, Still sup - port and com-fort me. All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my
faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am
bound; Make and keep me pure with-in. Thou of life the fount-ain art, Free - ly
storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide. O re - ceive my soul at last!
help from Thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
all un-right-eous-ness; Vile and full of sin I am, Thou are full of truth and grace.
let me take of Thee; Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

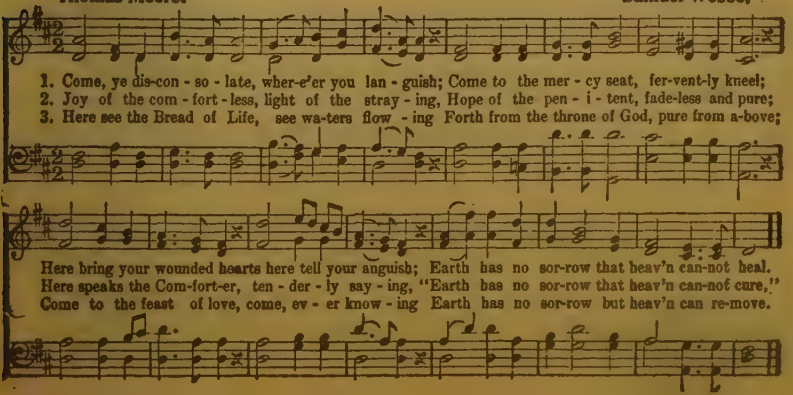
No. 295. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Second Tune. FINE S. B. Marsh. D. C.


1. { Je-sus, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, } { Hide me, O, my Sav-ior hide, }
{ While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high. } { Till the storm of life is past; }
D. C.—Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!

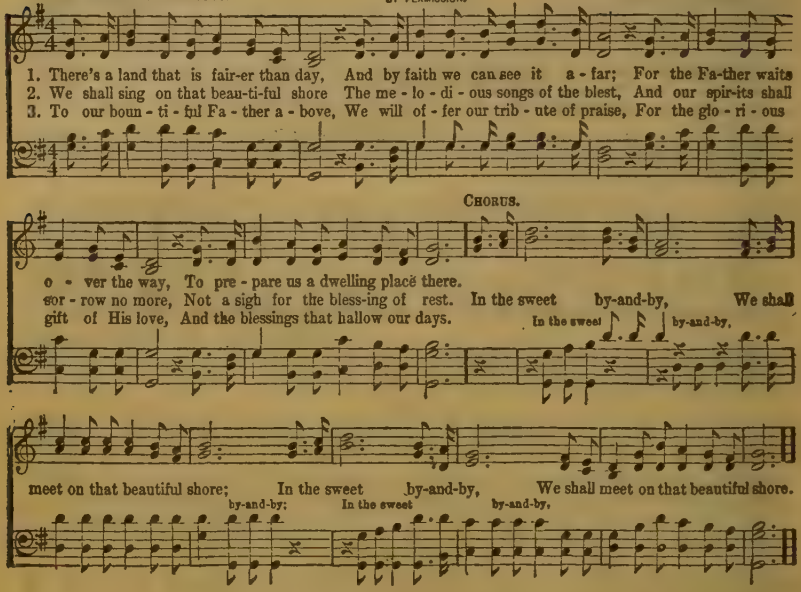
No. 296. Come, Ye Disconsolate.

Thomas Moore. Samuel Webbe.


1. Come, ye dis-con - so - late, wher-e'er you lan - guish; Come to the mer - cy seat, fer-vent-ly kneel;
2. Joy of the com - fort - less, light of the stray - ing, Hope of the pen - i - tent, fade-less and pure;
3. Here see the Bread of Life, see wa-ters flow - ing Forth from the throne of God, pure from a-bove;
Here bring your wounded hearts here tell your anguish; Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not heal.
Here speaks the Com-fort-er, ten - der - ly say - ing, "Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not cure."
Come to the feast of love, come, ev - er know - ing Earth has no sor-row but heav'n can re-move.

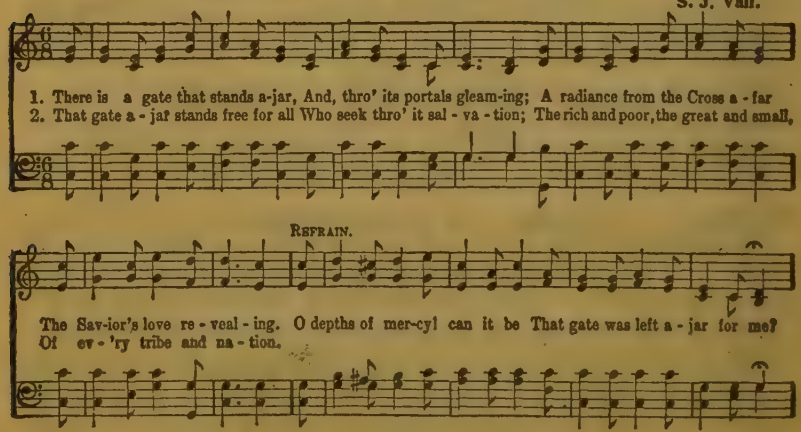
No. 297. Sweet By-and-By.

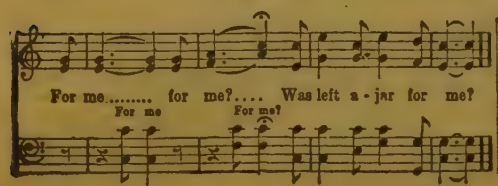
S. Fillmore Bennett. BY PERMISSION. Jos. P. Webster.


1. There's a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far; For the Fa-ther waits
2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore The me - lo - di - ous songs of the blest, And our spir-its shall
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous
CHORUS.
o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a dwelling place there.
sor - row no more, Not a sigh for the bless-ing of rest. In the sweet by-and-by, We shall
gift of His love, And the blessings that hallow our days.
In the sweet by-and-by,
meet on that beautiful shore; In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.
by-and-by; In the sweet by-and-by,

No. 298. The Gate Ajar.

S. J. Vail.


1. There is a gate that stands a-jar, And, thro' its portals gleam-ing; A radiance from the Cross a - far
2. That gate a - jar stands free for all Who seek thro' it sal - va - tion; The rich and poor, the great and small,
REFRAIN.
The Sav-ior's love re - veal - ing. O depths of mer-cy! can it be That gate was left a - jar for me?
Of ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion.

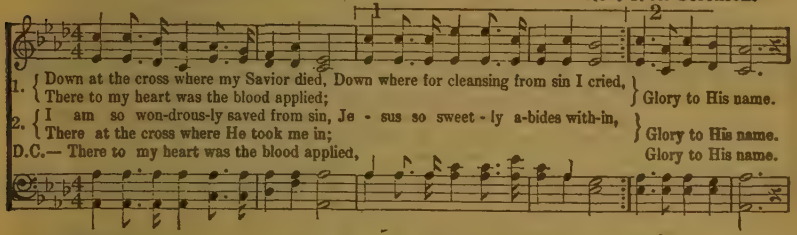


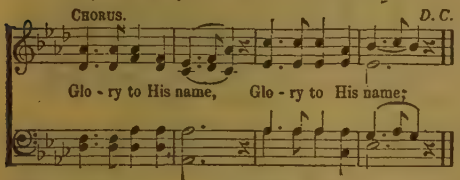
3 Press onward, then, tho' foes may frown,
While mercy's gate is open,
Accept the cross, and win the crown,
Love's everlasting token.

4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
The cross that here is given,
And bear the crown of life away,
And love Him more in heaven.

No. 299. Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Rev. J. H. Stockton.


1. Down at the cross where my Savior died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried,
There to my heart was the blood applied;
Glory to His name.
2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a-bides with-in,
There at the cross where He took me in;
Glory to His name.
D.C.— There to my heart was the blood applied,
Glory to His name.

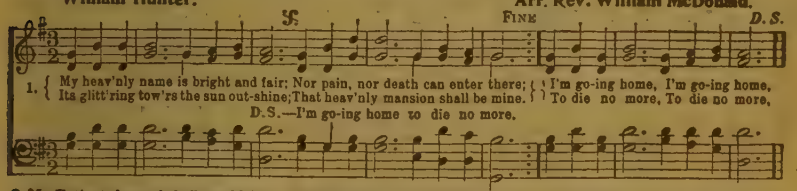


3 Oh, precious fountain that saves from sin,
I am so glad I have entered in;
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean;
Glory to His name.

4 Come to this fountain so rich and sweet;
Cast thy poor soul at the Savior's feet;
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;
Glory to His name.

No. 300. The Heavenly Home.

William Hunter. Arr. Rev. William McDonald.


FINE
D. S.
1. My heav'nly name is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor death can enter there;
Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun out-shine; That heav'nly mansion shall be mine.
I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home,
To die no more, To die no more,
D.S.—I'm go-ing home to die no more.

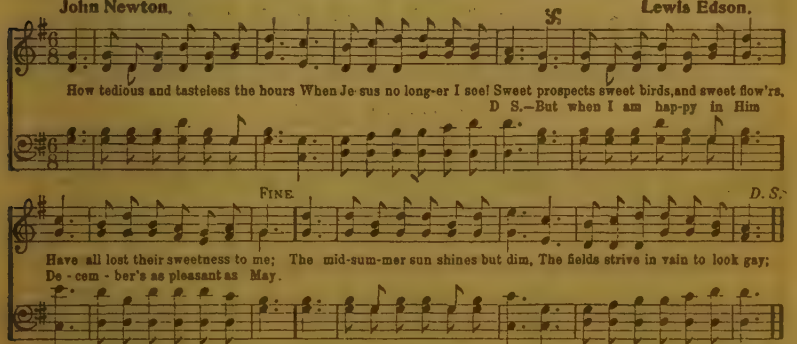
2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

3 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
Although, like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.

4 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'er flow;
Be mine the happier lot to own
A heav'nly mansion near the throne.

No. 301. How Tedious and Tasteless.

John Newton. Lewis Edson.


How tedious and tasteless the hours When Je-sus no long-er I see! Sweet prospects sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs,
D S.—But when I am hap-py in Him
FINE.
D. S.
Have all lost their sweetness to me; The mid-sum-mer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay;
De - cem - ber's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume
And sweeter than music His voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were He always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I;
My summer would last all the year.

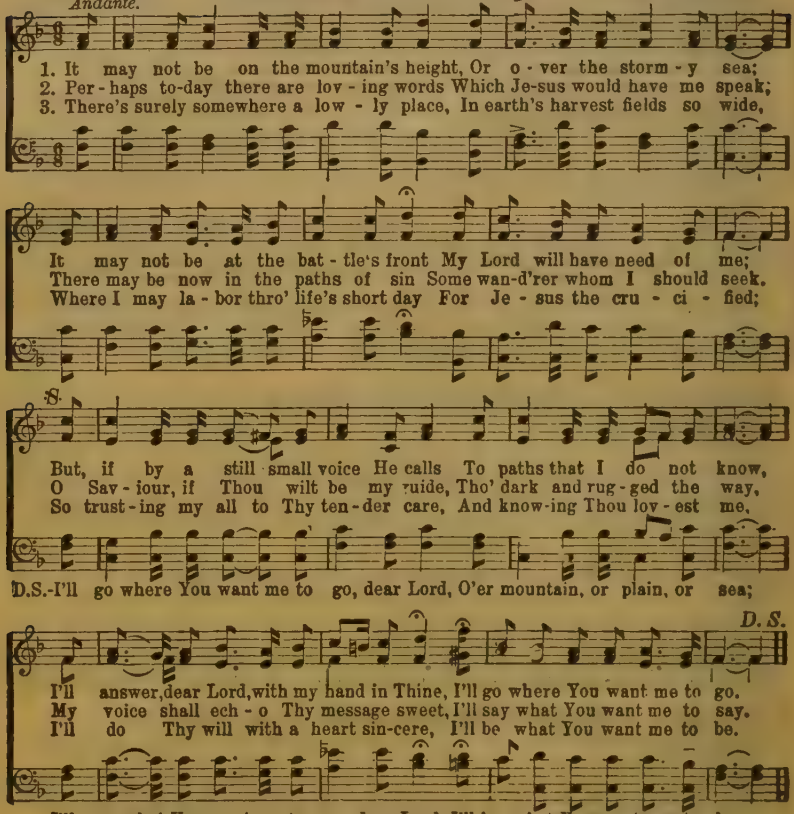
3 Content with beholding His face,
My all to His pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place[mind:
Would make any change in my
While blest with a sense of His love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 My Lord, if indeed I am Thine,
If Thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from the sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me to Thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

No. 302. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

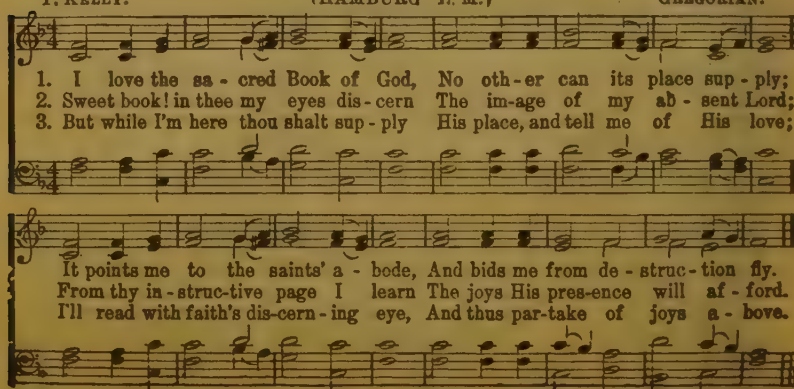
MARY BROWN. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY C. E. ROUNSEFELL. BY PER. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.


1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm - y sea;
2. Per - haps to-day there are lov - ing words Which Je-sus would have me speak;
3. There's surely somewhere a low - ly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide,
It may not be at the bat - tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wan-d'rer whom I should seek.
Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus the cru - ci - fied;
But, if by a still small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
O Sav - iour, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rug - ged the way,
So trust - ing my all to Thy ten - der care, And know-ing Thou lov - est me,
D.S.-I'll go where You want me to go, dear Lord, O'er mountain, or plain, or sea;
D. S.
I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where You want me to go.
My voice shall ech - o Thy message sweet, I'll say what You want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what You want me to be.
I'll say what You want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what You want me to be.

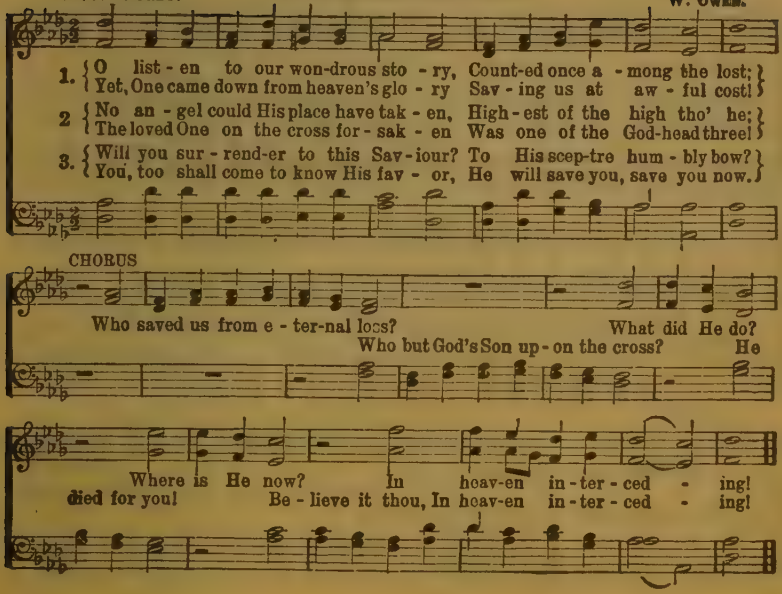
No. 303. The Sacred Book.

T. KELLY. (HAMBURG L. M.) GREGORIAN.


1. I love the sa - cred Book of God, No oth - er can its place sup - ply;
2. Sweet book! in thee my eyes dis - cern The im-age of my ab - sent Lord;
3. But while I'm here thou shalt sup - ply His place, and tell me of His love;
It points me to the saints' a - bode, And bids me from de - struc - tion fly.
From thy in - struc-tive page I learn The joys His pres-ence will af - ford.
I'll read with faith's dis-cern - ing eye, And thus par-take of joys a - bove.

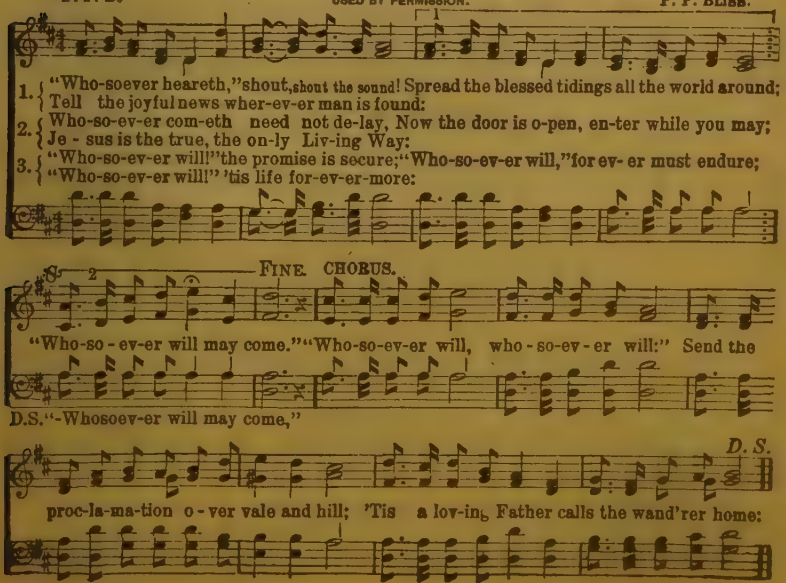
No. 304. What Did He Do?

Dr. J. M. GRAY. USED BY PERMISSION OF O. F. PUGH. W. OWEN.


1. O list - en to our won-drous sto - ry, Count-ed once a - mong the lost;
Yet, One came down from heaven's glo - ry Sav - ing us at aw - ful cost!
2 No an - gel could His place have tak - en, High - est of the high tho' he;
The loved One on the cross for - sak - en Was one of the God-head three!
3. Will you sur - rend-er to this Sav - iour? To His scep-tre hum - bly bow?
You, too shall come to know His fav - or, He will save you, save you now.
CHORUS
Who saved us from e - ter-nal loss? What did He do?
Who but God's Son up - on the cross? He
Where is He now? In heav-en in - ter - ced - ing!
died for you! Be - lieve it thou, In heav-en in - ter - ced - ing!

No. 305. "Whosoever Will."

P. P. B. COPYRIGHT, 1888, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. USED BY PERMISSION. P. P. BLISS.


1. "Who-soever heareth," shout, shout the sound! Spread the blessed tidings all the world around;
Tell the joyful news wher-ev-er man is found:
2. Who-so-ev-er com-eth need not de-lay, Now the door is o-pen, en-ter while you may;
Je - sus is the true, the on-ly Liv-ing Way:
3. "Who-so-ev-er will!" the promise is secure; "Who-so-ev-er will," for ev- er must endure;
"Who-so-ev-er will!" 'tis life for-ev-er-more:
FINE. CHORUS.
"Who-so - ev-er will may come." "Who-so-ev-er will, who - so-ev - er will:" Send the
D.S. "-Whosoev-er will may come,"
D. S.
proc-la-ma-tion o - ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov-ing Father calls the wand'rer home:

No. 306. Standing On the Promises.

COPYRIGHT 1886, BY JOHN J. HOOD.
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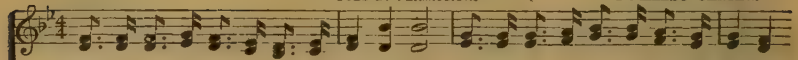
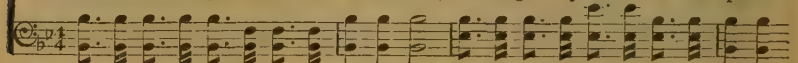
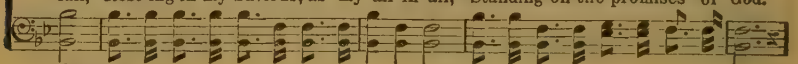
R. K. C. R. KELSO CARTER.



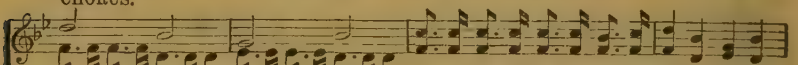
1. Standing on the prom-is-es of Christ my King, Thro'e - ter-nal a - ges let His prais-es
2. Standing on the prom-is-es that can not fail; When the howling storms of doubt and fear as-
3. Standing on the prom-is-es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e-ter-nally by love's strong
4. Standing on the prom-is-es, I can not fall, List'ning ev-'ry moment to the Spir-it's



ring; Glo - ry in the highest, I will shout and sing, Standing on the promises of God.
sail, By the liv-ing word of God I shall pre-vail, Standing on the promises of God.
cord, O - ver-coming daily with the Spirit's sword, Standing on the promises of God.
call, Rest-ing in my Saviour, as my all in all, Standing on the promises of God.

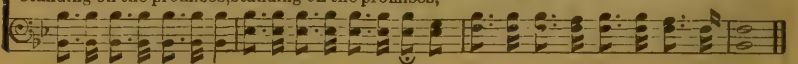


CHORUS.



Stand - ing, stand - ing, Standing on the prom-is-es of God my Saviour;
Standing on the promises, standing on the promises.

Stand - ing, stand - ing, I'm standing on the prom-is-es of God.
Standing on the promises, standing on the promises,

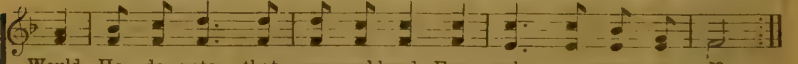


No. 307. Remember Me.

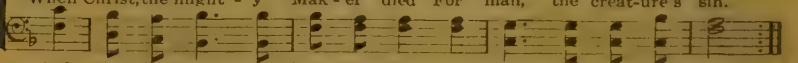
Isaac Watts. Asa Hull.

1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed? And did my Sov-'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,

CHO.—*Help me, dear Sav - iour, Thee to own, And ev - er faith - ful be;*



Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un-known! And love be - yond de - gree.
When Christ, the might - y Mak - er died For man, the creat-ure's sin.



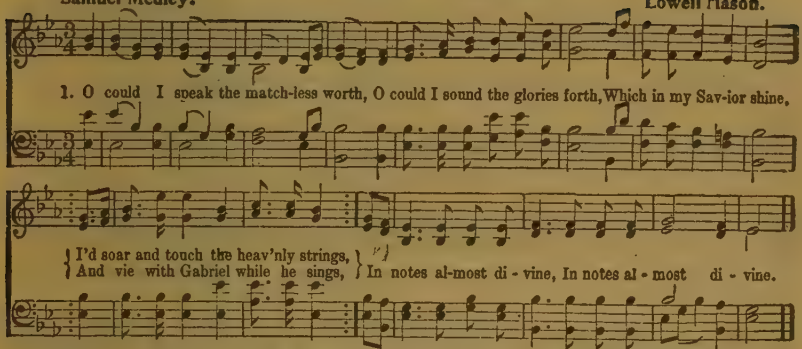
And when Thou sit - test on Thy throne, O Lord, re - mem-ber me.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.—*Cho.*

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.—*Cho.*

No. 308. O Could I Speak.

Samuel Medley. Lowell Mason.


1. O could I speak the match-less worth, O could I sound the glories forth, Which in my Sav-ior shine,
I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings,
In notes al-most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.

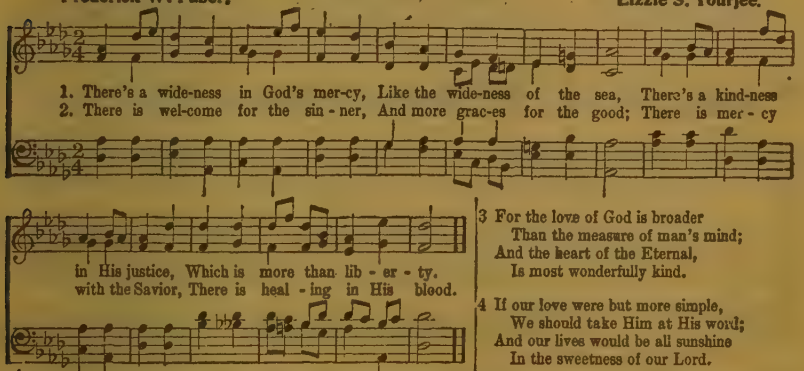
2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face;
Then with my Savior, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

No. 309. There's a Wideness.

Frederick W. Faber. Lizzie S. Tourjee.

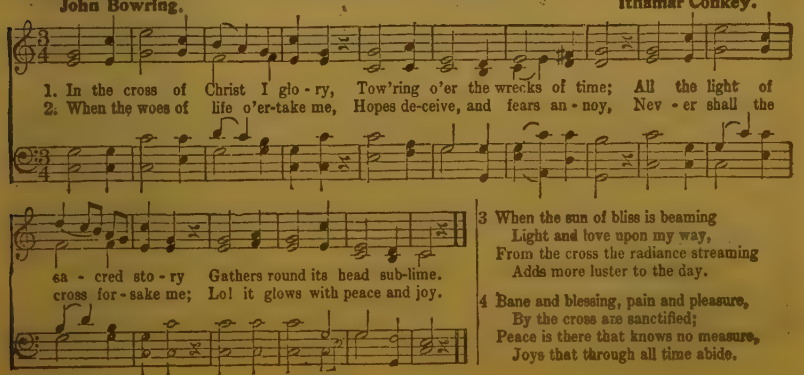

1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea, There's a kind-ness
2. There is wel-come for the sin - ner, And more grac-es for the good; There is mer - cy
in His justice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
with the Savior, There is heal - ing in His blood.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal,
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

No. 310. In the Gross.

John Bowring. Ithamar Conkey.

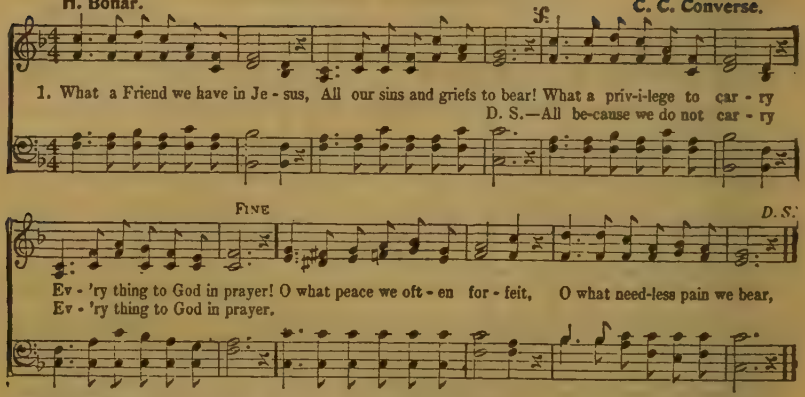

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an - noy, Nev - er shall the
sa - cred sto - ry Gathers round its head sub-lime.
cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

No. 311. What a Friend.

H. Bonar. C. C. Converse.


1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear! What a priv-i-lege to car - ry
D. S.—All be-cause we do not car - ry
FINE
D.S.
Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer! O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,
Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer.

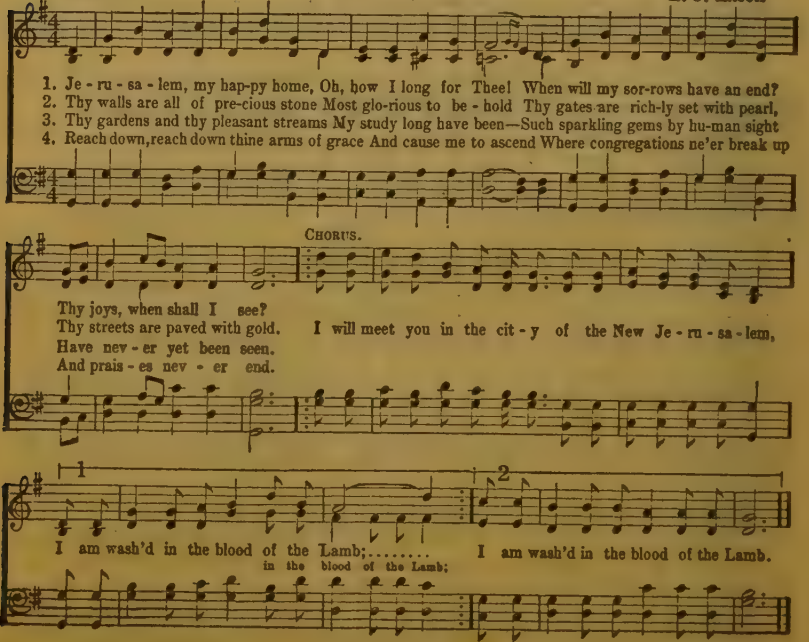
1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry,
Every thing to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer,
In His arms He'll take and shield
Thou wilt find a solace there. [thee,

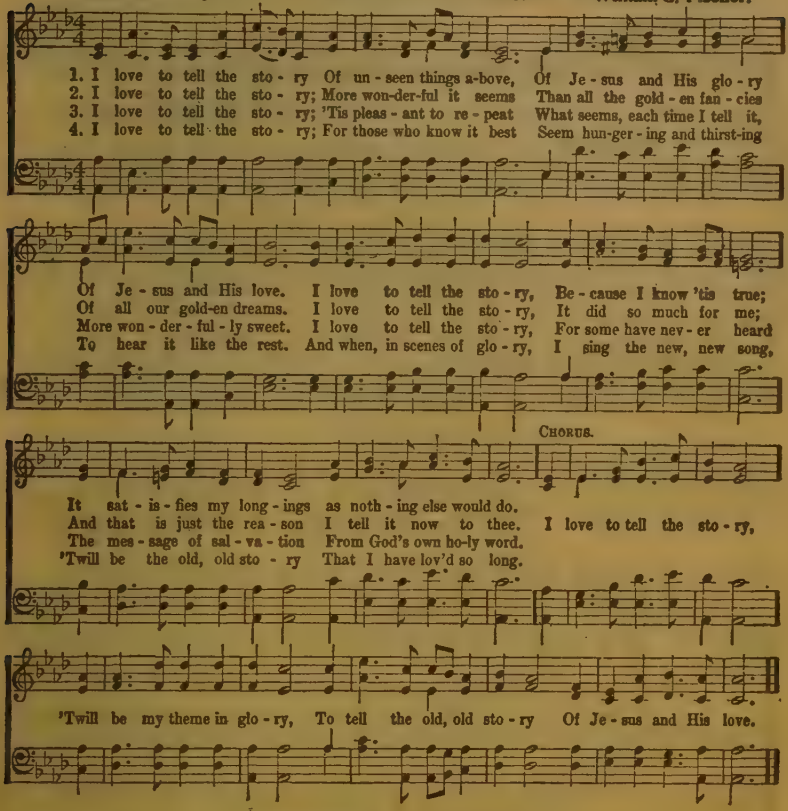
No. 312. My Happy Home.

Anon. COPYRIGHT, 1888, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell


1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap-py home, Oh, how I long for Thee! When will my sor-rows have an end?
2. Thy walls are all of pre-cious stone Most glo-rious to be - hold Thy gates are rich-ly set with pearl,
3. Thy gardens and thy pleasant streams My study long have been—Such sparkling gems by hu-man sight
4. Reach down, reach down thine arms of grace And cause me to ascend Where congregations ne'er break up
CHORUS.
Thy joys, when shall I see?
Thy streets are paved with gold. I will meet you in the cit - y of the New Je - ru - sa - lem,
Have nev - er yet been seen.
And prais - es nev - er end.
1
2
I am wash'd in the blood of the Lamb;..... I am wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.
in the blood of the Lamb;

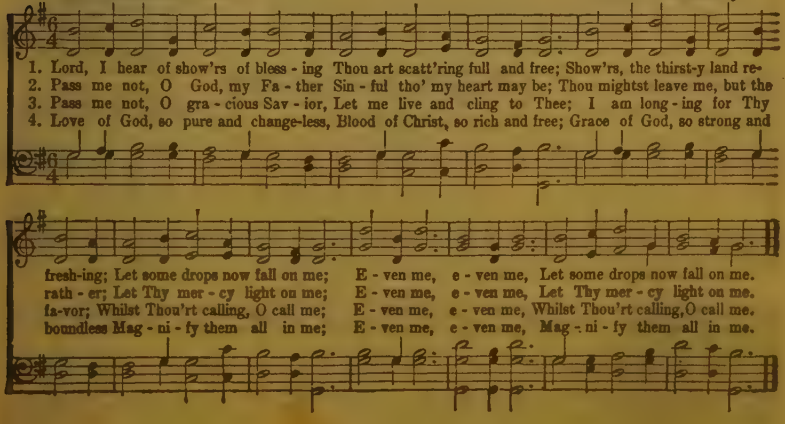
No. 313. I Love To Tell The Story.

Katherine Hankey. USED BY PERMISSION OF WM. G. FISCHER. William G. Fischer.


1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a-bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won-der-ful it seems Than all the gold - en fan - cies
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What seems, each time I tell it,
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun-ger - ing and thirst-ing
Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true;
Of all our gold-en dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me;
More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard
To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,
CHORUS.
It sat - is - fies my long - ings as noth - ing else would do.
And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry,
The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own ho-ly word.
'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have lov'd so long.
'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

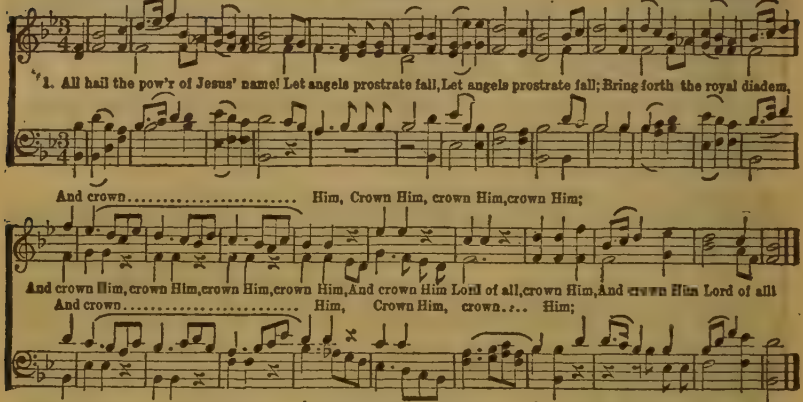
No. 314. Even Me, Even Me.

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free; Show'rs, the thirst-y land re-
2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa - ther Sin - ful tho' my heart may be; Thou mightst leave me, but the
3. Pass me not, O gra - cious Sav - ior, Let me live and cling to Thee; I am long - ing for Thy
4. Love of God, so pure and change-less, Blood of Christ, so rich and free; Grace of God, so strong and
fresh-ing; Let some drops now fall on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.
rath - er; Let Thy mer - cy light on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
fa-vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.
boundless Mag - ni - fy them all in me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Mag - ni - fy them all in me.

No, 315. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

E. Perronet. *First Tune.* James Ellor.


1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown..... Him, Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him;
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all!
And crown..... Him, Crown Him, crown... Him;
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown..... Him; And crown Him Lord of all!

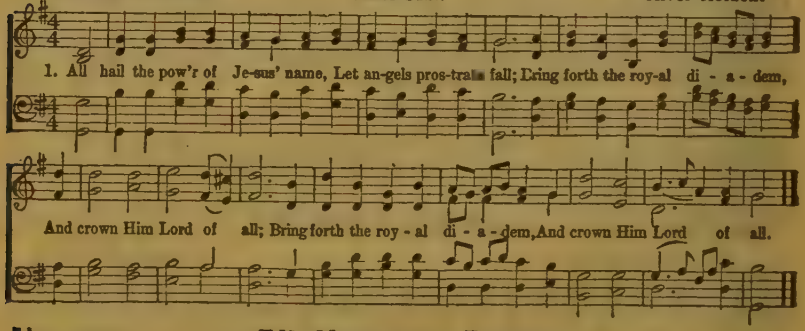
2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall,
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

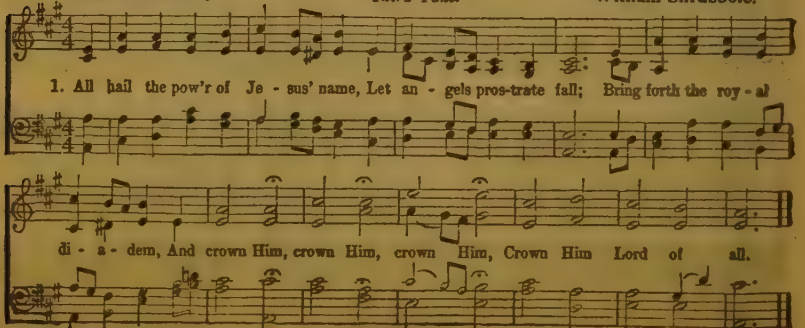
No. 316. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet. *Second Tune.* Oliver Holden.


1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name, Let an-gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem,
And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.

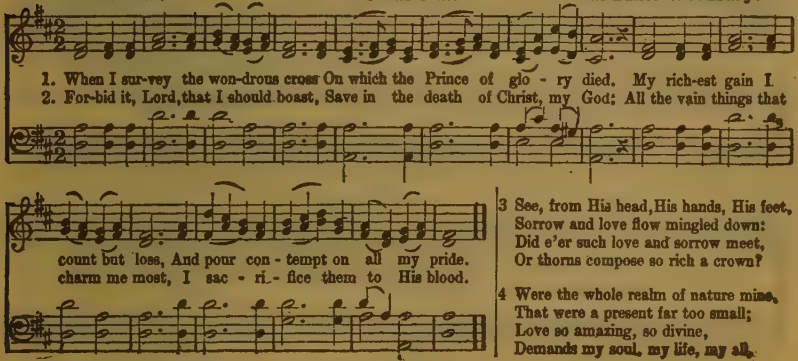
No. 317. All Hail the Power.

Edward Perronet. *Third Tune.* William Shrubsole.


1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al
di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.

No. 318. When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

Isaac Watts. *Second Tune.* Isaac Baker Woodbury.

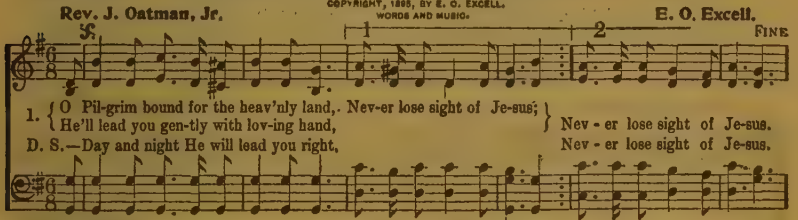

1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died. My rich-est gain I
2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that
count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.
charm me most, I sac - ri.- fice them to His blood.

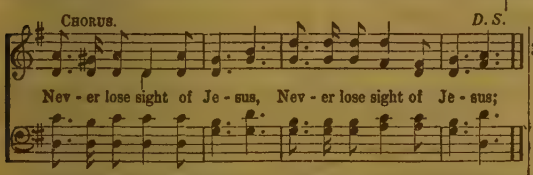
3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

No. 319. Never Lose Sight of Jesus.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.


1. { O Pil-grim bound for the heav'nly land, . Nev-er lose sight of Je-sus;
He'll lead you gen-tly with lov-ing hand,
D. S.—Day and night He will lead you right,
Nev - er lose sight of Je-sus.
Nev - er lose sight of Je-sus.
FINE



1 O Pilgrim bound for the heavenly
Never lose sight of Jesus; [land,
He'll lead you gently with loving
Never lose sight of Jesus. [hand,

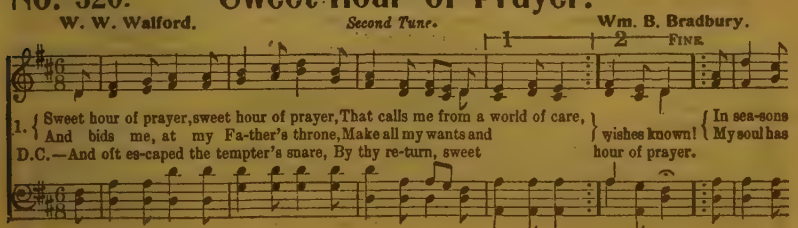
2 When-e'er you're tempted to go
Never lose sight of Jesus; [astray,
Press onward, upward, the narrow
Never lose sight of Jesus. [way,

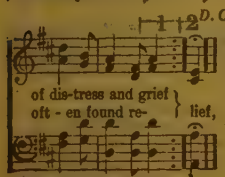
3 Tho' dark the pathway may seem ahead,
Never lose sight of Jesus;
"I will be with you," His word hath said,
Never lose sight of Jesus.

4 When death is knocking outside the door,
Never lose sight of Jesus;
Till safely landed on Canaan's shore,
Never lose sight of Jesus.

No. 320. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford. *Second Tune.* Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. { Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Fa-ther's throne, Make all my wants and
D.C.—And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet
wishes known!
In sea-sons
My soul has
hour of prayer.
FINE

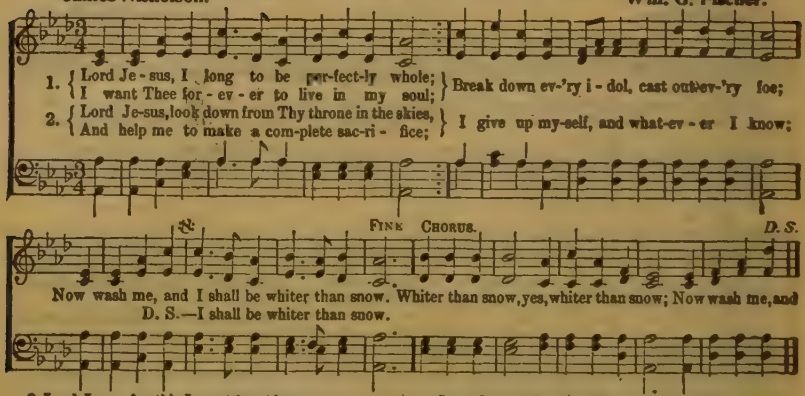


2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
The joys I feel, the bliss I share, [prayer,
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for thy return!
With such I hasten to the place
Where, God, my Savior, shows His face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
Thy wings shall my petition bear [prayer
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

No. 321. Whiter Than Snow.

James Nicholson. Wm. G. Fischer.

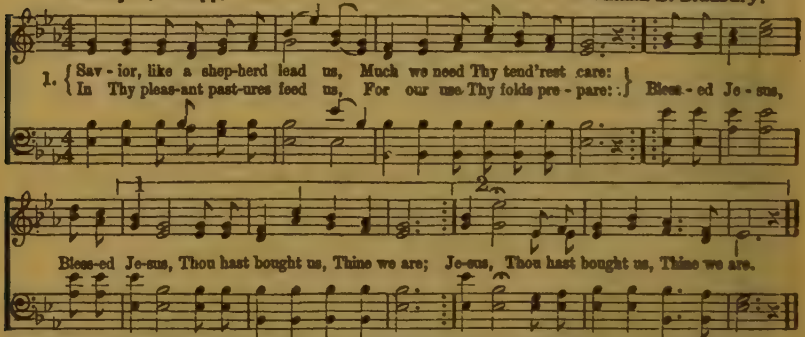

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; I want Thee for - ev - er to live in my soul; Break down ev-'ry i - dol, cast out ev-'ry foe;
2. Lord Je-sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com-plete sac-ri - fice; I give up my-self, and what-ev - er I know;
FINE CHORUS. D. S.
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow; Now wash me, and
D. S.—I shall be whiter than snow.

3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat,
I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet,
By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait;
Come now, and within me a new heart create;
To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st no;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

No. 322. Savior, Like a Shepherd.

Dorothy A. Thrupp. William B. Bradbury.


1. Sav - ior, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care: In Thy pleas-ant past-ures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre - pare: Bless - ed Je - sus,
Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are; Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

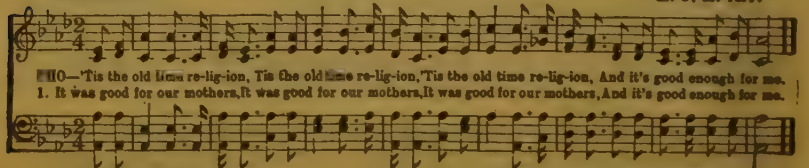
2 We are Thine; do Thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock; from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray:
Blessed Jesus,
Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be,
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Savior,
With Thy love our bosoms fill:
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

No. 323. The Old Time Religion.

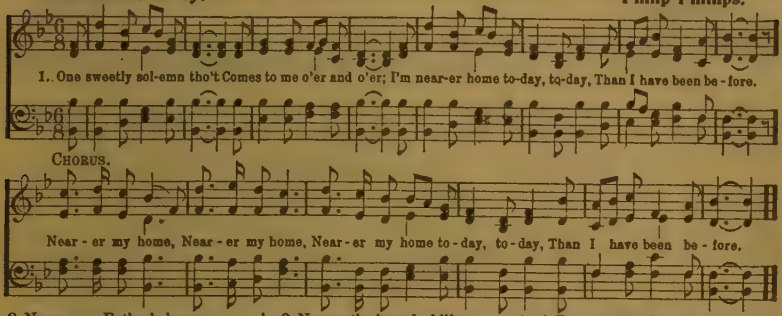
Unknown. E. O. E. Arr.


CHO—'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, And it's good enough for me.
1. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, And it's good enough for me.

2 Makes me love everybody.
3 It has saved our fathers.
4 It was good for the Prophet Daniel.
5 It was good for the Hebrew children.
6 It was tried in the fiery furnace.
7 It was good for Paul and Silas.
8 It will do when I am dying.
9 It will take us all to heaven.

No. 324. One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

Miss Phœbe Carey. Philip Phillips.


1. One sweetly sol-emn tho't Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm near-er home to-day, to-day, Than I have been be-fore.
Chorus.
Near-er my home, Near-er my home, Near-er my home to-day, to-day, Than I have been be-fore.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne to-day,
Nearer the crystal sea.

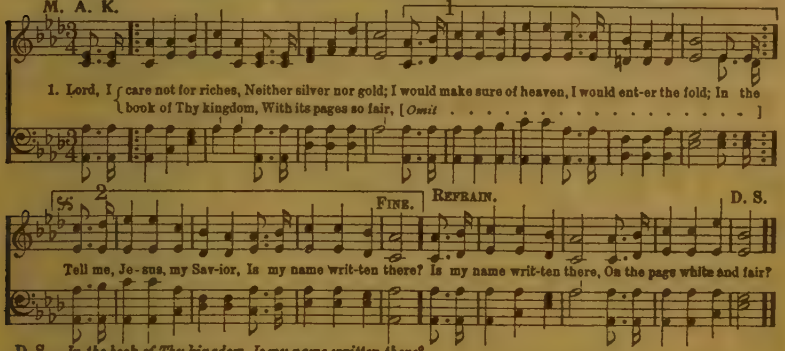
3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down;
Nearer to leave the cross to-day,
And nearer to the crown.

4 Be near me when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink;
For I am nearer home to-day,
Perhaps, than now I think.

No. 325. Is My Name Written There?

Frank M. Davis.

M. A. K.


1
1. Lord, I { care not for riches, Neither silver nor gold; I would make sure of heaven, I would ent-er the fold; In the book of Thy kingdom, With its pages so fair, [Omit . . . . .]
2
Fine.
Refrain.
D. S.
Tell me, Je-sus, my Sav-ior, Is my name writ-ten there? Is my name writ-ten there, On the page white and fair?

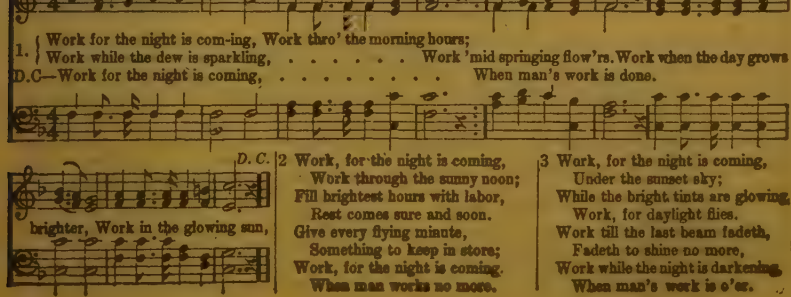
D. S.—*In the book of Thy kingdom, Is my name written there?*

2 Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea,
But Thy blood, O my Savior, Is sufficient for me;
For Thy promise is written In bright letters that glow,
"Tho' your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow."

3 Oh! that beautiful city, With mansions of light,
With its glorified beings, In pure garments of white;
Where no evil thing cometh To despoil what is fair;
Where the angels are watching, Is my name written there?

No. 326. Work, for the Night is Coming.

Annie L. Walker. L. Mason.

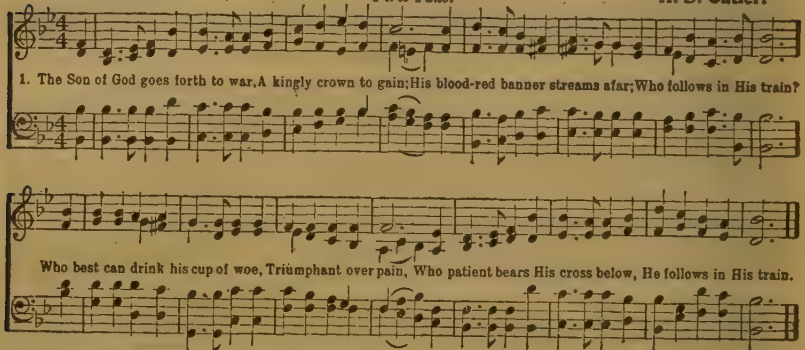

1
2
Fine.
1. { Work for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling, ... Work 'mid springing flow'rs. Work when the day grows
D.C—Work for the night is coming, ... When man's work is done.
D. C.
brighter, Work in the glowing sun,

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute,
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming.
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset sky;
While the bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more,
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

No. 327. The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

R. Heber. *First Tune.* H. S. Cutler.


1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A kingly crown to gain; His blood-red banner streams afar; Who follows in His train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe, Triumphant over pain, Who patient bears His cross below, He follows in His train.

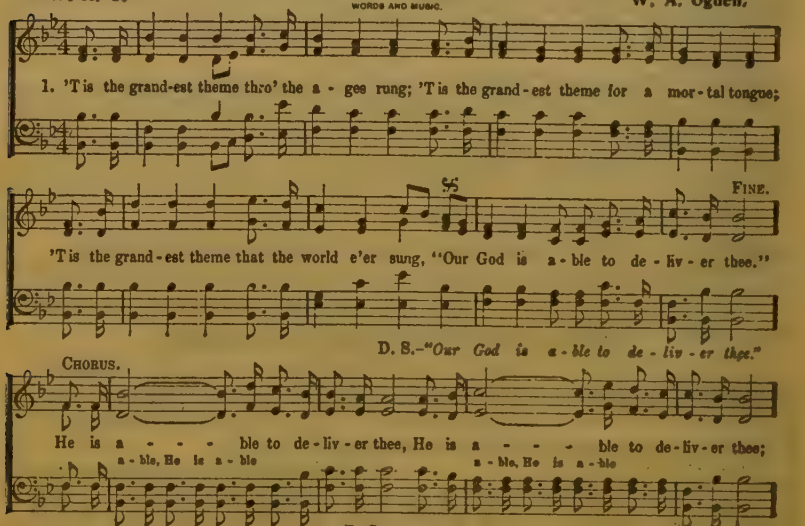
2 That martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw His Master in the sky;
And called on Him to save.
Like Him, with pardon on His tongue
In midst of mortal pain, [wrong,
He pray'd for them that did the
Who follows in His train?

3 A noble band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came; [knew,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
And mock'd the cross and flame.
They met the tyrant's brandish'd
The lion's gory mane; [steel,
They bowed their heads the stroke
Who follows in their train? [to feel,

4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Savior's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed;
They climbed the steep ascent of
Thro' peril, toil, and pain, [heav'n,
O God, to us may grace be giv'n,
To follow in their train.

No. 328. He is Able to Deliver Thee.

W. A. O. COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. W. A. Ogden.

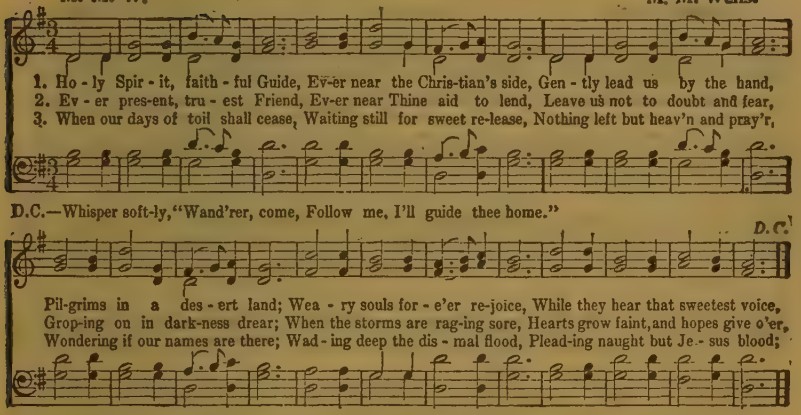

1. 'T is the grand-est theme thro' the a - ges rung; 'T is the grand-est theme for a mor-tal tongue;
'T is the grand-est theme that the world e'er sung, "Our God is a-ble to de-liv-er thee."
FINE.
D. S.—"Our God is a-ble to de-liv-er thee."
CHORUS.
He is a - - - ble to de-liv-er thee, He is a - - - ble to de-liv-er thee;
a-ble, He is a-ble
a-ble, He is a-ble
D. S.
Tho' by sin op-prest, Go to Him for rest,

2 'T is the grandest theme in the earth or main;
'T is the grandest theme for a mortal strain;—
'T is the grandest theme, tell the world again,
"Our God is able to deliver thee."

3 'T is the grandest theme, let the tidings roll
To the guilty heart, to the sinful soul;
Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole,
"Our God is able to deliver thee."

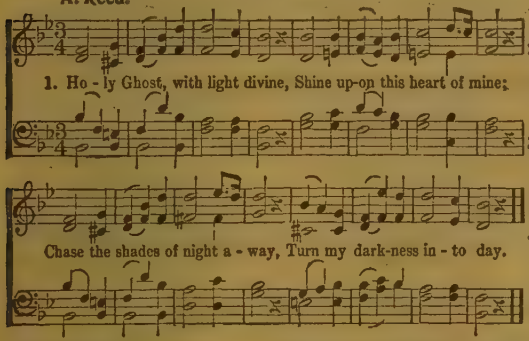
No. 329. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W. M. M. Wells.


1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev-er near the Chris-tian's side, Gen - tly lead us by the hand,
2. Ev - er pres-ent, tru - est Friend, Ev-er near Thine aid to lend, Leave us not to doubt and fear,
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet re-lease, Nothing left but heav'n and pray'r,
D.C.—Whisper soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come, Follow me, I'll guide thee home."
D.C.
Pil-grims in a des - ert land; Wea - ry souls for - e'er re-joice, While they hear that sweetest voice,
Grop-ing on in dark-ness drear; When the storms are rag-ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Wondering if our names are there; Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead-ing naught but Je - sus blood;

No. 330. Holy Ghost, with Love Divine.

A. Reed. Gottschalk.



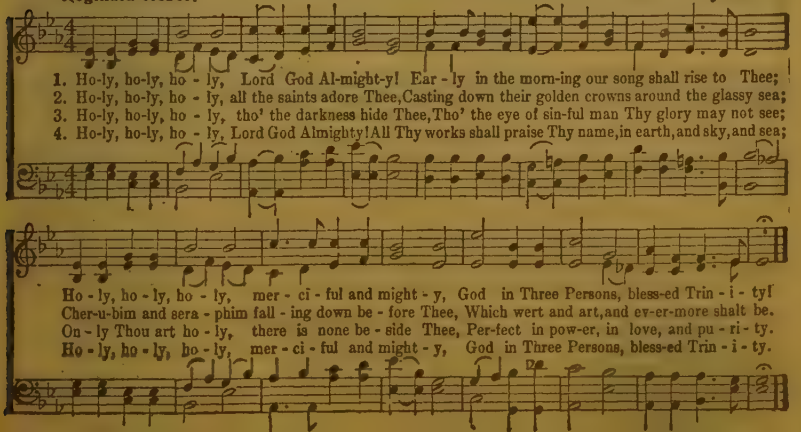
2 Holy Ghost, with pow'r divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine,
Long hath sin without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down ev'ry idol throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

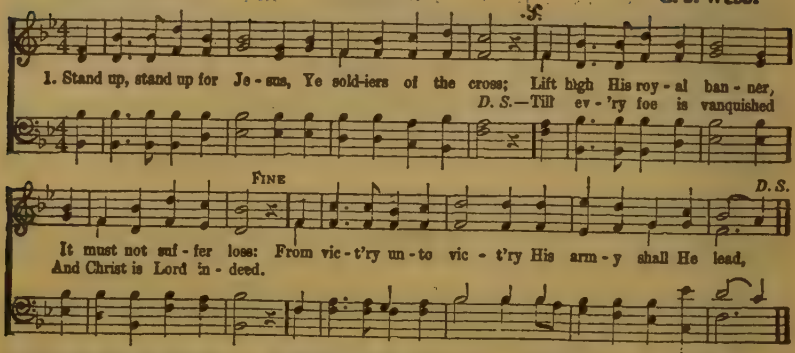
No. 331. Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber. John B. Dykes.


1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear - ly in the morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee;
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of sin-ful man Thy glory may not see;
4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Almighty! All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
Cher-u-bim and sera - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
On - ly Thou art ho - ly, there is none be - side Thee, Per-fect in pow-er, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty.

No. 332. Stand Up for Jesus.

George Duffield. *First Tune.* G. J. Webb.


1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sold-iers of the cross; Lift high His roy - al ban - ner,
D. S.—Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished
FINE
D. S.
It must not suf - fer loss: From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His arm - y shall He lead,
And Christ is Lord in - deed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day,
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own,
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To Him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

No. 333. The Morning Light is Breaking.

First or Second Tune.

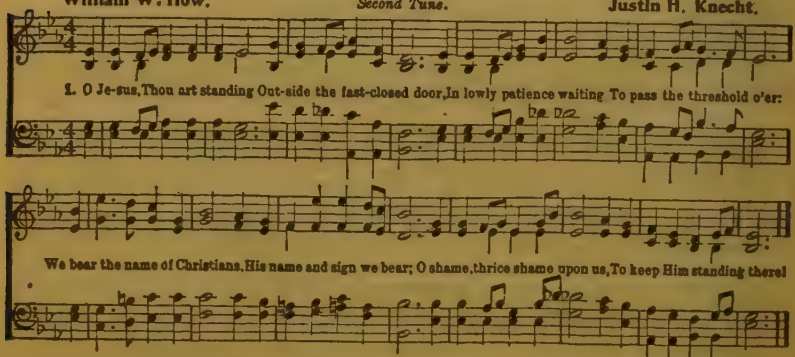
1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking,
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God of love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners now confessing,
The gospel's call obey,
And seek a Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly,
Triumphant, reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

No. 334. O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

William W. How. *Second Tune.* Justin H. Knecht.


1. O Je-sus, Thou art standing Out-side the fast-closed door, In lowly patience waiting To pass the threshold o'er:
We bear the name of Christians, His name and sign we bear; O shame, thrice shame upon us, To keep Him standing there!

1 O Jesus, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
We bear the name of Christians,
His name and sign we bear;
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there!

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking;
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowlege,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal
So fast to bar the gate!

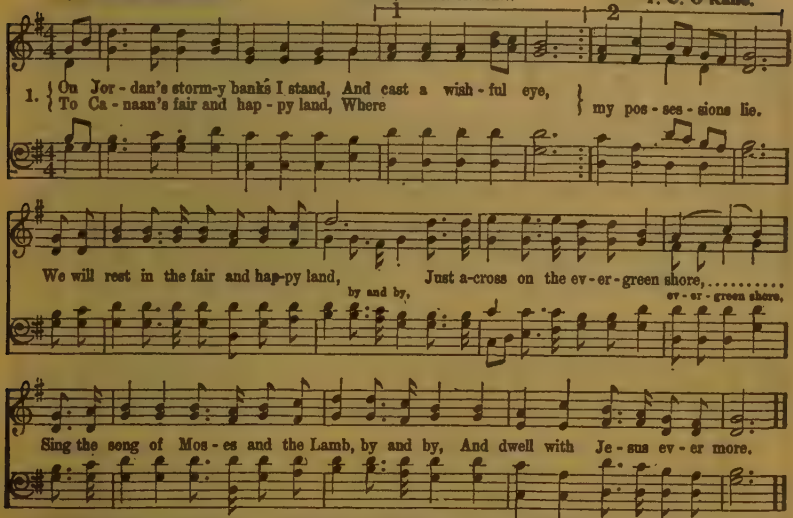
3 O Jesus Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Savior, enter, enter,
And leave us never more!

No. 335. On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

Rev. Samuel Stennett

T. C. O'KANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

T. C. O'Kane.


1
2
1. On Jor - dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye,
To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.
We will rest in the fair and hap-py land, Just a-cross on the ev - er - green shore,
by and by, ev - er - green shore,
Sing the song of Mos - es and the Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Je - sus ev - er more.

2 O'er all those wide-extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

3 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest?

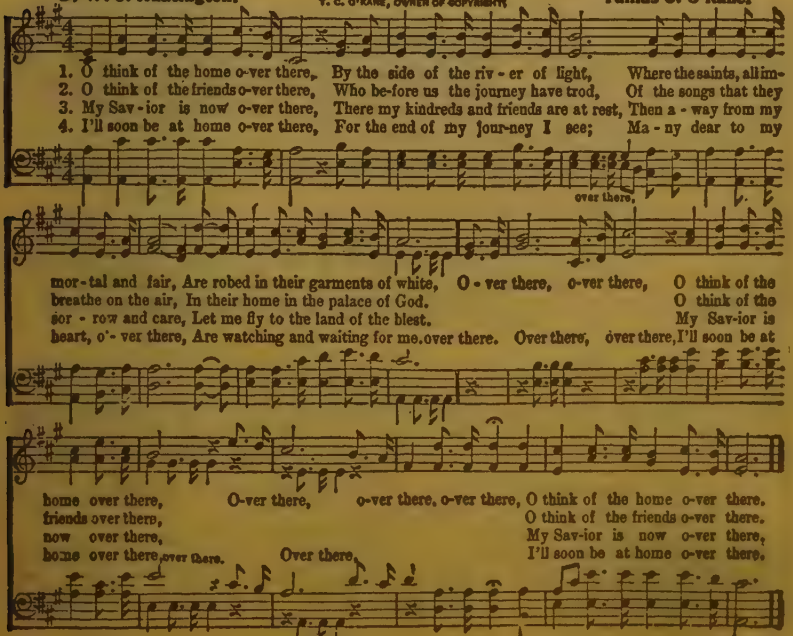
4 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

No. 336. The Home Over There.

D. W. C. Huntington.

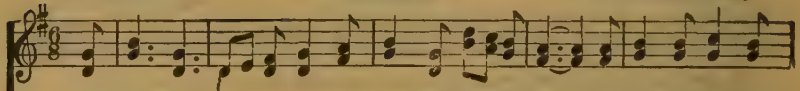
T. C. O'KANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

Tullius C. O'Kane.

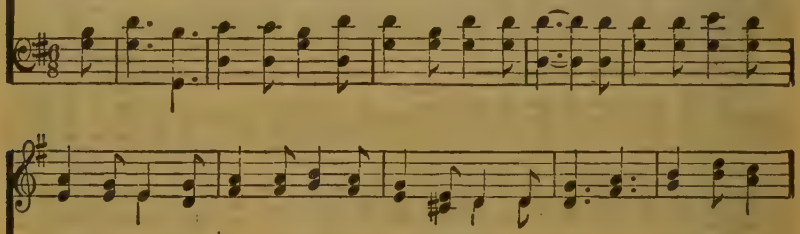

1. O think of the home o-ver there, By the side of the riv - er of light, Where the saints, all im-
2. O think of the friends o-ver there, Who be-fore us the journey have trod, Of the songs that they
3. My Sav - ior is now o-ver there, There my kindreds and friends are at rest, Then a - way from my
4. I'll soon be at home o-ver there, For the end of my jour-ney I see; Ma - ny dear to my
over there,
mor - tal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white, O - ver there, o-ver there, O think of the
breathe on the air, In their home in the palace of God. O think of the
sor - row and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest. My Sav-ior is
heart, o'- ver there, Are watching and waiting for me.over there. Over there, over there, I'll soon be at
home over there, O-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the home o-ver there.
friends over there, O think of the friends o-ver there.
now over there, My Sav-ior is now o-ver there,
home over there, over there. Over there, I'll soon be at home o-ver there.

No. 337. We're Marching to Zion.

Rev. I. Watts. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF MARY RUNYON LOWRY. USED BY PER. Rev. Robert Lowry.



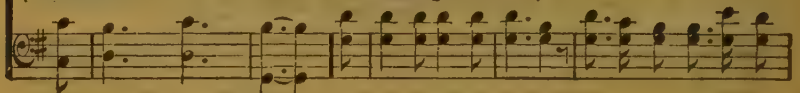
1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join in a song with
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But chil-dren of the
3. The hill of Zi - on yields] A thou-sand sa-cred sweets, Be-fore we reach the
4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're marching thro' Im-



sweet accord, Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus sur-round the throne,
heav'n-ly King, But chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, May speak their joys a-broad,
heav'n-ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Or walk the gold - en streets
manuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To fair-er worlds on high,
And thus surround the throne, And thus

CHORUS.

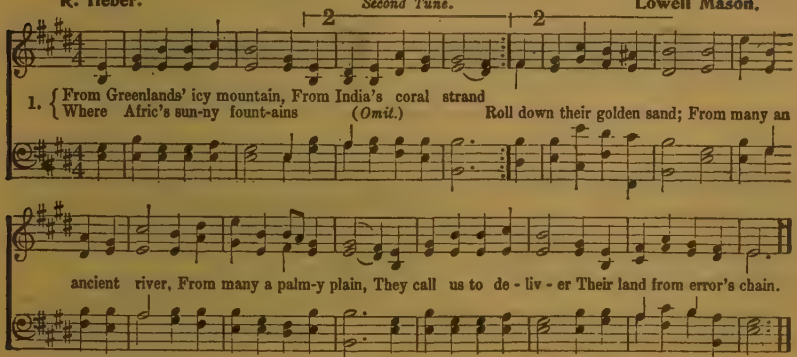
And thus surround the throne.
May speak their joys a - broad. We're marching to Zi - on, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful
Or walk the gold-en streets.
To fair - er worlds on high.
sur - round the throne. We're marching on to Zi-on,



Zi - on; We're marching upward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.
Zi-on, Zi-on,

No. 338. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

R. Heber. *Second Tune.* Lowell Mason.



1. { From Greenlands' icy mountain, From India's coral strand
   { Where Afric's sun-ny fount-ains (*Omit.*) Roll down their golden sand; From many an

ancient river, From many a palm-y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.

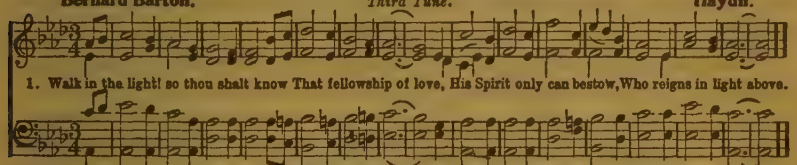
2 What tho' the spicy breezes,
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Tho' every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness,
Bow down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

No. 339. Walk in the Light.

Bernard Barton. *Third Tune.* Haydn.



1. Walk in the light! so thou shalt know That fellowship of love, His Spirit only can bestow, Who reigns in light above.

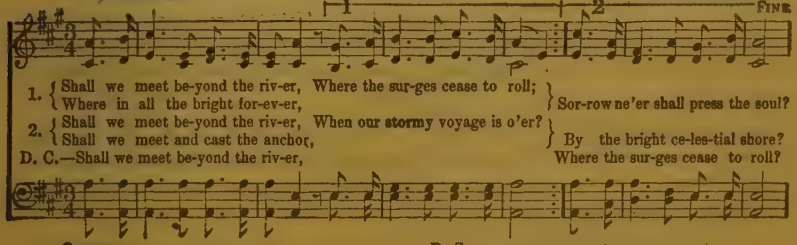
2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His, [shrined,
Who dwells in cloudless light en-
In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away, [shone
Because that light hath on thee
In which is perfect day.

4 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

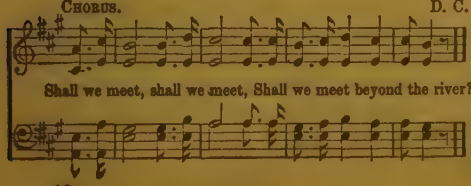
No. 340. Shall We Meet?

H. L. Hastings. USED BY PERMISSION Elihu S. Rice.



1. { Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll;
   { Where in all the bright for-ev-er, } Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul?
2. { Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, When our stormy voyage is o'er?
   { Shall we meet and cast the anchor, } By the bright ce-les-tial shore?
D. C.—Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll?

CHORUS. D. C.



Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet beyond the river?

3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the tow'rs of crystal shine;
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?

4 Shall we meet with Christ, our Savior,
When He comes to claim His own?
Shall we know His blessed favor,
And sit down upon His throne?

Responsive Readings.

No. 341. Morning Praise.

1. Hymn No.

My faith looks up to Thee.

2. Responsive Reading.

LEADER—O Lord, thou hast searched me and known me.

RESPONSE—Thou knowest my down-sitting and mine uprising; thou understandest my thought afar off.

Thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways.

For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether.

Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? Or whither shall I flee from thy presence?

If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there.

If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;

Even there shall thy hand lead me and thy right hand shall hold me.

If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me.

Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts.

And see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.

How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God! How great is the sum of them!

If I should count them they are more in number than the sand: when I awake, I am still with thee.

3. Hymn No. 92.

When upon life's billows you are tempest-tossed.

No. 342. Prayer.

1. Hymn No.

Even me, even me.

2. Responsive Reading.

LEADER—If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him.

RESPONSE—Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of the righteous man availeth much.

Whatsoever ye ask the Father in my name, he will give it you; hitherto have ye asked nothing in my name: Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.

Let us, therefore, come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.

Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints.

Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities: for we know not what we should pray for as we ought: but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered.

3. Hymn No. 222.

What a Friend we have in Jesus.

No. 343. Evensong.

1. Hymn No.

Day is dying in the west.

LEADER—O come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us come before his presence with singing; let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord, our Maker.

RESPONSE—Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee because he trusteth in thee.

2. Hymn No.

When earthly cares and sorrows roll.

3. Responsive Reading.

LEADER—If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink. Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst.

RESPONSE—I will call upon God and the Lord will save me; evening and morning and at noon will I pray and cry aloud and he will hear my voice.

It shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear.

My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee and will look up.

O taste and see that the Lord is good; blessed is the man that trusteth in him.

O Lord, thou art my God, early will I seek thee; my soul thirsteth for thee.

Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee.

Because thy loving-kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee.

4. Hymn No.

Abide with me! fast falls, etc.

No. 344. Promises.

1. Responsive Reading.

LEADER—Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.

RESPONSE—And him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out.

I will instruct thee, and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye.

He is a shield unto them that put their trust in him.

The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

Before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear.

No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

Commit thy works unto the Lord, and thy thoughts shall be established.

I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say:

I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.

2. Hymn No. 103.

Sweet is the promise.

No. 345. Praise.

1. Hymn No.

We praise Thee, O God.

2. Responsive Reading.

LEADER—Praise ye the Lord, for it is good to sing praises unto our God, for it is pleasant, and praise is comely.

RESPONSE—I will praise thee, O Lord, with my whole heart; I will show forth all thy marvelous works.

Sing forth the honor of his name; make his praise glorious.

I will be glad and rejoice in thee; I will sing praise to thy name, O thou Most High.

Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving; sing praise upon the harp unto our God.

I will bless the Lord at all times; his praise shall continually be in my mouth.

Because thy loving-kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee.

Sing unto the Lord, bless his name, show forth his salvation from day to day.

Every day will I bless thee, and I will praise thy name forever and ever.

O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good, because his mercy endureth forever.

O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men.

He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.

He giveth to the beast his food, and the young ravens which cry.

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised.

3. Hymn No.

Jesus shall reign.

No. 346. Heaven.

1. Responsive Reading.

LEADER—For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

RESPONSE—In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am, there ye may be also.

And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?

And he said unto me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple; and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.

They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life in the paradise of God.

2. Hymn No.

There's a land that is fairer, etc.

No. 347. Atonement.

1. Hymn No. 168.

I love to tell the story.

2. Responsive Reading.

LEADER—Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

RESPONSE—Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us.

Even the son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.

This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.

He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?

For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him.

Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us; for it is written, Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree.

For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God, being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit.

But we see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honor; that he by the grace of God should taste death for every man.

How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?

3. Hymn No. 294.

I hear Thy welcome voice.

Selected Psalms

No. 348. PSALM 1.

1 Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2 But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4 The ungodly are not so; but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6 For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

Hymn

No. 349. PSALM 5.

1 Give ear to my words, O Lord consider my meditation.

2 Hearken unto the voice of my cry, my King and my God; for unto thee will I pray.

3 My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up.

4 For thou art not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness: neither shall evil dwell with thee.

5 The foolish shall not stand in thy sight: thou hatest all workers of iniquity.

6 Thou shalt destroy them that speak leasing: the Lord will abhor the bloody and deceitful man.

7 But as for me, I will come into thy house in the multitude of thy mercy: and in thy fear will I worship toward thy holy temple.

8 Lead me, O Lord, in thy righteousness because of mine enemies; make thy way straight before my face.

Hymn

No. 350. PSALM 8.

1 O Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

2 Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength, because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

3 When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

4 What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

5 For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor.

6 Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet:

7 All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field;

8 The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas,

9 O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

Hymn

No. 351. PSALM 15

1 Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

2 He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.

3 He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor.

4 In whose eyes a vile person is contemned; but he honoreth them that fear the Lord. He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.

5 He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent. He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

Hymn

Selected Psalms.

No. 352. PSALM 17.

1 Hear the right, O Lord, attend unto my cry; give ear unto my prayer, that goeth not out of feigned lips.

2 Let my sentence come forth from thy presence; let thine eyes behold the things that are equal.

3 Thou hast proved mine heart; thou hast visited me in the night; thou hast tried me, and shalt find nothing: I am purposed that my mouth shall not trangress.

4 Concerning the works of men, by the word of thy lips I have kept me from the paths of the destroyer.

5 Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not.

6 I have called upon thee, for thou wilt hear me, O God: incline thine ear unto me, and hear my speech.

Hymn

No. 353. PSALM 19.

1 The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

2 The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; the commandment of the Lord is pure enlightening the eyes.

3 The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever: the judjments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

4 More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also honey and the honeycomb.

5 Morevover by them is thy servant warned; and in keeping of them there is great reward.

6 Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

7 Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

8 Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my Redeemer.

Hymn

No 354. PSALM 23.

1 The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.

2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

3 He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Hymn

No. 355. PSALM 24.

1 The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

2 For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

3 Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?

4 He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

5 He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

6 This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob. Selah.

7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

8 Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

10 Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory. Selah.

Hymn

No. 356. PSALM 61.

1 Hear my cry, O God; attend unto my prayer.

2 From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed; lead me to the rock that is higher than I.

3 For thou hast been a shelter for me, and a strong tower from the enemy.

4 I will abide in thy tabernacle forever: I will trust in the covert of thy wings.

5 For thou, O God, hast heard my vows; thou hast given me the heritage of them that fear thy name.

6 Thou wilt prolong the king's life: and his years as many generations.

7 He shall abide before God forever; O prepare mercy and truth, which may preserve him.

8 So will I sing praise unto thy name forever, that I may daily perform my vows.

Hymn

No. 357. PSALM 63.

1 O God, thou art my God; early will I seek thee; my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is;

2 To see thy power and thy glory, so as I have seen thee in the sanctury.

3 Because thy loving kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee.

4 Thus will I bless thee while I live; I will lift up my hands in thy name.

5 My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness; and my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips:

6 When I remember thee upon my bed, and meditate on thee in the night watches.

7 Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.

8 My soul followeth hard after thee; thy right hand upholdeth me.

9 But those that seek my soul, to destroy it, shall go into the lower parts of the earth.

10 They shall fall by the sword: they shall be a portion for foxes.

11 But the king shall rejoice in God; every one that sweareth by him shall glory: but the mouth of them that speak lies shall be stopped.

Hymn

No. 358. PSALM 65

1 Praise waiteth for thee, O God in Zion: and unto thee shall the vow be performed.

2 O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come.

3 Iniquities prevail against me; as for our transgressions, thou shalt purge them away.

4 Blessed is the man whom thou chooseth, and causest to approach unto thee, that he may dwell in thy courts, we shall be satisfied with the goodness of thy house, even thy holy temple.

5 By terrible things in righteousness wilt thou answer us, O God of our salvation: who are the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea.

6 Which by his strength setteth fast the mountains; being girded with power.

7 Which stilleth the noise of the seas, the noise of their waves, and the tumult of the people.

8 They also that dwell in the uttermost parts are afraid at thy tokens: thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening rejoice.

9 Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it: thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water: thou preparest them corn, when thou hast so provided for it.

Hymn

No. 359. PSALM 67.

1 God be merciful unto us, and bless us and cause his face to shine upon us. Selah.

2 That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations.

3 Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

4 O let the nations be glad and sing for joy: for thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth. Selah.

5 Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

6 Then shall the earth yield her increase. and God, even our own God, shall bless us.

7 God shall bless us; and all the ends of the earth shall fear him.

Hymn

No. 360. PSALM 84.

1 How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!

2 My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

3 Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God.

4 Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee. Selah.

5 Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee; in whose heart are the ways of them.

6 Who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well: the rain also filleth the pools.

7 They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.

8 O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer: give ear, O God of Jacob. Selah.

9 Behold, O God, our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed.

10 For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

11 For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

12 O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

Hymn

No. 361. PSALM 91.

1 He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

2 I will say of the Lord, he is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

3 Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

4 He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

5 Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

6 Nor for the pestilence that walketh in the darkness: nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

7 A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

8 Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

9 Because thou hast made the Lord which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation.

Hymn

No. 362. PSALM 93.

1 The Lord reigneth, he is clothed with majesty; the Lord is clothed with strength, wherewith he hath girded himself: the world also is established, and cannot be moved.

2 Thy throne is established of old; thou art from everlasting.

3 The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves.

4 The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea.

5 The testimonies are very sure: holiness becometh thine house, O Lord, for ever.

No. 363. PSALM 95.

1 O come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation.

2 Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

3 For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

4 In his hand are the deep places of the earth: the strength of the hills is his also.

5 The sea is his, and he made it; and his hand formed the dry land.

6 O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord, our Maker.

7 For he is our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

Hymn

No. 364. PSALM 98.

1 O sing unto the Lord a new song; for he hath done marvelous things; his right hand, and his holy arm, hath gotten him the victory.

2 The Lord hath made known his salvation: his righteousness hath he openly showed in the sight of the heathen.

3 He hath remembered his mercy and his truths toward the house of Israel: all the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.

4 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth; make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praise.

5 Sing unto the Lord with the harp; with the harp, and the voice of a psalm.

6 With trumpets and sound of cornet make a joyful noise before the Lord, the King.

7 Let the sea roar, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

8 Let the floods clap their hands: let the hills be joyful together.

9 Before the Lord; for he cometh to judge the earth: with righteousness shall he judge the world, and the people with equity.

Hymn

No 365. PSALM 103.

1 Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

2 Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.

3 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

4 Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies;

5 Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

6 The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment of all that are oppressed.

7 He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

8 The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

9 He will not always chide: neither will he keep his anger forever.

10 He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

11 For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

12 As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

Hymn No. 276.

O happy day, that fixed my choice.

No. 366. PSALM 119.

1 Blessed are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the Lord.

2 Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, and that seek him with the whole heart.

3 They also do no iniquity: they walk in his ways.

4 Thou hast commanded us to keep thy precepts diligently.

5 O that my ways were directed to keep thy statutes.

6 Then shall I not be ashamed, when I have respect unto all thy commandments.

7 I will praise thee with uprightness of heart, when I shall have learned thy righteous judgments.

8 I will keep thy statutes: O forsake me not utterly.

Hymn

No. 367. PSALM 122.

1 I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.

2 Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem.

3 Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together.

4 Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord.

5 For there are set thrones of judgment, the thrones of the house of David.

6 Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.

7 Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.

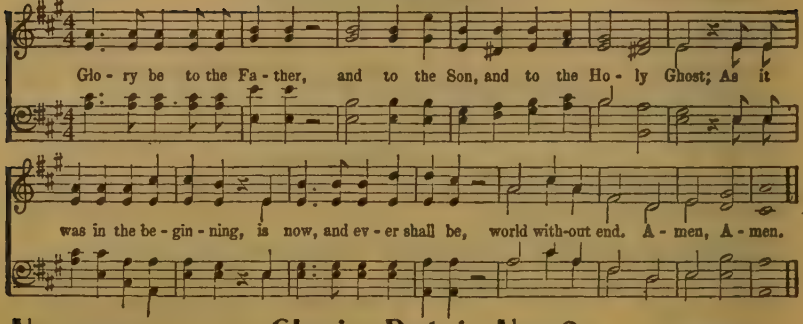
8 For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee.

9 Because of the house of the Lord our God I will seek thy good.

Hymn

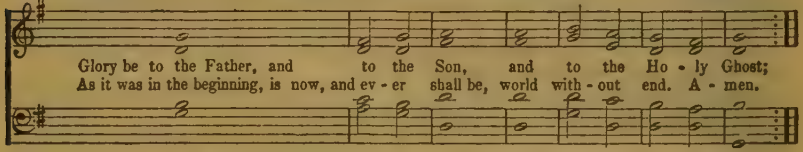
No. 368. Gloria Patri, No. 1.

Charles Meineke.


Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it
was in the be - gin - ning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with-out end. A - men, A - men.

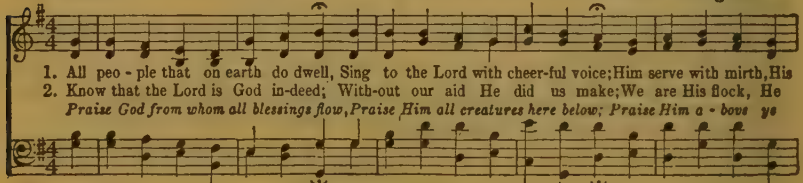
No. 369. Gloria Patri, No. 2.

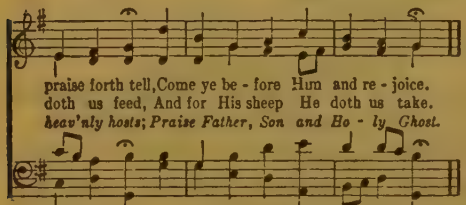
Gregorian.


Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - men.

No. 370. All People that on Earth do Dwell.

Psalm 100. Louis Bourgeois.


1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer-ful voice; Him serve with mirth, His
2. Know that the Lord is God in-deed; With-out our aid He did us make; We are His flock, He
Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him all creatures here below; Praise Him a - bove ye

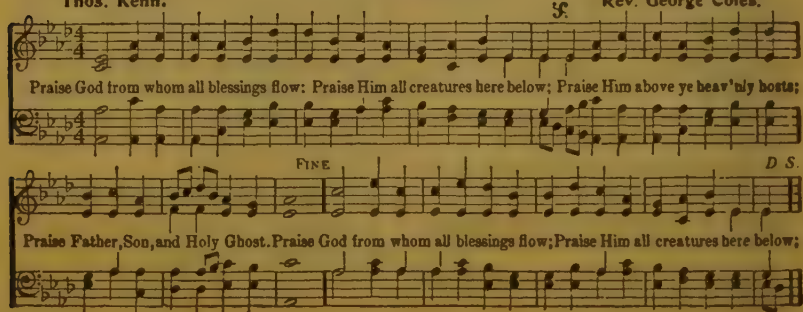

praise forth tell, Come ye be - fore Him and re - joice.
doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
heav'nly hosts; Praise Father, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.

3 O enter then His gates with joy,
Within His courts His praise proclaim
Let thankful songs your tongues employ,
O bless and magnify His name.

4 Because the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

No. 371. Praise God.

Thos. Kenn. Rev. George Coles.


Praise God from whom all blessings flow: Praise Him all creatures here below; Praise Him above ye heav'nly hosts;
FINE
D. S.
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him all creatures here below;

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